Vol 75 # 13

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Collier's

THE N   Y

"The First Requisite"

By Gerald Mygatt

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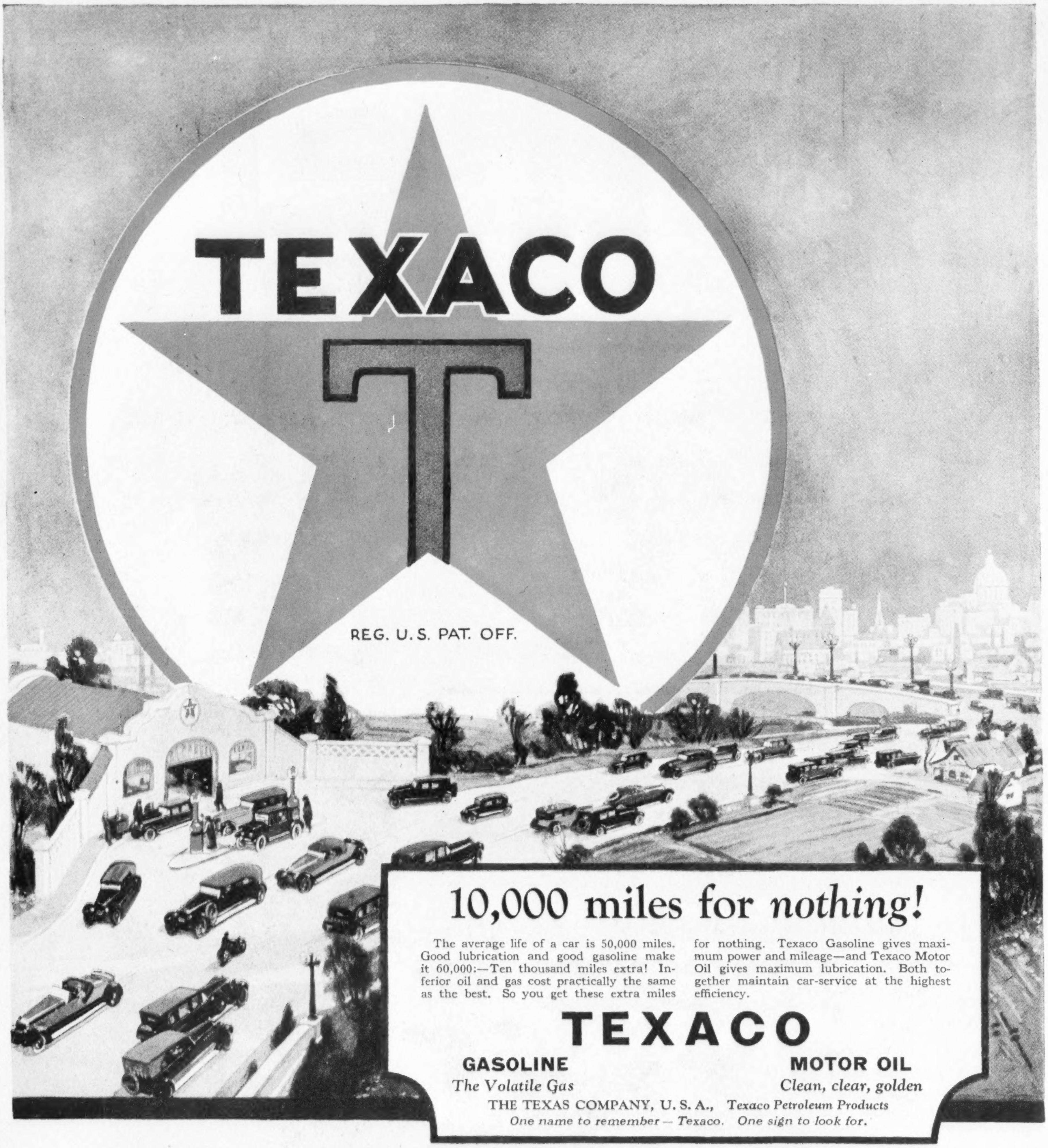

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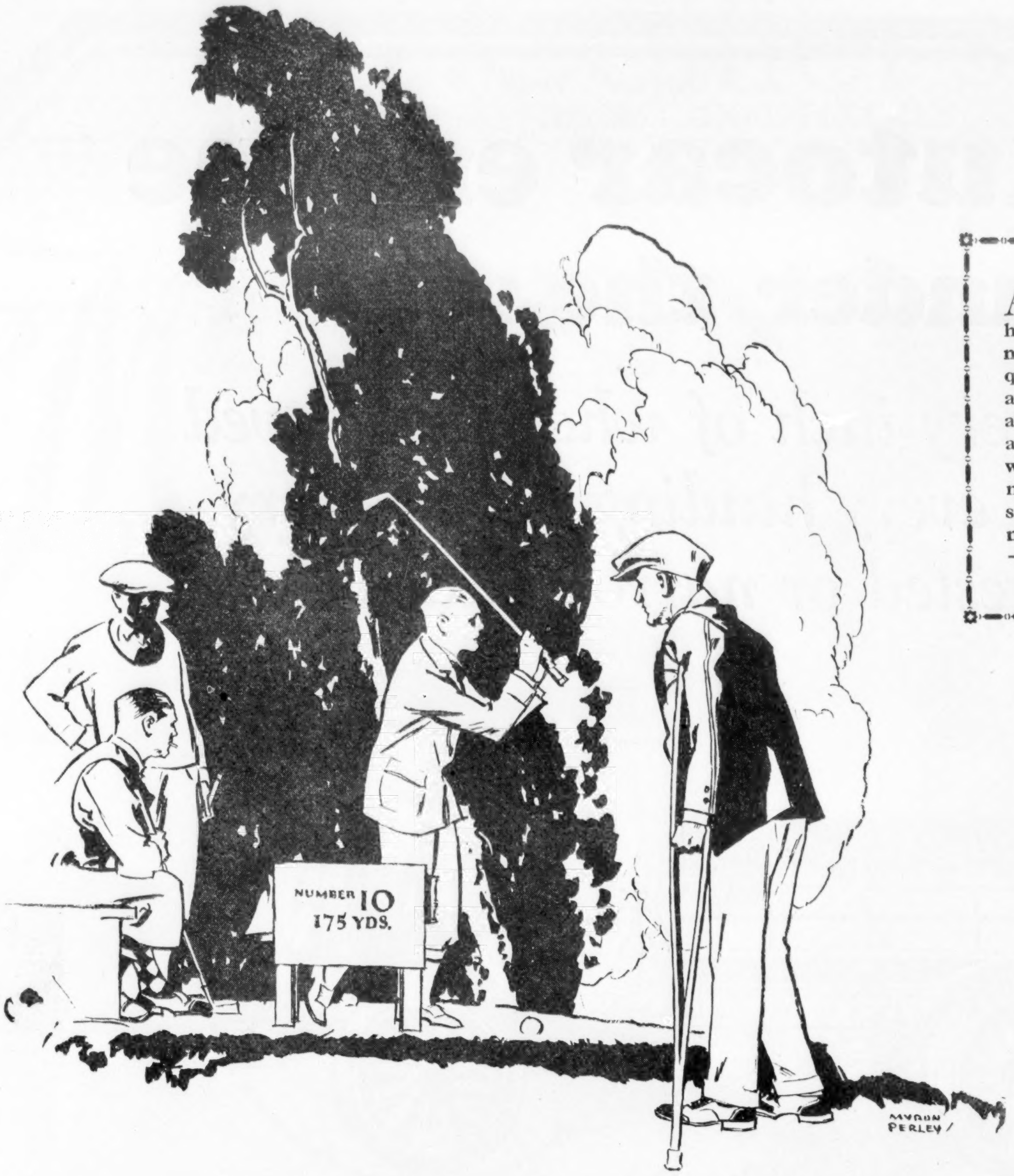

As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.
—*Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

What a pathetic figure he is today

Once a champion—now only a wistful onlooker! It was only a few years ago that he was one of the best golfers in the country. Today he limps over the course watching the players he once out-matched!

Shattered health due to tooth neglect!

It all began innocently enough with several tooth cavities. Then like so many other people, he put off going to his dentist! As a result, several abscesses developed and seeped their deadly poison into his system.

Then came rheumatism and a heart disorder that made him practically a cripple. Neglected much longer, these tooth abscesses might have caused his early death.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

The right dentifrice and faithful tooth brushing can, of course, do much to keep the teeth clean and the gums exercised and healthy. But when abscesses have developed, only a dentist and the X-ray can cope with the trouble.

Choose carefully

However, it becomes very important to choose the right dentifrice because clean teeth will not decay and cause trouble. For this reason more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing, antiseptic ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, while ordinary dentifrices require much more effort and even then often leave you in doubt.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

WILL YOU BE ALIVE FIVE YEARS FROM NOW?

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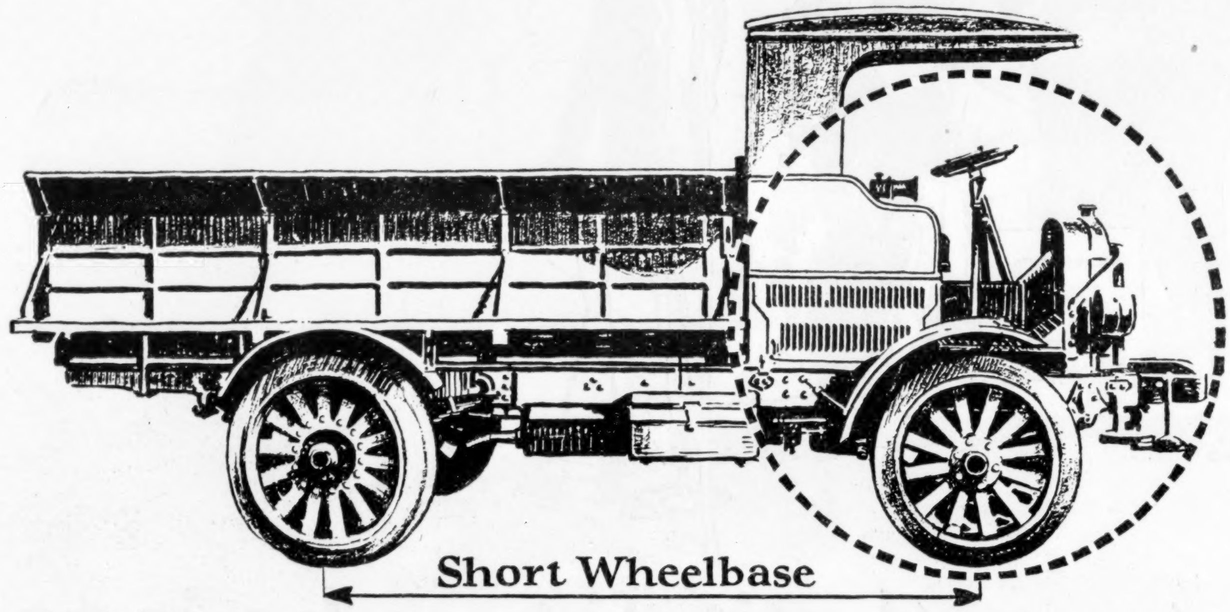
The Autocar engine is under the seat

because every inch of wheelbase saved simplifies every hauling job in every congested or narrow place



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Easy access to crowded places
Traffic congestion reduced
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Less overall length
Sturdy compactness
Extraordinary durability

The Autocar Company, Ardmore, Pa.

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EITHER OR BOTH – AS YOUR WORK REQUIRES

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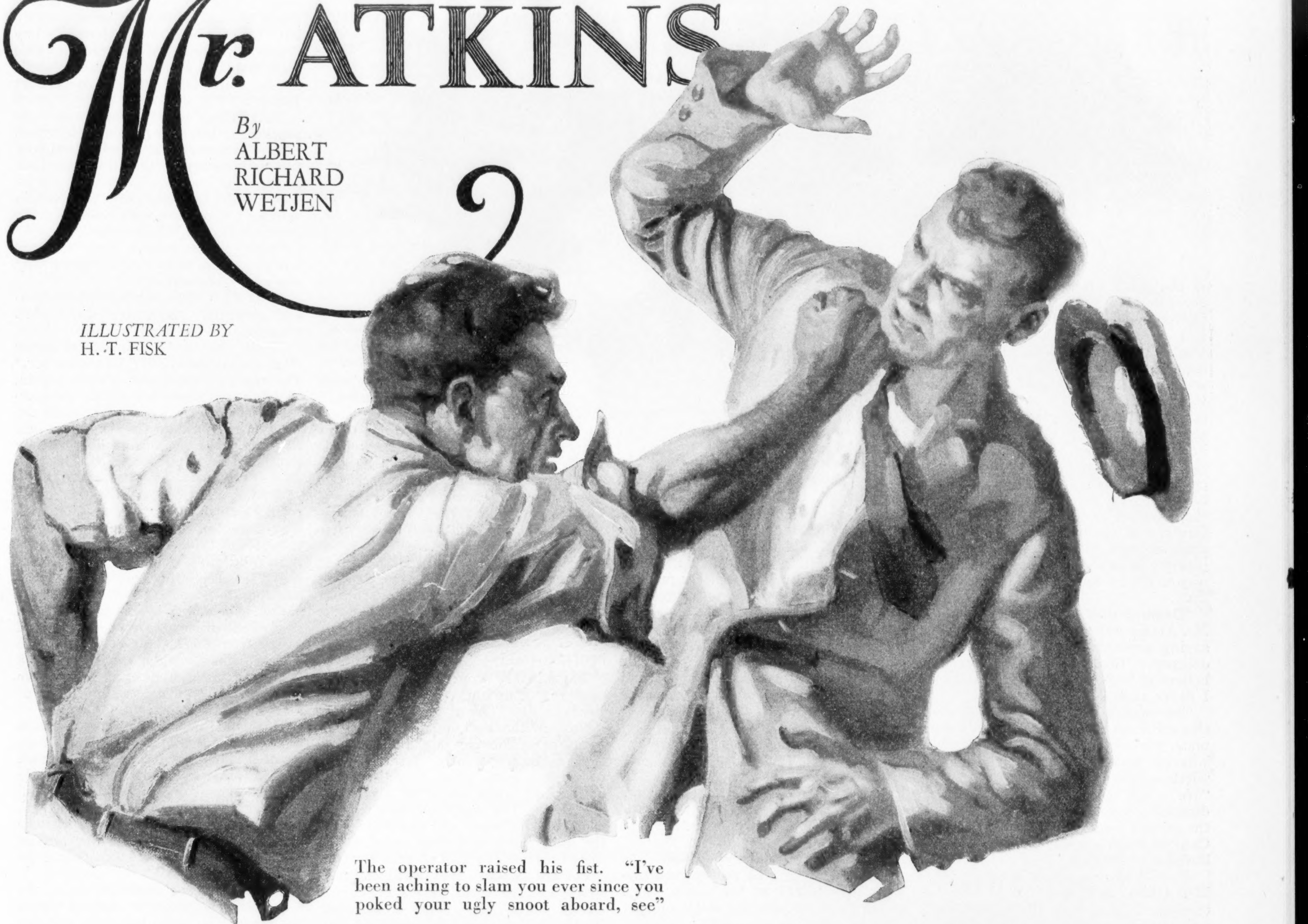
Mr. ATKINS

By
ALBERT
RICHARD
WETJEN

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. T. FISK



The operator raised his fist. "I've been aching to slam you ever since you poked your ugly snoot aboard, see"

FOUR bells had just gone, and a deck boy was polishing the brass rims of the saloon ports. The smooth sea smoked under the morning sun and a strange craft with a lateen sail bellied up through the whiteness from some outland port. Harsh calls came from the shore jungles, and a few natives could be seen moving about on the clean beach below the mud fort. In broad day there is not much to Mozambique save the heat and the smells, but in the young morning the white mist talked of all Africa behind, and the hush-hush of the surf was a whisper of unbelievable things. The chief mate of the Grosser Malachi spat tobacco juice overside and blinked at the mud fort out of sleepy eyes.

The Grosser Malachi floated at anchor about a cable's length from the shore. A fish curved up and down and was gone in a swirl of listless silver. On the beach now men in immaculate whites appeared, and a boat slid down the sand. Oars glistened in the light, and birds began to sweep and wheel above the water. The boat curved out to the Grosser Malachi's gangway, and one of the men in whites ran up the steps.

The mate came yawning down from the little freighter's bridge, and there was a hint of laughter in his voice, "Get through?"

The other wiped his lips with a limp handkerchief and scowled. He had a mean face, and scowling did not improve it.

"Pretty near. Been talking all night. We've been giving those men too easy terms. It's hard to handle business with them. But I'll lick 'em in shape sooner or later."

The mate grinned and turned away to the saloon pantry for a cup of coffee. He could guess that Mr. Atkins had not done as much business as he had boasted he would do. There was a lot of competition in selling hardware to Africa and better men than Mr. Atkins had broken their hearts in that country, where efficient methods drove salesmen to early graves and where customers believed they had all the time in the world.

The captain appeared in his pajamas, his fat feet incased in pointed slippers made from the skin of a Zambesi crocodile. Mr. Atkins descended on him and cut him short in a yawn. The salesman's complaining voice could be heard all over the ship. The captain agreed to something and ambled away like a lazy, good-natured bear to find the chief engineer, who regarded Mr. Atkins as an international nuisance. Mr. Atkins' firm owned the Grosser Malachi, and he had arrived on the coast with full authority. The captain held a long conversation with the chief and then went to shave himself.

THE steam hissed gently from the exhaust alongside the funnel. Then morning mists were sucked into the air and disappeared. There were eight men in the saloon for breakfast; the captain, three mates, the chief steward, the chief engineer, Mr. Atkins and the eighteen-year-old wireless operator who had respect for neither God nor man and very little for the captain, who was technically a combination of both.

Kit tins clanged in the galley as the crew's mess boy came along for the fo'c's'le breakfast. The head cook, chef by courtesy, ladled out porridge with extreme and savage vigor and talked in a loud voice to his second cook, who was meekly sweating over a pan of frying bacon.

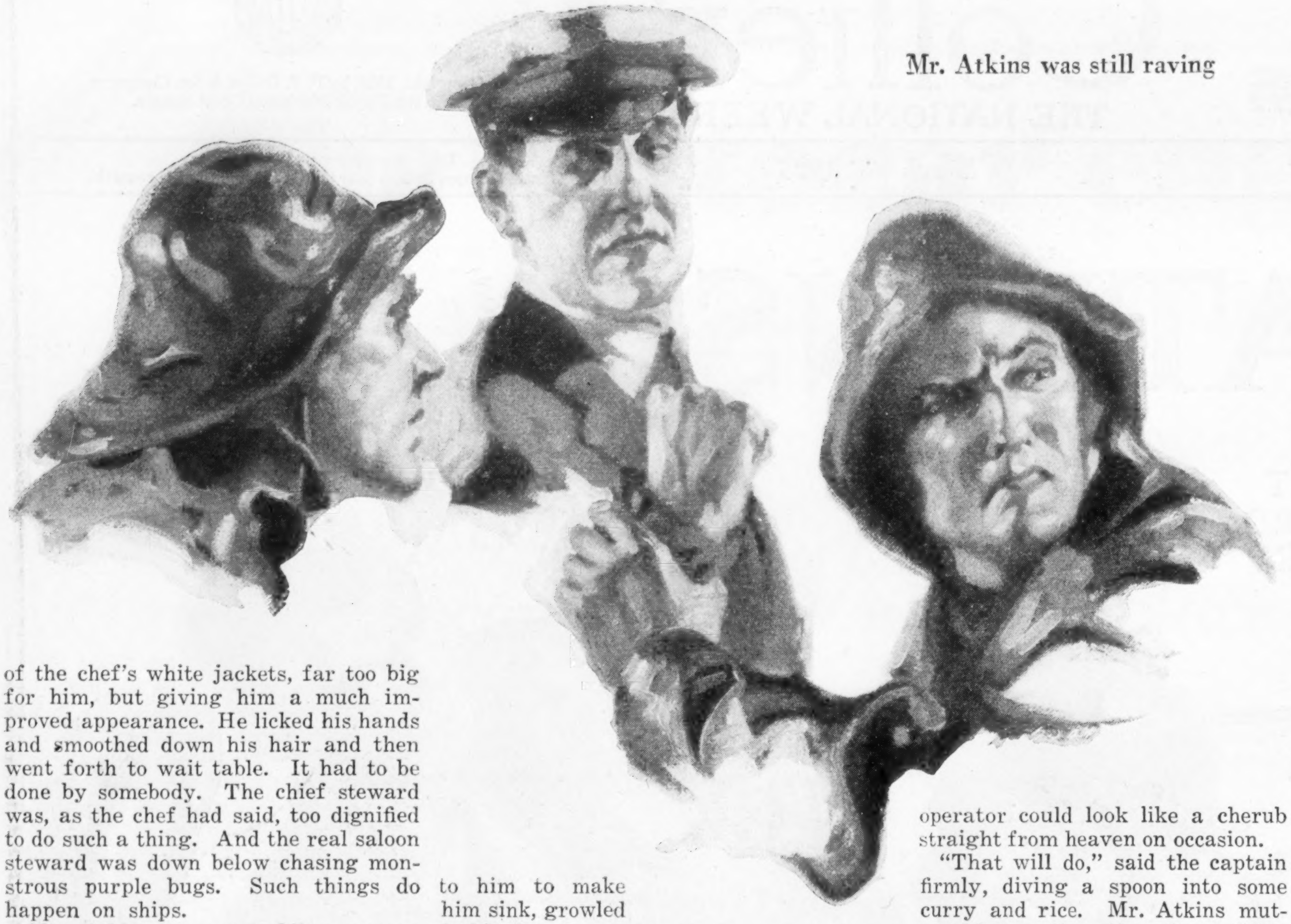
"Lickered up! I never saw the likes. If it ain't one time, it's another. Now 'e's lying 'elpless in 'is bunk in the glory 'ole with 'is 'ands over 'is eyes tryin' t' shut out purple slugs an' sich. Gawd, 'e'd break anyone's 'eart."

The second cook said, worried, "Then I'll 'ave t' wait table?"

The chef flourished his ladle and porridge flew in gobs.

"Who else? Answer me that! Who else? Hey! 'Ave I gotta get outa the galley and serve? The chief stooard's too 'igh and mighty and the pantryman's gotta get some sleep after being up all night with th' saloon steward. Lickered up! If I was th' old man, I'd log 'im good an 'eavy."

"Orl right. If I've gotta, I've gotta," and the second cook ran the back of one hand across his nose, removed the square of stained rag from his wasplike middle, and replaced it with a cleaner square. He also donned one



Mr. Atkins was still raving

of the chef's white jackets, far too big for him, but giving him a much improved appearance. He licked his hands and smoothed down his hair and then went forth to wait table. It had to be done by somebody. The chief steward was, as the chef had said, too dignified to do such a thing. And the real saloon steward was down below chasing monstrous purple bugs. Such things do happen on ships.

Mr. Atkins was grumbling over a cracker at being kept waiting. The captain was wondering whether he could chance another three fingers before eating started. And the wireless operator was flicking a spoon into a glassful of water by banging in some way on a fork inserted under the spoon's lip.

"Damned ship's run like an asylum," Mr. Atkins was saying. He was always saying something, and he was without delicacy. "Good heavens, they wouldn't believe it in New York if I told them. I never saw—"

The mate's face was reddening at this criticism of his vessel. The second mate, who never could hold his temper, was all keyed up for an oath. The wireless operator said disrespectfully, "We're all crazy all right t' sail the damned packet." And just in time the captain beamed and said, "Ah, cook. Can we expect breakfast?" and so relieved the tension.

"Never saw so much drunkenness," Mr. Atkins continued, not to be sidetracked. "Last week the second engineer laid up and now the saloon steward with the jimmies. Yesterday two firemen intoxicated. Damned ship. . . ."

THE second mate breathed hard through his nose. The mate bit his lip and flicked a crumb of bread off his lap. The chief steward was like a marble Buddha. The captain frowned and was heavily apologetic.

"Can't be too 'ard," he said tolerantly. "Can't be 'ard on th' men. Nothin' but sand and palms and sea and nigger gals an' heat. We haven't been 'ome for two years."

"Oatmeal and curried mutton. Yes, sir," said the second cook, who was bending over the scowling chief engineer. The wireless operator flicked up his spoon and missed the water glass, knocking it over with the fork that flew from his hand. A puddle gathered round the bread plate and everyone present, save Mr. Atkins, glared at the grinning boy.

The mate snapped, like a father to a child, "Cut out that damned fooling!"

The chief engineer, who had once said he would like to brain Mr. Atkins with a spanner and tie the wireless boy to him to make him sink, growled in his throat.

The chief steward relaxed from marble and said, "Your blasted manners!" and snorted. The operator merely grinned and made a clucking noise with his teeth. The mate started to say something else, but a winch started for'ard and the noise pouring through the open ports absorbed all words.

When silence came again Mr. Atkins was in full swing. The captain munched stolidly on a hunk of bread and butter. The second mate got up at last and went out on deck, where he cursed the bos'n at intervals for nearly half an hour.

The captain ventured at last, mildly, "He doesn't look much, but he's a good cook. Makes the best bread." Mr. Atkins had been criticizing the appearance of the second cook, who was waiting table. He criticized everybody, for that matter.

"Nothing to making bread," he stated. "I used to be pretty good myself." He looked at his watch. "I'll go ashore in an hour and settle up that business; then we can sail."

"We took one of the firm's salesmen last trip, and he was only here a couple of hours," ventured the wireless operator, winking one eye at the grim-faced mate. The captain frowned. Mr. Atkins *was* slow. He didn't know a thing about his business or the country he was supposed to operate in. The captain had to agree with the youngster, but it wouldn't do to say so. The third mate grinned and whispered aside under his hand. The chief steward permitted himself a vague chuckle. It was known to everyone that Mr. Atkins held his job not because he was a good sales manager but because his people held thirty-five per cent of the company's stock. Mr. Atkins himself believed he was a man of destiny, a sales genius, and he was very indignant at the operator's insinuation.

"You talk too much." He tried to adopt the captain's heavily paternal attitude. "You'll find out one day, my boy, that it doesn't do to pass comments on the business of your elders."

"Why?" said the operator innocently. "Did I say anything? I didn't mean to. But it is a fact that last trip. . . ." The operator could look like a cherub straight from heaven on occasion.

"That will do," said the captain firmly, diving a spoon into some curry and rice. Mr. Atkins muttered into a slice of bread something about damned kid and interference. He was quite sure he was a valuable asset to his firm. All his friends had told him so. What if he had taken all night to close a deal that before had taken other salesmen about two hours? It was known that every year traders along the coast were getting harder to handle. Besides he'd been trying this time to install some modern pep.

THE Grosser Malachi left Mozambique before noon and ran north and east for Mauritius through a heavy head swell. The flying fish seemed listless in the heat, and once a shark swam alongside the ship and was motionless, or apparently motionless, for nearly an hour. Yet it fell neither astern nor went ahead of the squat steel hull. The watch on deck painted boats on the poop, and the heat from the steel plates underfoot scorched the soles through canvas and rope shoes.

For'ard under the awnings men sweated on straw mattresses and cursed Africa and all the oceans of the east. On the bridge an officer perspired into his cotton shirt, sleeves rolled up and collar tucked in, while an ebony negro slept at the wheel.

Mr. Atkins and the captain lolled in chairs on the lower bridge and sipped iced liquor. The captain was sleepy, but etiquette prevented him from taking a snooze, as was his custom. Mr. Atkins was an employee of the company, even if he was green and mean, and he had sufficient influence to help in breaking or making a man.

"Barely paid expenses for five years now," Mr. Atkins was intoning. "I was in the New York office, y' know, and I studied the reports. We keep three men on this coast, and they sell enough to clear six per cent. Not enough. I told the board I'd come out here and put some pep into the thing. Gottenheims of Hamburg are making ten per cent every year, and—"

The captain started out of a doze. He had caught the last sentence.

"Methods," he boomed drowsily. "I've seen Gottenheims do business. Run trading posts and keep armed guards an' collar everything in sight without payin'. . . ."

"Don't try and tell me that. I've heard all sorts of exaggerated yarns since I've been out here. All you coasting men talk that way. Just excusing yourself. Anyway, we've got to make more than six per cent or it won't be worth while operating."

"Seems reasonable to me," grumbled the captain without enthusiasm. "You pay too many men." He blinked at a huge fly crawling against the deckhead. "The company's keeping half a dozen cousins or uncles or something out here. Waste of money. Lay around an' drink and give orders. One good man an' a native clerk c'd 'andle it all. Such as Massey down in Port Natal. . . ."

Mr. Atkins went slightly red. He plucked at his loose lips and frowned. "We've been over that before. I suppose you're insinuating that I'm out here because my people—"

"I'm talking facts," said the captain calmly. Then in a soft voice, staring at the deckhead, "Damn' fly!"

"Well, never mind. None of your business. You're to help me every way you can, understand?"

"Eh! Eh!" The captain roused himself abruptly. "Aye, sir. But I ain't a salesman. I'm a navigator."

"Well, shut up!" snapped the other most unreasonably. "I'll do the selling." The captain sighed and drowsed again, clasping his hands across his comfortable stomach. Damn such pups from the head office. Think they know it all. Not that he cared much so long as they left him alone with his ship.

AT SIX bells Mr. Atkins was walking with the first mate up and down the main deck under the bridge. On the lower bridge the captain dozed peacefully and hoped the salesman would forget him for a while. The wireless operator stood in the doorway of the galley and talked to the second cook, who was drenched with sweat and weary from the making of bread. The listless wind brought the galley reek to Mr. Atkins' nostrils and offended him strongly. He did not trouble to lower his voice. He never did.

"I should have made the trip on a liner," he complained. The mate grunted and spat tobacco juice overside to the other's disgust. "I certainly should. Smells and discomforts are all these ships carry. By Jove, if a passenger vessel would only call at the outlandish ports where we operate I'd certainly take her. Pah! That man reeks."

The second cook reddened under the high color that years of cooking before hot ranges had given him. He was not a nimble-minded man, nor was he oversensitive. But there was no mistaking whom Mr. Atkins meant. The wireless operator stopped in the middle of a sentence and stared. Then he sniffed and his young eyes hardened.

"Anyway," he said, "he's a good cook." And he said it so that Mr. Atkins heard. The salesman stopped dead.

He snapped, "You—you! Are you talking to me? You damned pup! Mr. Oxley, you heard him. By Jove—"

"Blah!" said the wireless operator and turned and continued his conversation with the second cook. The chief mate spat tobacco juice again and wiped out a half grin with a frown.

"He's a damned pup all right, sir. Don't take any notice of him—"

"Not any notice!" The mate feared Mr. Atkins would explode. "I'll have him fired so damned quick—"

"Yeah." The mate's voice was dry. "He's hired by the Marconi Company. We ain't paying his wages."

Mr. Atkins snorted, glared at the operator and turned on his heel. The mate chuckled. He chuckled again as he heard Mr. Atkins' mean voice rousing the captain and that harassed mariner, who would much rather have slept, trying to be civil and attentive.

The mate went up to the operator and kicked him on the calf of the leg. The boy turned with a "What th' hell—" and then he grinned when he saw it was the mate.

"Where's misery drifted to, sir?"

"I've a notion to punch your fool head," said the mate grimly. "Are you trying to get us all fired?"

The operator grimaced. "He gives me a pain, anyway. Always knocking the ship. He ought to take one of the Portuguese packets out of Lourenço Marques. Brother, he'd die. They have t' set a watch to work to keep the cockroaches out of the galley while they fix the eats. An' men stand by with guns to stop the rats jumping the mess boy when he goes for'ard with the soup. Fact."

"The skipper's watching you, m'son," went on the mate, refusing to smile. "An' the skipper may look tired, but don't get him started. I've seen him handle older men than you."

"Shouldn't think he had it in him. Anyway, that Atkins bird ain't got any right to spout around. He can't even sell hardware, and ne claims that's his trade."

"You watch out," said the mate darkly as he moved away. But he chuckled again to himself when he was in the saloon. And he couldn't resist telling the second engineer what the operator had said to Mr. Atkins. The salesman had left the captain after a short while, tired of talking to a man who only answered with grunts and monosyllables. He went instead to pester the chief engineer. The chief had the fortunate ability to sit still and smoke in silence and allow his thoughts to drift undisturbed by any outside foolishness that might drone against his ears. Had he listened he would have heard, so Mr. Atkins claimed, the correct way to run reciprocating engines.

SOME days later, through the fine warm rain and the night, the Grosser Malachi was oozing round a low-lying sandy headland on which a solitary light blinked and twinkled at regular intervals.

The engines thumped with a sickening and monotonous rhythm. The swell had subsided to a dead flat calm. The vessel might have been a wraith moving through a mythical ocean of darkness. Only red and green and white navigation lights, appearing rarely to view out of the blackness, dispelled the illusion.

The ship was not going at full speed, much to Mr. Atkins' annoyance. He was on the bridge, unasked, together with the captain and the second mate. Below, in the bowels of the craft, men sweated and lifted sleek muscles before red glowing fires. Below, men tended whirling steel, each to his own portion, leaving to others their own portions. In the galley the second cook baked bread, the best bread on the coast. In his room the wireless operator sat before his instrument, controlling it perfectly. Those who were not actually at work on board the Grosser Malachi were resting, ready to relieve those who were. All except Mr. Atkins.

And Mr. Atkins was saying, "No wonder there's so much time lost by our ships and our men. Here you are creeping along the coast when you say you've been this way, on this same spot, hundreds of times. What's th' matter with your memory? And you told me that a bearing taken from that light would give you the channel. Well, what are we stopping for? Half speed. Six per cent on the stock when it ought to be ten. Pretty easy to pick out the weak spots. Hey! We'll have the business going smash. . . ."

The captain turned in his oilskins and wrinkled his nose. He sniffed once and said, "Port a bit." The second mate relayed the order to the helmsman.

"...going smash and all because..."

"A bit more," said the captain.

"A bit more, sir."

". . . because of a lot of old women who handle a ship. . . ."

"Steady!"

"Steady, sir!"

". . . as though she's made of glass. What I say. . . ."

The captain's teeth clicked. He said, curtly, and in a tone that Mr. Atkins had never heard him use before, "Send up the mate with two men. Ask the bos'n to step up too."

"What I say," repeated Mr. Atkins and then weakly his voice died away. The second mate made a lot of clatter going down the companion. Mr. Atkins felt vaguely uneasy. The captain was suddenly a stranger. He didn't look at all like the sleepy, fat and easy-going man the salesman had bullied and domineered over all through the sunlit days from Durban. The fat was now not noticeable. It never occurred to anyone to look for it. The face arrested attention instead. The fat rolls were tight, as though muscle had abruptly appeared beneath them. The lips were firm, and there was an air of immense confidence about the set of the shoulders. The second cook looked vaguely the same way when he was baking bread; so did the wireless operator when sitting by his instrument; so did any one of the men in the bowels below when they tended the hungry fires.

And yet on the main deck, an hour before, Mr. Atkins had been certain of complete dominance, certain that on the Grosser Malachi his every word carried weight. Now he felt somehow futile and small. He did not understand that the master of the Grosser Malachi was doing just at that moment the one thing he could do best in all the world—navigate.

And all over the little freighter men were giving service, doing the best they knew, doing their job and keeping their teeth shut. Only on the bridge a very unimportant and trivial man named Atkins was starting again irritably, "You'd think coal was picked up at the dockside and put aboard free. Have you an idea that food is *given* to the company to feed seamen on? Have you ever thought that every hour your ship is delayed by crawling as we are now you give someone else a chance to pick up a cargo? More than that: The company's got to feed all hands many extra meals. All at a dead loss. Look at the Gottenheims' boats. Running on a clocklike schedule. They'd smash a captain . . ."

"How's she heading, Quartermaster?"

"Due north, sir."

"Hold her at that."

". . . who crept along like this. Now look here. . ."

"Hold her, sir."

". . . what I want to know. . . ."

The master of the Grosser Malachi clicked his teeth again and blinked the rain from his eyes. He said in a flat voice, to the night apparently, "The Gottenheims lost two ships off here last year. They have the highest repair bills on the coast. Less profits and less expenses, say I. . . . If you must know, there's a shifting sand bank somewhere in the channel . . . Will you go below?"

"You tell me to go below?" Mr. Atkins was outraged. "I think you forget, Captain, that I represent the company. I'll have you understand that I have full authority. I shall—"

"No, I haven't forgotten," said the captain with heavy irony.

"I can have the mate supersede you, don't forget that. New York would back me up. When I make my report to the board they'll have their eyes opened."

"Will you go below, please?"

Mr. Atkins fumed. "You've been obstructing and hindering me ever since I came aboard. You've opposed my every attempt to modernize our methods."

"I've tried to stop you making a fool of yourself." The captain was speaking harshly now. "Oh, shut up! I can't navigate with you talking."

There was no doubt Mr. Atkins could make or break a man. But, then, a master mariner must retain some dignity. And though it was true there was a woman and children to be supported somewhere back home, yet it was also true that a good craftsman must not allow anything to hinder him in doing good work. And the captain was a good navigator and knew it. And he knew others knew it. That was why five years later the Cunard offered him their latest ship.

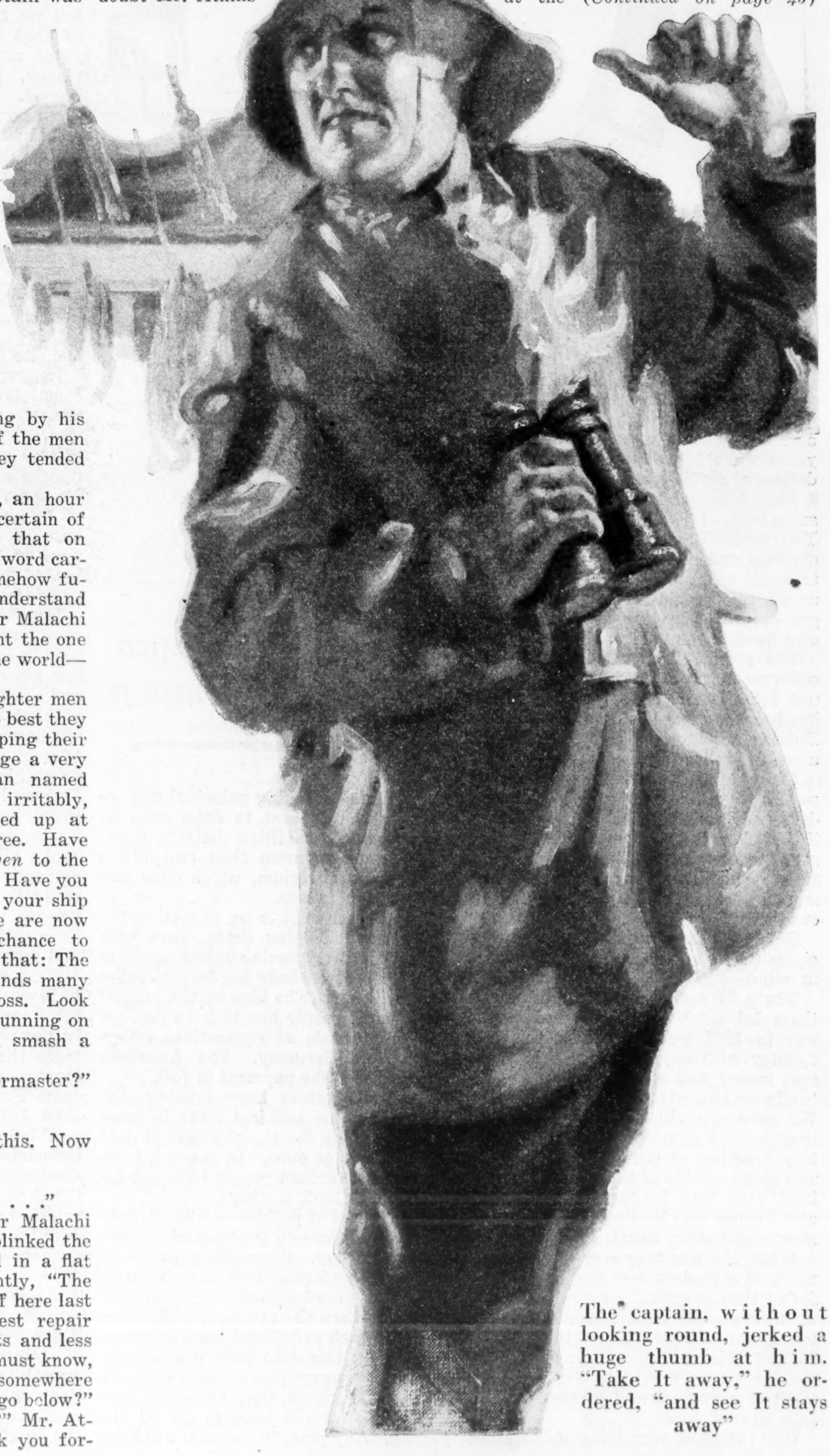
There was a clatter up the companion from the blankness of the main deck below, and then the mate was at the captain's elbow.

"You wanted me and two men, sir?"

Mr. Atkins was still raving, almost choking with anger. The captain, without looking round, jerked a huge thumb at him.

"Take It away," he ordered. "And see It stays away."

"I want you," Mr. Atkins roared at the (*Continued on page 45*)



The captain, without looking round, jerked a huge thumb at him. "Take It away," he ordered, "and see It stays away"

There IS a way

The war-time head of the Shipping Board suggests a method of debt collecting which will help France and everybody else

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HELD, JR.

By
EDWARD N. HURLEY

Member World War Debt-Funding Commission

I OWED money before I had any assets and my creditors trusted me and let me go on with my work and earn money for myself and for them. I was hard up in later years when I had at least a thousand dollars of assets for every dollar I owed.

Most business men have been in the same boat. If we had a national "Pay-Your-Debts-Day" on which every individual and every bank were compelled to settle every debt, we should have a smash that would take us ten years to get over. It is just as honorable to owe honestly as it is to be owed.

The stern, cold, pound-of-flesh debt collector has passed into the movies; not because we have grown humane, but because we are using common sense. Putting a debtor out of business is not a way of collecting money.

Many of the most prosperous companies in this country never sue a debtor. They compromise disputes and, if the debtor is in danger of failing, they send out experts to help get him on his feet. Sometimes they even lend him money. They do not want to destroy customers.

Bear all this in mind—bear the principles of first-class American business in mind—and turn to the war debts.

There is nothing sentimental about these debts. When we went into the war in 1917 we were about the only country with any real money left; we sent money and we sent soldiers. Actually we sent abroad very little money. We gave our allies credit with which they bought supplies here, and only a tiny fraction of the money we loaned was spent outside of this country. England also was lending money freely and France was lending to Russia, Rumania and other countries.

When the war was over and won, as much as a modern war can be won, we found that practically everybody owed us money—the total reaching around ten billion dollars. Since then nearly half of this debt has been funded on various terms providing for the payment of principal and interest over a long term of years.

Our principal remaining debtors are France, which, taking principal and interest at 5 per cent to date, owes us more than four billion dollars; Italy, which owes us more than two billion dollars; and Belgium, which owes less than half a billion.

The French debt to us, as well as the Italian and Belgian debts, have been bottles of nitroglycerine in international relations. Everybody has been steering clear of them. The idea on the part of the French people has been to pay out of the proceeds of reparations collections from Germany. The American idea has been for payment in full.

Political orators have actually discussed it as a political issue in campaigns, calling for the payment of debt and interest at once. In general, however, the American people have not favored loan-shark methods.

It is a part of politics—although only of poor politics—to promise more than you can deliver. Some of our people at home, not understanding the situation, have been promising to force France to pay more than she can pay, while some of the French politicians have been trying to mix this debt with the German reparation payments so as to assure their constituents that Germany and not France would have to do all the paying. Any plan, to succeed, will have to satisfy all the leaders on both sides of the water. That is elementary.

Look at the question from both sides. First take the American angle. During the war we advanced to the French Government nearly three billion dollars, but we advanced only a small portion of that in money. We speak of the great sums spent during the war as money, but very little money ever passed. We just exchanged credits. Even now, when we have nearly all the gold in the world in our vaults, that gold of itself would not be sufficient to finance a war. On this French loan, as well as on all our other loans, we made a pretty big merchandising profit which went to our manufacturers and workmen. The French did not and could not question prices—immediate delivery of goods being their chief objective. That is a more or less unpleasant fact which it is not well to forget, for no one else in the world forgets it.

In settling the British debt, the accumulated interest from the date of the advances to the date of settlement was calculated at 4¼ per cent instead of at 5 per cent as was originally contemplated. Everyone recognized that we were not out for our full pound of flesh. The British debt to us has been fixed in the agreement for its payment at a little more than four and a half billion dollars over a period of sixty-two years.

Not even Crœsus could think in terms of so much money. The sums cannot be paid in cash. With all our gold and all our resources we could not pay four and a half billion dollars to any country without causing a business depression which would throw millions of men out of work. On the other hand, it would do us almost as much harm to receive four and a half billion dollars gold—supposing that it could be paid to us. Throwing that much money into our banks all at once, on top of the vast amounts we already have, would make credit too free—unless our bankers developed into supermen—and we should have a time of tremendous speculation and consequent high prices.

Next take the French side. France is powerful and wealthy, but the war hit France as it hit no other country. In the regions where the fighting took place the destruction was beyond conception, and when the end of the war came France found herself with more than 1,500,000 dead, with millions of crippled soldiers, and with the largest industrial section of the country utterly destroyed. She could do nothing about the dead men. They were dead. The crippled men she had to support; and in addition she had to set about making over the devastated regions.

France's Rude Awakening

FRANCE expected, under the Treaty of Versailles, to receive from Germany enough money and goods for reconstruction. That treaty was at fault in demanding that Germany pay more than she could possibly pay. It was a political treaty; but on the strength of it France went ahead with reconstruction, issuing bonds which were taken by the French people against the day when Germany should pay. The French Government carried this reconstruction account as a special budget; and, while the regular government budget seemed to balance, neither the outside world nor the French people themselves really understood until it was too late that this reconstruction work was draining the resources of the nation. Nobody really awoke to the full significance of what was going on until last year, when the franc broke.

When a country's money collapses, business stops because there is no longer anything to trade in. The wiping out of the mark did nearly as much harm to Germany as the whole war.

A large part of all the trouble in Europe to-day is due to the fact that the mediums of exchange shift in value—there is nothing definite in which to pay for goods or services. A workman does not know what his wages mean.

The French have very little money. The peasants were hard hit by the Soviet Government's repudiation of the Russian bonds which were heavily held by the poor people of France—I say poor people because investors in France aren't, necessarily, rich. The peasants save their money and invest it, in French securities, and if the franc went to nothing these would be worthless.

I know a good many people in France from the war days when we were all working together trying to get very important things done. I sounded out some of my friends in the French Treasury on the debt. It was a sore subject with them, not because they did not want to pay, but because they saw no way of paying. When a debtor wants to pay, it is only a stupid creditor who cannot find some kind of arrangement.

It would not be possible now to talk of payment at all had it not been for the work of the Dawes Committee. Under the Dawes Plan, France will receive

With nearly all the gold in the world in our vaults, that gold of itself would not be sufficient to finance a war

out for FRANCE

some reparations money and Germany will have a currency with which to do business. With that plan in operation, France can and will, so I was assured by some of the highest French officials, cut her military expenditures to the bone. France's militarism is only a part of being hard up.

Take some elementary facts. France has to have a breathing spell—call it a moratorium—just as we had to have a breathing spell after the Revolution. France lent us a lot of money during the Revolution, and it would have been much harder for us to win our freedom without French aid. When we had made peace with England, France not only granted us a moratorium but also helped us out with additional money to get us on our feet. It seems only to be playing the game now to do for France what France formerly did for us.

The amount of money in cash which one government can pay to another during a year without upsetting foreign exchange is comparatively small. Trade originated in the exchange of goods and, although now we use money to represent the goods, this does not mean that the goods are not just as much a factor as ever they were. For instance, the millions spent by our tourists and the remittances of immigrants to the homefolks are two very big elements in helping Europe to pay for the goods bought of us.

No one knows how large this item is. We go overseas and spend money in Europe and the Europeans take this money to help settle their debts to us for goods bought. If France should agree to pay us a very large sum each year in cash, then very quickly the country would be drained dry of capital and there would be no production on which to collect taxes. You can't take a worker's tools away from him and still expect him to do a first-class job.

The peasants cannot pay much in the way of taxes; but industry can pay, provided it has the capital to secure adequate machinery with which to do business. France in her present position, and for many years to come, could not pay us one hundred million dollars a year in cash, and, even if she could, the exchange value of the franc would soon be broken and our business with France and France's business with us and with everyone else would be demoralized.

These points are elementary—they are facts which cannot be dodged. France has not the money to pay us 5 per cent interest on the principal and interest now due. Not a penny of this money can be collected by force or by speeches.

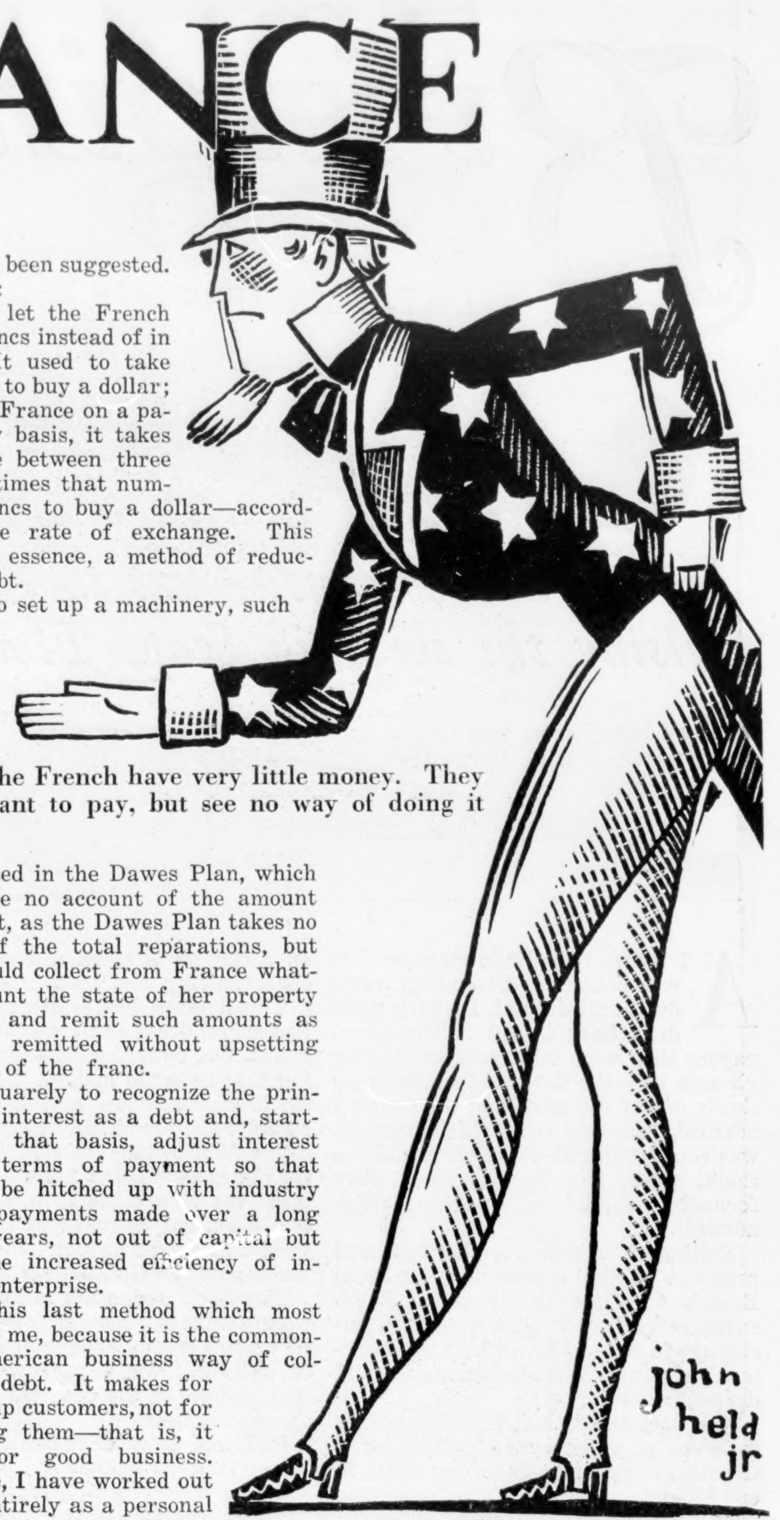
The general sentiment in America is very properly against the cancellation of war debts, although there is this to say for cancellation: If the debts growing out of this war are not honored, then the floating of future war loans will be difficult, and anything which makes war difficult is entitled to consideration.

The Common-Sense Way to Collect

THERE is some sentiment in France that, since the war was a mutual enterprise, all the war debts ought to be pooled and then each country assume its proper share according to how much else in addition to money it put into the war. There is also a great deal to be said for this idea, for, while we put both men and money into the war, our human loss was trifling as compared with those of our allies and not a foot of our territory was ever touched. But the plan is not practical, because setting off lives and property against money—setting off intangibles against tangibles—would start a series of negotiations which the great-grandsons of the original negotiators would hardly live to see ended. It is much more to the point to deal with things as they are. Dealing with things as they are, several plans have been suggested. These are:

(1.) To let the French pay in francs instead of in dollars. It used to take five francs to buy a dollar; now, with France on a paper money basis, it takes somewhere between three and four times that number of francs to buy a dollar—according to the rate of exchange. This plan is, in essence, a method of reducing the debt.

(2.) To set up a machinery, such as that used in the Dawes Plan, which would take no account of the amount of the debt, as the Dawes Plan takes no account of the total reparations, but which would collect from France whatever amount the state of her property permitted and remit such amounts as might be remitted without upsetting the value of the franc.



The French have very little money. They want to pay, but see no way of doing it

(3.) Squarely to recognize the principal and interest as a debt and, starting from that basis, adjust interest and the terms of payment so that they can be hitched up with industry and the payments made over a long term of years, not out of capital but out of the increased efficiency of industrial enterprise.

It is this last method which most appeals to me, because it is the common-sense American business way of collecting a debt. It makes for building up customers, not for destroying them—that is, it makes for good business. Therefore, I have worked out a plan, entirely as a personal matter and which claims for itself no official sanction, although I have talked it over with a large number of bankers and business men here and abroad. The principal merit of the plan in my mind is that it does not attempt to go after anything which is not there to get.

The details of the plan are somewhat complicated, for it has to take into consideration the political and the financial aspects both here and in France. My plan starts with the recognition of the full principal with accrued interest at 3 per cent as against 4¼ per cent, the reduced rate agreed on for the British settlement. On this basis the amount of the war debt is fixed at $3,359,000,000. During the first five years I should ask France to pay $100,000,000, making an initial payment of $10,000,000 and working up in the fifth year to $25,000,000.

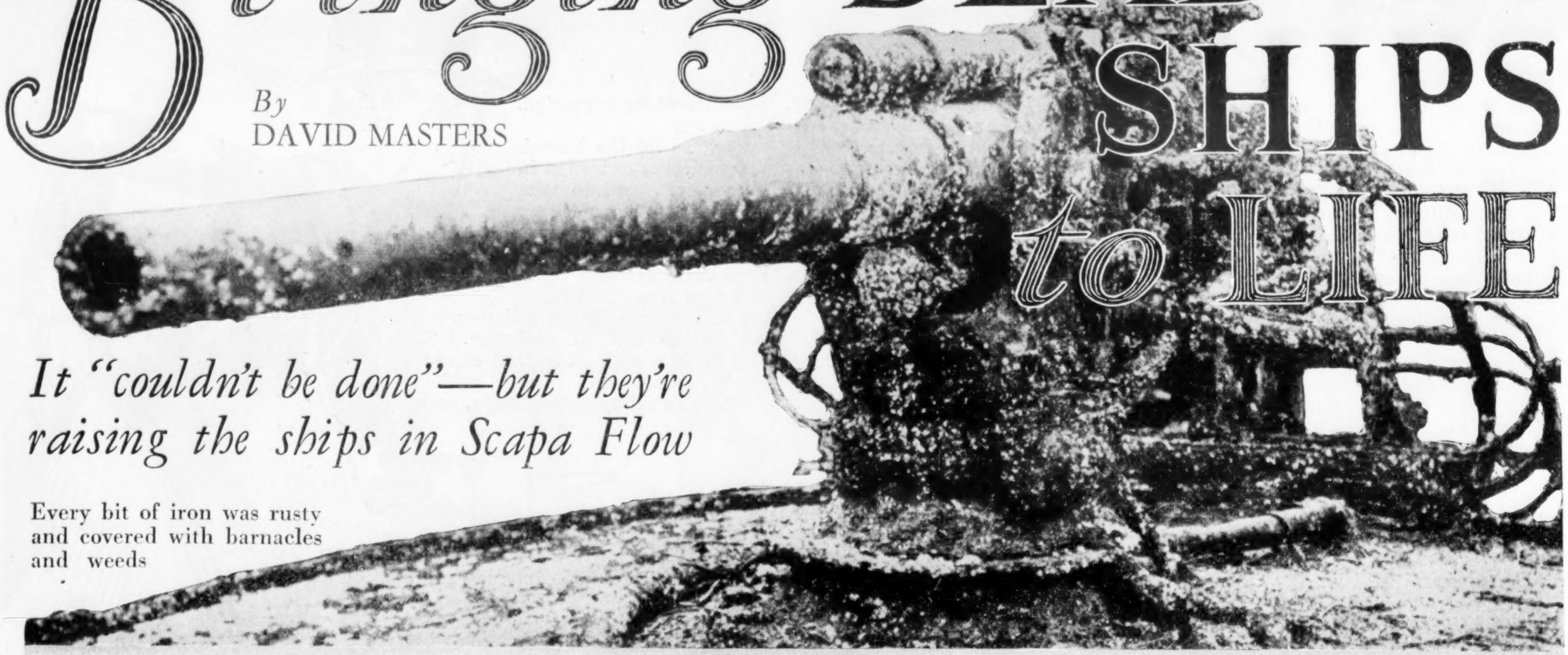
These payments are not important, but they would serve to keep the agreement a live thing. During the first five years no interest would be accrued on the debt. Then I should have the balance paid in sixty-seven annual installments with the interest on unpaid balances beginning at 2 per cent and rising to 4 per cent—the average would be about 2½ per cent. The payments would amount to about $100,000,000 a year, but only about half this sum would be remitted to the United States in cash. (In his report to the Chamber of Deputies on February 14, M. Violette, of the Finance Commission, estimated that France's debt interest for 1925 would amount to more than half her income, about $980,000,000.) It would be necessary to have a transfer agent in Paris with very broad powers to determine how and when cash might be remitted without breaking down French currency. Unless France has a stable currency, she will not be able to do business. A portion of the annual payments would, by my plan, be invested by the French Government in the bonds of French industries, railroads and public service corporations (the principal and interest to be guaranteed by the government of France), there to add to the productivity of the French people, and the bonds turned over to the United States in lieu of the cash.

French industries all need money. Competent authorities, whose opinions I accept, say that France will require during the next thirty years at least three billion dollars of new capital for major industrial development. France is primarily an agricultural nation, and the wealth of an agricultural nation does not rapidly increase; but an enormous saving in expenditures can be made through (*Continued on page 44*)

Bringing DEAD SHIPS to LIFE

By
DAVID MASTERS

It "couldn't be done"—but they're raising the ships in Scapa Flow



Every bit of iron was rusty and covered with barnacles and weeds

As I boarded the little steamer that was bound for Stromness, some five hours distant, I let my mind drift back to 1918. The newspapers then were telling us in glowing phrases how the German fleet came up slowly out of the mist, and the German admiral, boarding the British flagship, was conducted with other officers to the cabin, where the German ships were formally surrendered to the British admiral.

Suiting their speed to the measured progress of the beaten foe, the trim British warships slowly escorted the surrendered fleet to that wonderful anchorage in Scapa Flow, where each German ship went to its allotted station and dropped anchor.

The fleet which had menaced us for so long was powerless to hurt us more. Germany was vanquished, her ships in our hands!

But Von Reuter whispered his secret orders, sea cocks were opened, the Germans took to their boats, and on June 21, 1919, the surrendered fleet was treacherously sunk.

While England was amazed, the Germans quietly chuckled. They had outwitted the victors—cheated them out of ships that cost about £40,000,000 and numbering in all seventy-two, ranging from torpedo boats of 750 tons to the giant Hindenburg of 27,000 tons.

Were they lost forever? The Germans hoped so. Many of our salvage experts thought so. They could see no profit in raising the dead fleet.

One day it leaked out that attempts were to be made to salve the German fleet by E. F. Cox, of Messrs. Cox and Danks, who were breaking up the Orion and Erin at Queenborough in Kent.

"Who is he?" salvage people asked.

Nobody knew. So far as could be discovered, Cox had never salved a ship in his life; yet he, without any salvage experience, calmly bought twenty-four of the sunken ships from the Admiralty, including the Hindenburg and the Seydlitz, and announced that he was going to try to raise them.

"Somebody with money to burn," an expert said to me. "It can't be done."

Similar remarks came to Cox's ears. He ignored them and went on with his plans for carrying out the world's record salvage feat. Those plans hinged on a certain German dock constructed for repairing and testing submarines.

This floating dock which the Germans had surrendered to us was a white elephant. Cox figured out its weight. Finding that he could make a trifling profit by breaking it up and selling it as scrap to the foundries, he bought it and began dismantling the central tank. As the plates were being cut away from the tank, the idea came to him that with this dock, cut in two and suitably adjusted, it might be possible to raise a number of the German ships at Scapa.

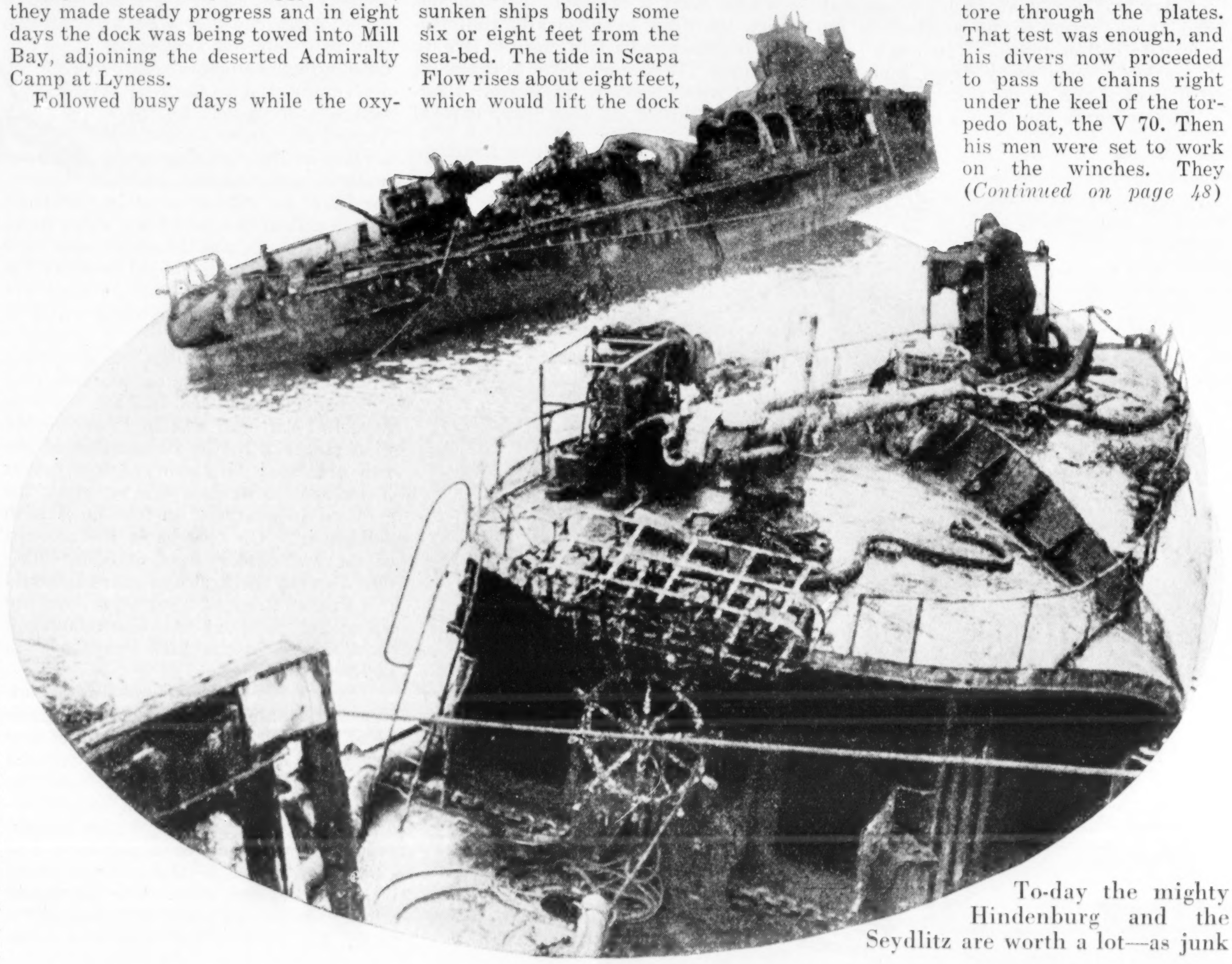
Two tugs and some auxiliary boats were purchased. Despite foggy weather, they made steady progress and in eight days the dock was being towed into Mill Bay, adjoining the deserted Admiralty Camp at Lyness.

Followed busy days while the oxy-acetylene jets ate their way through the steel floor of the dock. The workshops on the outer edge of the dock hummed with activity and the 400-foot dock was soon divided into two halves, each 200 feet long. These were brought opposite each other, until a gap of about twenty feet separated them, and lashed together by three or four strong spars, with a couple of 12-inch balks of timber to serve as a bridge from one side to the other.

On each side of the gap was a battery of ten powerful winches. By putting four men on each winch, Cox planned to wind up the first of the sunken ships bodily some six or eight feet from the sea-bed. The tide in Scapa Flow rises about eight feet, which would lift the dock and torpedo boat a further eight feet from the bottom, so if the wreck were hauled up bodily eight feet while the tide was rising eight feet, at high water the wreck would be sixteen feet from the bottom and the dock with the wreck slung between could be towed into the shallower water of Mill Bay.

The great anchor chains of the Orion, each link of which was twelve inches long and three and a half inches thick, were already in Cox's possession, and he determined to utilize them for lifting the wrecks. At first he had the idea of hooking them through the portholes, but he found that the hooks tore through the plates. That test was enough, and his divers now proceeded to pass the chains right under the keel of the torpedo boat, the V 70. Then his men were set to work on the winches. They

(*Continued on page 48*)

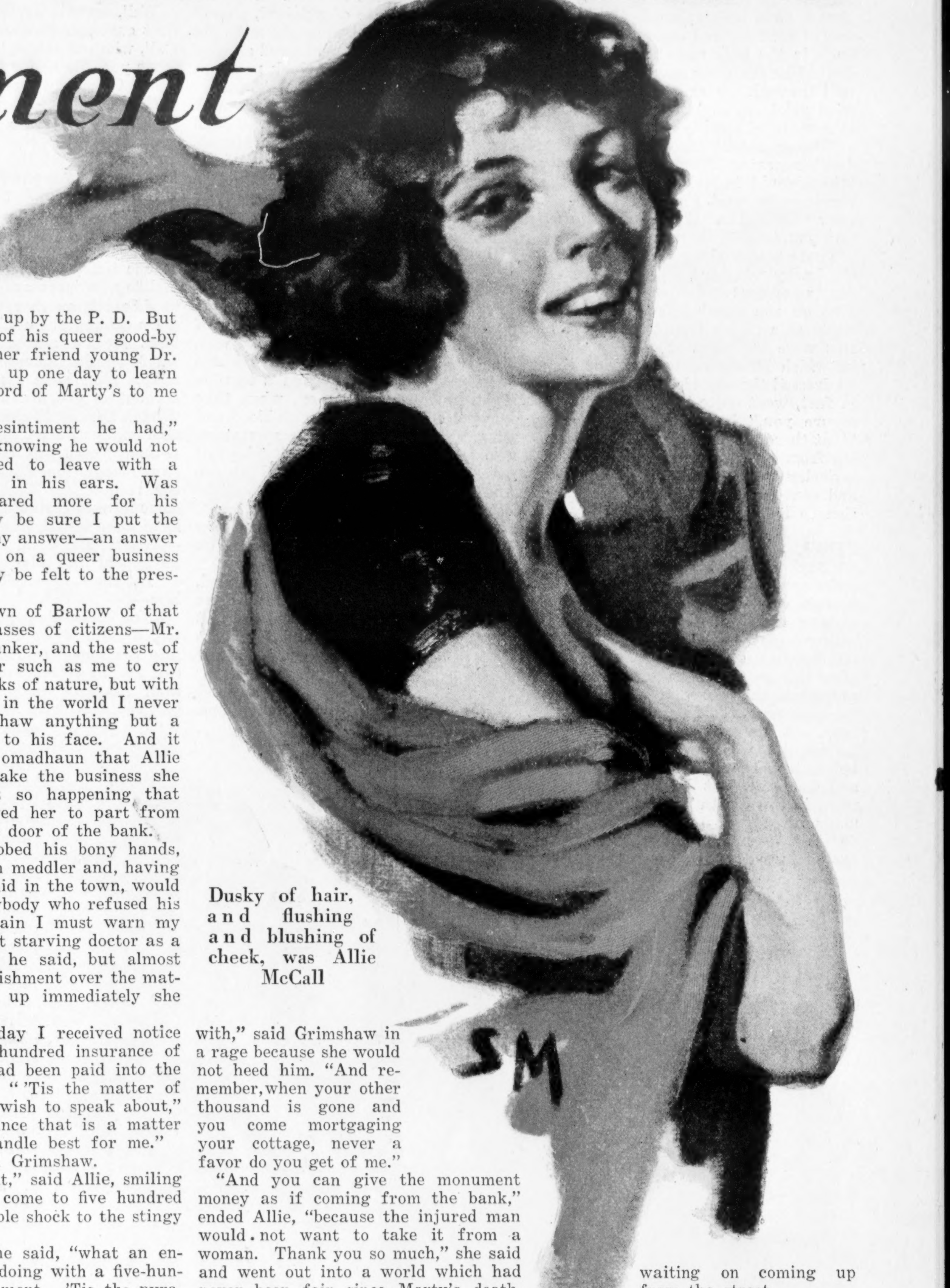


To-day the mighty Hindenburg and the Seydlitz are worth a lot—as junk

MARTY McCALL'S Monument

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
STOCKTON MULFORD



Dusky of hair, and flushing and blushing of cheek, was Allie McCall

THE times as were times, I speak of, when a locomotive was a locomotive and not a mere machine shop and power house which any ignorant rough-neck electrician can operate. Men of character and muscle were the engineers of those days, and among them young Marty McCall.

Sorra the summer morning that Marty taking the 314 east, light, bided orders a minute on the station platform the while talking and laughing to shy, little Miss McCall, who had run over from the cottage to see the darlint new passenger racer, with drivers six feet high, off on her try-out. Dusky of hair, with gray eyes smutted in by the fairy finger, and flushing and blushing of cheek, was Allie McCall—carrying herself with a fierce pride, y'understand, from which she looked down on all the world. But the pride was in being the only sister of Marty, youngest engineer on the division, and small blame to her.

And the sun, tipping a storm cloud, broke its beam over the platform as if hope had come out of her shadow to smile on us; the trim jewel of an engine glittered like a chariot of the pagans, bad scran to them, waiting to whisk off Marty on a tour of triumph. Biding Marty's orders, the young people, last of the McCalls, laughed and talked, and I envied while rolling cigarettes, there being no hurry about my seeing the superintendent.

And then O'Hanon came down—not on myself who was scheduled to meet him at the proper moment and so retired behind a truck of baggage until I was due, but on the McCalls.

"I believe, Marty," he said, "that this engine is swung too high. It cannot make the new schedule demanded by the passenger department with the center of gravity in the smokestack."

Divil a schedule was ever hung up that Marty would not dare; his broad chest rumbled a laugh in answer, and though O'Hanon looked at him displeased he gave no further warning, and a moment later the engineer had his orders.

That was in the old, old times, y'understand, with the face of events so shadowed by years that 'tis hard to recognize the way they looked at the time. And yet I remember being struck by the queerness of it, that Marty, spying me in passing, stopped to shake hands across the truck. "Good-by, Jimmy, God bless you," he said as if bound on a far journey instead of a bit of a run on the line. Another moment and he had swung into the cab, the engine was skimming the main to the end of the yard, rocking over the grade beyant—and only five miles past the crest, where we caught the last sparkle of brass, leaving the rails at White Creek cut and jumping three times from one wall to the other.

So passed Marty the way of most good roadmen, his little wreck soon being forgotten along of the mountain of wreckage piled up by the P. D. But I was reminded of his queer good-by when Allie and her friend young Dr. Moody hunted me up one day to learn what that last word of Marty's to me had been.

"'Twas a presintiment he had," said Allie; "and knowing he would not come back wished to leave with a friend's greeting in his ears. Was anybody ever cared more for his friends?" Y'may be sure I put the ring of truth in my answer—an answer that decided her on a queer business whose effects may be felt to the present time.

Now in the town of Barlow of that day were two classes of citizens—Mr. Grimshaw, the banker, and the rest of us. It is not for such as me to cry shame on the works of nature, but with all the good will in the world I never could call Grimshaw anything but a blaggard, except to his face. And it was to this big omadhaun that Allie was obliged to take the business she had in mind, it so happening that Grimshaw observed her to part from Dr. Moody at the door of the bank.

At this he rubbed his bony hands, for he was a born meddler and, having the standing he did in the town, would never forgive anybody who refused his advice. "'Tis plain I must warn my client against that starving doctor as a fortune hunter," he said, but almost forgot it in astonishment over the matter she brought up immediately she came in.

"'Twas yesterday I received notice that the fifteen hundred insurance of brother Marty had been paid into the bank," she said. "'Tis the matter of the monument I wish to speak about," she went on, "since that is a matter the bank can handle best for me."

"Sure," agreed Grimshaw.

"The monument," said Allie, smiling to herself, "will come to five hundred dollars"—a terrible shock to the stingy banker.

"I ask you," he said, "what an engineer would be doing with a five-hundred-dollar monument. 'Tis the pyramid of Egypt you would be building him."

BUT Allie, with a faint flush, looked past him with shining eyes at something which divil a Grimshaw will ever see. "Of course it would not be a monument of stone," she said, "but a human one. Never was there such a man as Marty for his friends on the road. And when next happens one of the terrible wrecks with limbs cut off and mangled bodies, the man worst injured will get the five hundred for new limbs and care. And he will be Marty's monument, which is the way he would have it, and much better than one in a cemetery where I can take him flowers instead."

"Not a banker but the keeper of an asylum you should be talking business with," said Grimshaw in a rage because she would not heed him. "And remember, when your other thousand is gone and you come mortgaging your cottage, never a favor do you get of me."

"And you can give the monument money as if coming from the bank," ended Allie, "because the injured man would not want to take it from a woman. Thank you so much," she said and went out into a world which had never been fair since Marty's death. But abroad to-day, somewhere on the P. D., a man moved with indifference toward the terrors of train wreck, all ungrateful for the arms and legs which the saints had given him. And when one or more of these were gone and he was ruined entirely, then he would rise up with the five hundred in his pocket to stump the world all his life in grateful memory of Marty McCall.

With that flushed little rapture Allie glanced across the street at young Dr. Moody's office upstairs. "I do believe he has a patient," she thought, an event not to be ignored among the doctor's few friends, and was that near to the man who had much to do with the founding of the monument.

A burly man with bushy whisker and wild, rollicking gray eye was this patient whom the doctor had found waiting on coming up from the street.

"Whisht," he said, the wild, rollicking eye suddenly settling on Moody like the tap of a blackjack, "there is no doubt that a doctor must understand his patient before treating him, but 'tis no less important that a patient understand his doctor."

Moody, a dark, lean young man, looked back at him with an intelligent eye. "Rather than lose the first patient I have had in a week," he answered, "I will let you diagnose me first."

"I see I have made no mistake in coming to you instead of the loud-mouthed old quack who has mistreated Barlow since it started," said the other. "You are a man of few words?"

"I am," said Moody, "and so have none to waste on the affairs of a patient."

"I will diagnose no further, but introduce myself—Mr. Sorley—" said the patient. "Y'understand, 'tis not on my own account that I forbid gossip, but because of the worry it would cause my family and friends to hear the rumor that I have been injured. I am careless, I confess, and often on my claim back in the hills meet with little accidents like the present, when I drove a nail through my shoulder, so I do not wish relatives and friends to be kept in a state of anxiety—"

"Drove a nail through your shoulder," repeated Moody with gravity; "that would indeed be the height of carelessness, and I do not wonder at your wish to conceal it from those who love you."

There was a shine of white teeth in the bushy whiskers, and Sorley, stripping away coat and shirt, showed a blue spot on the upper left arm. On the white skin of his breast and along his ribs were the scars of other accidents on which Moody made no comment as he dressed the wound in the arm which, in fact, went quite through it. "I can assure you," he said after finishing, "that there is no danger of lead poisoning from a nail puncture."

Sorley nodded and put on his shirt and coat again with no further attention to his wound.

'TWAS not often that Sorley rode into Barlow from his mining claim fifty miles away, and now, remembering that he had interests here which demanded looking after, he strolled down to the railroad yard, where he inspected with interest a new express car; after this, returning uptown, he examined the Grimshaw bank not only from the front but the rear. A dangerous bank examiner he was, y'understand, being a robber of experience and boldness, but he had arrived in town with his business plans already completed for this visit, the slight wound in the arm being only an incident of a fight he had got into on the way.

When the westbound afternoon train arrived Sorley boarded it with a ticket to Climax, fifty miles down the line, and the end of the division. There he called at the house of a friend, shaved off the whisker, and when the midnight westbound express came in and stopped he was standing in the dark near the head end across from the platform.

The train pulled out on time with Sorley on the blind baggage, and twenty minutes later he swung himself up into the tender. The curtain of the cab was down, so that he would not be seen by the enginemen, and he was scrambling over the coal, revolver in hand, when there was a horrible screech of brakes, and the train, taking to the ties, crumpled up.

Sorley, being thrown by the lurch of the tender, landed in a ditch of soft mud back among the coaches, one of which made a bridge over him with hind trucks still on the rails. He was knocked out, of course, and a terrible sight he must have been, when they dragged him out covered with blood and mire, to all but one of the spectators, who told himself with joy that he had never seen a more beautiful object. And, lest a description of it should be lost to the world, he wrote one himself, after a freight on the nearest siding had run the passengers to town on flat cars.

On the morning it was printed, Grimshaw, as usual, was first at the bank, where all alone he liked to gloat over the sacks of gold and to fondle the currency. 'Twas always with a snarling jealousy that he counted out to his teller and cashier a sum to cover the day's transactions; when it proved to be not enough the skinflint looked on them with hatred and demanded how they expected a bank to run that paid out more than it took in.

Well, on this particular morning the first customer to arrive was Allie McCall, who unknowingly made the wisest move possible under the circumstances. While Grimshaw, pretending to be busy with his papers, spied at her with contempt and dislike in his yellow owl's eyes, she drew a check for five hundred and cleaned out the teller, so that he had to apply for more funds at the very start of the day. She took her bills and gold to the customers' desk and counted them with awe, this being more money than she had ever had in hand at one time; meantime, Grimshaw, his dislike now increased to bitterness, had to dole out another wad to his teller.

On coming out of the vault he found Miss McCall seated beside his desk, where she had dumped her money in a heap. "You have seen the newspaper account of the dreadful wreck on the Climax Division," she said; "and of the poor unidentified fellow found under it—the one who will live but mangled beyant recognition. I had thought to give the money for Marty's monument to some injured trainman, but they always have some friend, however poor, to help—in fact, Mr. Grimshaw, I can't resist an appeal like this."

"Let the railroad company look after him—"

"You know they never do lately, or pay a claim when they are soon going into the hands of receivers. No, there can be no better memorial to Marty than this poor unidentified man. Maybe," she said, with her hushed enthusiasm, "the money will pay for treatment which will make him recognizable again." Not for such as Grimshaw is it to understand such characters as this girl's, which indeed let in holy light upon a troubled world like a stained-glass window in a poorhouse.

But as his dislike had increased to bitterness toward her, so his bitterness became hatred when she spilled the heap of money toward him with irreverent hand. "Get it to the injured man," she said; "he will still be on his cot in the baggage-room at Sterling, on the Climax Division." The baggage-room was generally the hospital for injured travelers on the P. D.

'Tis doubtful whether Grimshaw would have handled the matter at all but for his instinct to protect the gold and bank bills, sacred as saints' relics to him, from the touch of this pauper. Divil a one of us can forgive a person who profanes our sacred things, but Grimshaw held his temper and, with the money heap under one claw, drew a cashier's check. Then he wrote the bank at Sterling: "This check to be delivered without receipt to unidentified injured passenger described in enclosed newspaper article. Grimshaw's Bank." These he handed to Allie with addressed envelope and told her to clip and enclose the article.

'TWAS while mailing this in the post office that she met Dr. Moody, and as a confidence which should go no further told what she had done. If Allie had not been so happy in getting Marty's monument on its feet, so to speak, she might have noticed how sober the doctor looked at the news, but she had other news also. "I have found a patient for you," she said; "'tis little Bennie Moriarity, the washerwoman's son, who lives in the last cabin facing the railroad scrap yard!" She had heard of his sickness from Mrs. Moriarity, a lone widow, and gone to the cabin herself to visit him the night before. The doctor not only looked sober now, but scared to think of her visiting that neighborhood alone. Reading her expression, though, he kept silent.

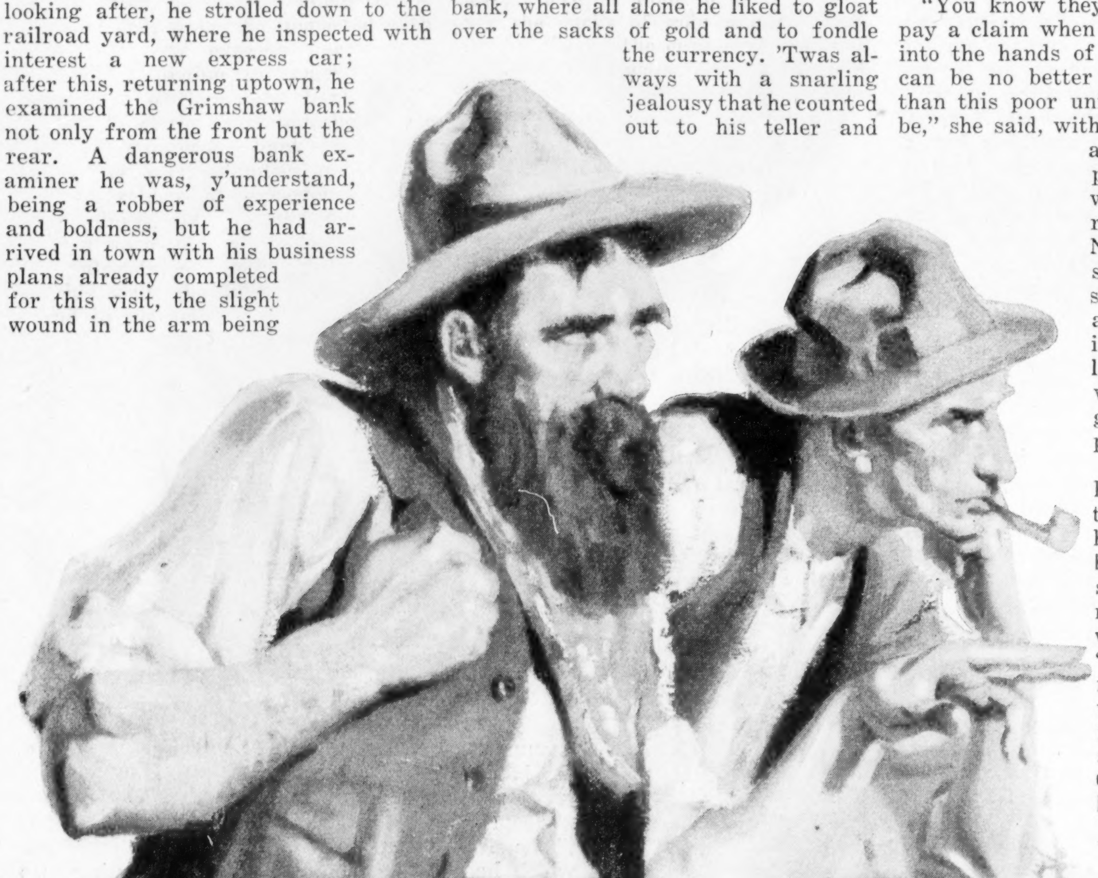
Allie waited across the street for him while he got his medicine case and they went together to the cabin where the little boy was in bed with a cold and fever.

"Saints be good to you, Dr. Moody, for coming to save him to me who have nothing else left," said Mrs. Moriarity; "I had been to the old doctor who would see the boy die without pay in advance, though I promised to do his wash a year for him, and much he needs it done, the dirty old spalpeen."

Allie explained she had come to stay with the little boy while Mrs. Moriarity went about a job she had across town that day, and when Moody was putting up his prescription he heard her telling the widow in the next room what a fine physician he was. So the widow was comforted and Moody left the cabin with her after giving Allie directions on the case.

The sober look came back to his face as he left her, and on reaching the bleak little office he sat down with legs stretched before him and arms hanging limp. "Five hundred of her poor little capital gone for charity, who may soon be needing charity herself. Given to a stranger at that!" And he began cursing himself blackly for a coward in that he had not argued, persuaded, bullied her out of it. "Better to have lost her friendship than let her waste her only means of living."

A laugh harsher than the cursing followed the thought that all he could ever claim from her was friendship. "With that old doctor starving me out," he said, "by telling Barlow people that whoever calls me once need never come to him again. Starved out—" he looked at his threadbare clothes and patched shoe. "And I have a charity patient; and Allie will hunt up others for me and so I will build up a practice." But this time his laugh was hushed at his lips as if a heavy hand had been laid on them, and an uncanny fright shook up the very soul of him. One of those moments had come to him, y'understand, when a man is called to account for his thoughts, which, unlike words or deeds, he believes can be hidden away. He stole a look (*Continued on page 28*)

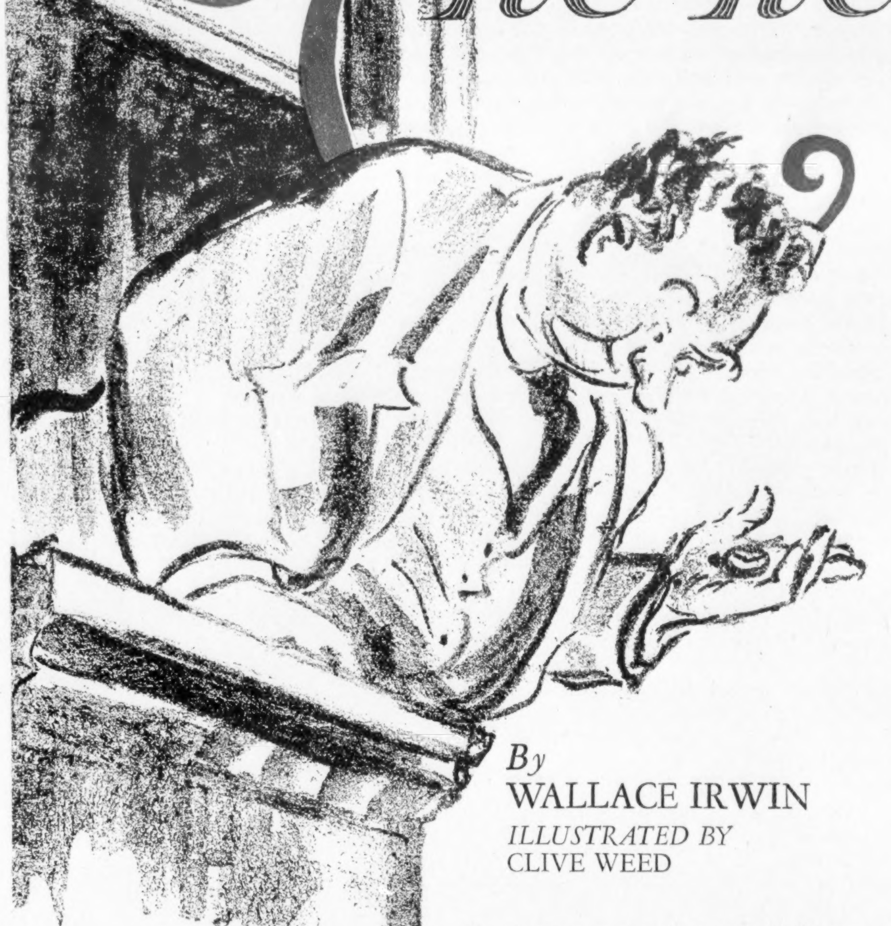


"But on an express hold-up," said Sorley, "I will meet you halfway"

The new HOKUM

Mr. Irwin turns on psychoanalysis, and the slaughter is something terrible

"HE CAME down to breakfast to tell us how he dreamed he was shooting the chutes at Coney Island with President Poincaré, who pulled white mice out of his beard and repeated, 'Emily has the nail file!' Ten years ago the fellow would have been put down as a bore. But to-day he has a prophetic quality. There's always someone on hand to analyze his dream, and elderly, unmarried ladies simper: 'Oh, we don't *dare* tell you what it means!'"



By
WALLACE IRWIN
ILLUSTRATED BY
CLIVE WEED

WHEN I was quite a small boy I used to think that the Greek word Psyche was pronounced "fish," and, although I soon learned my grievous error, in my years of experience I am beginning to believe that children are sometimes intuitively right. In these latter years they have twisted Psyche into psycho—psycho-this, psycho-that—until the saner of us enjoy a keen sense of fishiness even while we incline our ears to fish stories clothed in more or less scientific nomenclature.

We used to get the old yarn of Jonah and the whale pretty straight from the source. The whale swallowed Jonah, discovered his mistake and unswallowed him. The whale didn't like Jonah any more than Jonah liked the whale, and they parted by mutual consent. A prompt, sensible arrangement.

But since Prophet Freud came along with his psycho-fish stories, we're not much concerned with Jonah. We want to swallow the whale, and such of us as can get him down rejoice in that we feel a little queer and label our symptoms Inhibitions, Complexes or Repressed Personalities.

If you get these three catch words in your head you can go far in psychoanalysis. Inhibitions, Complexes, Repressed Personalities—you have practically the whole conjuring kit. If you go to a party and don't dance or play bridge you needn't feel depressed; you can have a perfectly lovely time sitting in a corner with a Bud who goes in for Deeper Things. "Let's psychoanalyze. Oh, goody!" And the evening is a success. As an excuse for holding hands Freudism has supplanted palmistry. Its methods are less direct, but more lasting.

This is taking Dr. Freud lightly, as a pretty parlor game, successor to the ouija board which now lies cracked and broken-legged in the attic. Socially psychoanalysis is a charming novelty. But as a working principle for our daily lives it's not so good.

Some of us try to use it as a lid-lifter for our vices, others as a cure-all for whatever ails us. We seek salvation in hard scientific names we don't understand—we fall for fetishes.

We're like the man with a headache who wandered into the village drug store and pointed to a hundred-odd bottles on the third shelf. "Give me a drop out of all of 'em," he moaned. "But what's the matter with you?" asked the startled druggist. "Durned if I know," replied the frantic customer, "but I'm going to find something that'll hit the spot."

Each of us nowadays is taking something out of that long row of bottles, ranging in harmfulness from bicarbonate of soda to cyanide of potassium. We like the pretty names on the labels and know they'll be good for what ails us. Psychology was for a time our favorite knock-out drop, but when it was appropriated by the real estate and advertising business we snatched at Psychoanalysis.

When Psychoanalysis, a synthetic German product, first entered America the eager American was informed that it was derived from the Greek word Psyche, which we remembered because it rhymed with Ikey. To-day anybody can talk the language. A grocer will tell you that he added up his bill wrong because of his "subconscious."

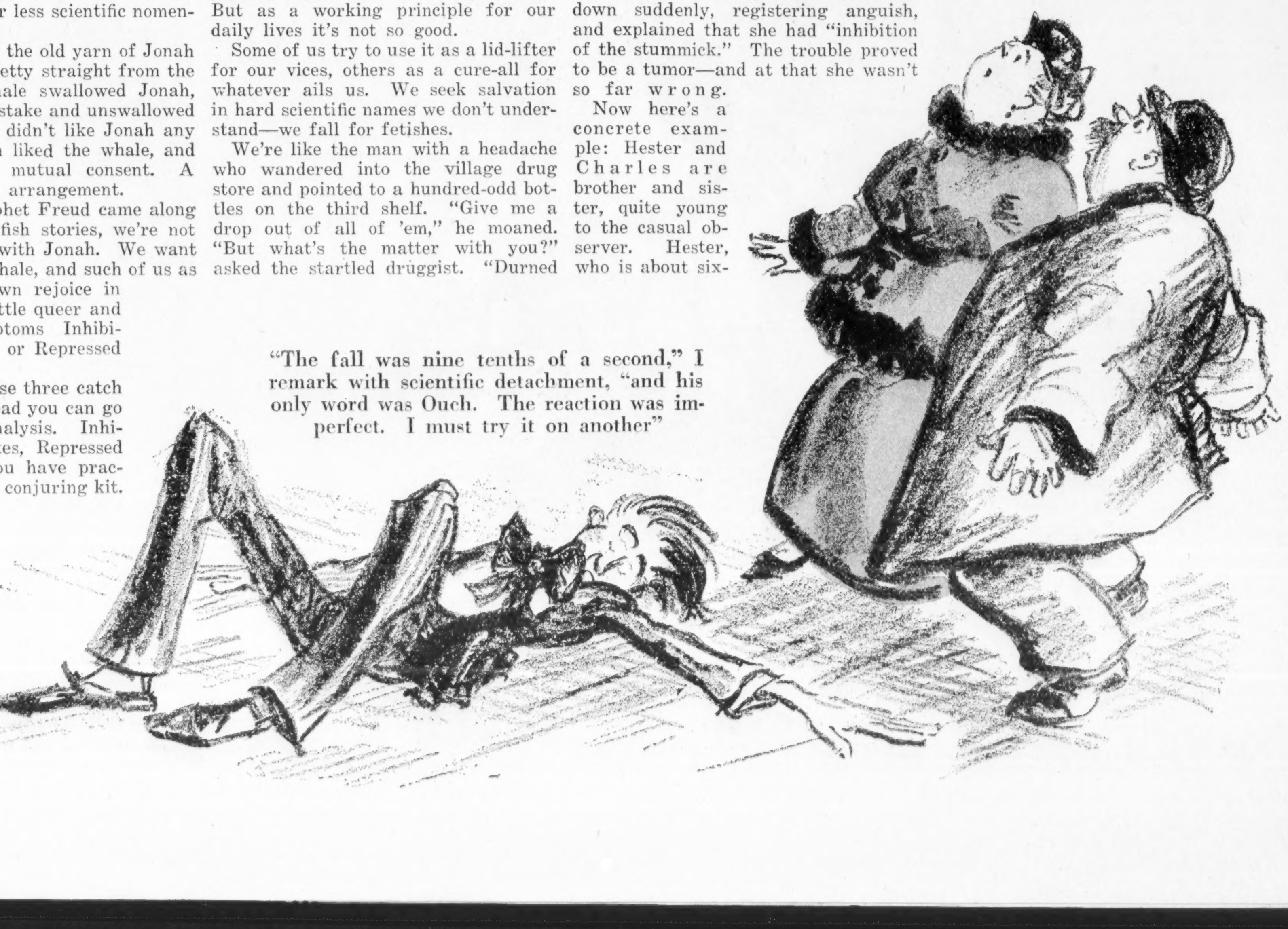
Last fall a plumber came to my house and explained that most modern plumbing systems are suffering from a suppressed personality.

The other day my aunt's cook sat down suddenly, registering anguish, and explained that she had "inhibition of the stummick." The trouble proved to be a tumor—and at that she wasn't so far wrong.

Now here's a concrete example: Hester and Charles are brother and sister, quite young to the casual observer. Hester, who is about sixteen, sat under the wistaria and told me about herself, as young girls sometimes will do to old gentlemen in their late forties.

In this day of helium gas and Paul Whitemanism it is refreshing to find a girl so modest and sweet as Hester. She helps her mother, makes her own clothes, blushes at the right time and place. She has what our novelists call the Fresh Viewpoint—quite without being "fresh" in the common sense of the word. So there she sat, hands folded in lap, her brown eyes lowered, her soft hair rilling old-fashionedly over her tender shoulder.

"But, Hester," I said, "the time will come when you will forget all these girlish apprehensions. Forgive me for speaking so frankly, but remember that I am an old, old man. Love, Hester, will enter your life." She blushed, but I went on gently. "Your knight will come riding to your door. Your fairy prince will play upon your heartstrings. Love will knock. Perhaps you do not



"The fall was nine tenths of a second," I remark with scientific detachment, "and his only word was Ouch. The reaction was imperfect. I must try it on another" understand that, Hester. But the beautiful book will open when you see him. You will love. You will be married."

"Never." Softly she shook her silken head.

"But what will you do with your life, my dear?" I asked with one of my elderly chuckles. She raised soft brown eyes.

"Charles and I have decided to go on the stage."

"The stage?" I was puzzled. "But neither of you has had any experience. What makes you and Charles think you can succeed on the stage?"

"We've been psychoanalyzed." Her look was dovelike. "And the professor thinks we both have a wonderful sex appeal."

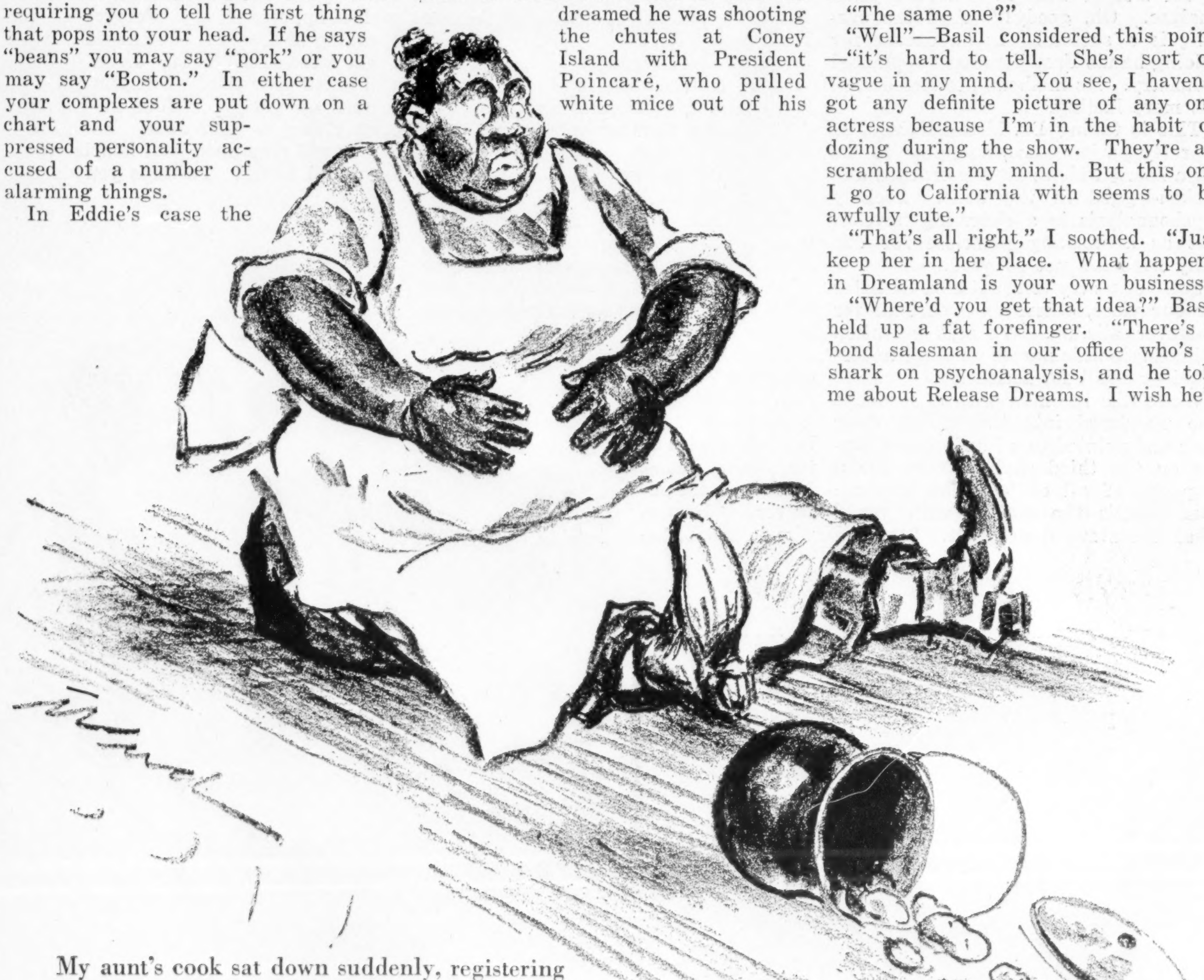
Between amateur child culture and home-brewed psychoanalysis I often wonder what the next generation is going to be like.

A neighbor of mine has a boy named Eddie, one of those dear little Penrods who do most of the things you and I did in boyhood and forget in middle age. He does them oftener than we did because spanking has gone entirely out of fashion.

Recently he attached a copper wire between a doorknob and the leg of a light table, with the result that the table moved with the door and spilled a quantity of family bric-à-brac. Eddie merely wished to support Mr. Houdini in the assertion that all spirit phenomena are produced by mechanical means. But his misunderstanding mother turned him over to a fat lady who had read "Cross Cuts to Psychoanalysis; or How to Freud in Six Lessons."

If you've ever been psychoanalyzed —and who hasn't?—you'll know what that meant for Eddie. The practitioner has a sort of unintelligence test which consists in giving you a word and requiring you to tell the first thing that pops into your head. If he says "beans" you may say "pork" or you may say "Boston." In either case your complexes are put down on a chart and your suppressed personality accused of a number of alarming things.

In Eddie's case the amateur analyst began with "school" and gained the reply "cheese." After ten minutes of it she decided that a course in self-expression would turn Eddie into a model citizen. His true nature had been strangled. He must overcome his inhibitions. His natural tendencies should be encouraged.



My aunt's cook sat down suddenly, registering anguish, and explained that she had "inhibition of the stummick." It was a tumor

So they turned Eddie loose. By sunset of the first day the family servants had resigned; neighbors called to complain of sharpshooting through open windows; Eddie was discovered in the garage next day, attempting to work the self-starter of somebody's chummy roadster.

Eddie's father suspected nothing until the third day of red rebellion; then one morning he found Eddie in the bathroom carving a broom handle with the paternal razor. Eddie senior reached for the strop, now useless for anything but Eddie junior.

"Eddie," began the father, holding his son by the collar, his strop by the handle, "I'm afraid I'll have to give you a good whipping."

"You can't do it, Pa!" warned the patient. "I've been psychoanalyzed."

However, science shows us that what was impossible yesterday is practicable to-day. Spanked and chastened, Eddie crept quietly to his room. The lady analyst called next day, marked his improvement and proclaimed from the housetops that psychoanalysis had wrought another miracle.

It used to be that dream books were *démodé*. Servant girls bought them for a quarter and shamefacedly hid them under their pillows. But since Freud got us in his power the dream book has gone up to five dollars net and reposes, morocco bound, on the drawing-room table.

We once detested the man who came down to breakfast to tell us how he dreamed he was shooting the chutes at Coney Island with President Poincaré, who pulled white mice out of his beard and repeated, "Emily has the nail file!" To-day that same bore has taken on a prophetic quality; there is always somebody there to analyze his dream. Elderly, unmarried ladies will simper, "Oh, we don't *dare* tell you what it means!" and some high priestess of the cult will urge him to marry at once, or heaven knows what might happen to a man who dreams of white mice, beards and French politicians.

They have something called Release Dreams which, if persisted in, usually land the patient in the divorce court. I have a friend whom we shall call Basil J. Basil J. has grown so obese that he is often taken for a successful literary man, although in real life he is a simple stockbroker. Up to last January he was a devoted, if somewhat heavy, husband and father. There was nothing remarkable about Basil save his capacity for food. "Meals at All Hours" should have been emblazoned on his crest. Basil loved the theatre, not because the play appealed to him, but because he found it a pleasant place to sleep after dinner and prepare his digestion for a late and heavy supper. What was my surprise when he came to me with a curious confession.

"Old man, I can't love my wife any more—it's awful, because Consie and I have been a close-harmony pair for nearly twenty years. But that's all over. I've got to express myself. There's another woman in my life."

"Who is she?" was my direct, if impertinent, question.

"Darned if I know. That's the trouble with these Release Dreams."

"Gosh! Have you got one of those things?" I exclaimed.

"One of 'em!" he puffed. "I've had six in a row. Every night I dream I'm on the way to California with an actress."

"The same one?"

"Well"—Basil considered this point —"it's hard to tell. She's sort of vague in my mind. You see, I haven't got any definite picture of any one actress because I'm in the habit of dozing during the show. They're all scrambled in my mind. But this one I go to California with seems to be awfully cute."

"That's all right," I soothed. "Just keep her in her place. What happens in Dreamland is your own business."

"Where'd you get that idea?" Basil held up a fat forefinger. "There's a bond salesman in our office who's a shark on psychoanalysis, and he told me about Release Dreams. I wish he'd kept his mouth shut. These Release Dreams come along and let loose all your inhibitions, you know, so that you're free to sail in and get the things you've wanted all your life. When people are awake they don't really know what they want. That's why there are so many fool elections and all that sort of business—"

"You mean that people ought to vote in their sleep?" I asked, fired with a new idea.

"I guess so," ventured Basil nervously. "But about this actress. In my waking moments it never occurred to me that I wanted to marry an actress. I never cared a whole lot about 'em; they're always talking about themselves so I can't get a word in edgewise. But these Release Dreams show me that I'm all wrong."

"That's what it looks like to me," I agreed.

So I made a secret call on Mrs. Basil J., a charming little body, ten years younger than her husband. Employing wiles, I drew her around to the subject of Basil.

"Have you noticed something about him?" she asked.

"Well"—this was rather sudden— "it seems to me he's letting himself get a little stout."

"That's it," she agreed. "I can't make him take diet or exercise. He's beginning to wheeze. And lately he's got into the habit of eating hot cakes and farm sausages after the theatre— at midnight, mind you. All night long he moans and groans and snores!"

"When did he begin this hot-cake habit?" I asked, brightening.

"A little less than a week ago."

I thought so. Hurrying over to Basil's office I met him with the following advice: "Basil, you've got to express yourself. Just as you say. Do it now."

"Express myself?" he cried. "So you've got the bug too."

"Yes. Express yourself to the Battle Creek Sanitarium or Muldoon's or any place where they'll starve the fat off your abdomen and out of your head. Good-by, Release Dreams!"

"You don't mean to say those lovely visions come from my stomach!" he moaned.

"No. From your brain. But in your case the subconscious had slipped down to your waistline."

Psychoanalysis, of course, is getting a little stale in America, where it hit rather late. Like cubism and mah-jong it is bound to be replaced by some newer, sillier caprice. Already the cubists are being regarded as quaint fogies, and the crossword puzzlist— himself doomed to extinction—jeers at Grandpa and his Chinese tiles.

But psychoanalysis and the allied psychos hold their ground. Between the Freudians and the shootleggers— the latter being unlicensed dealers in automatic revolvers—a newer, brighter era has dawned in our history of murder. A modern murder, to be in style, must be planned in terms of psycho-experimentation. It must be amusing, intellectual, analytic.

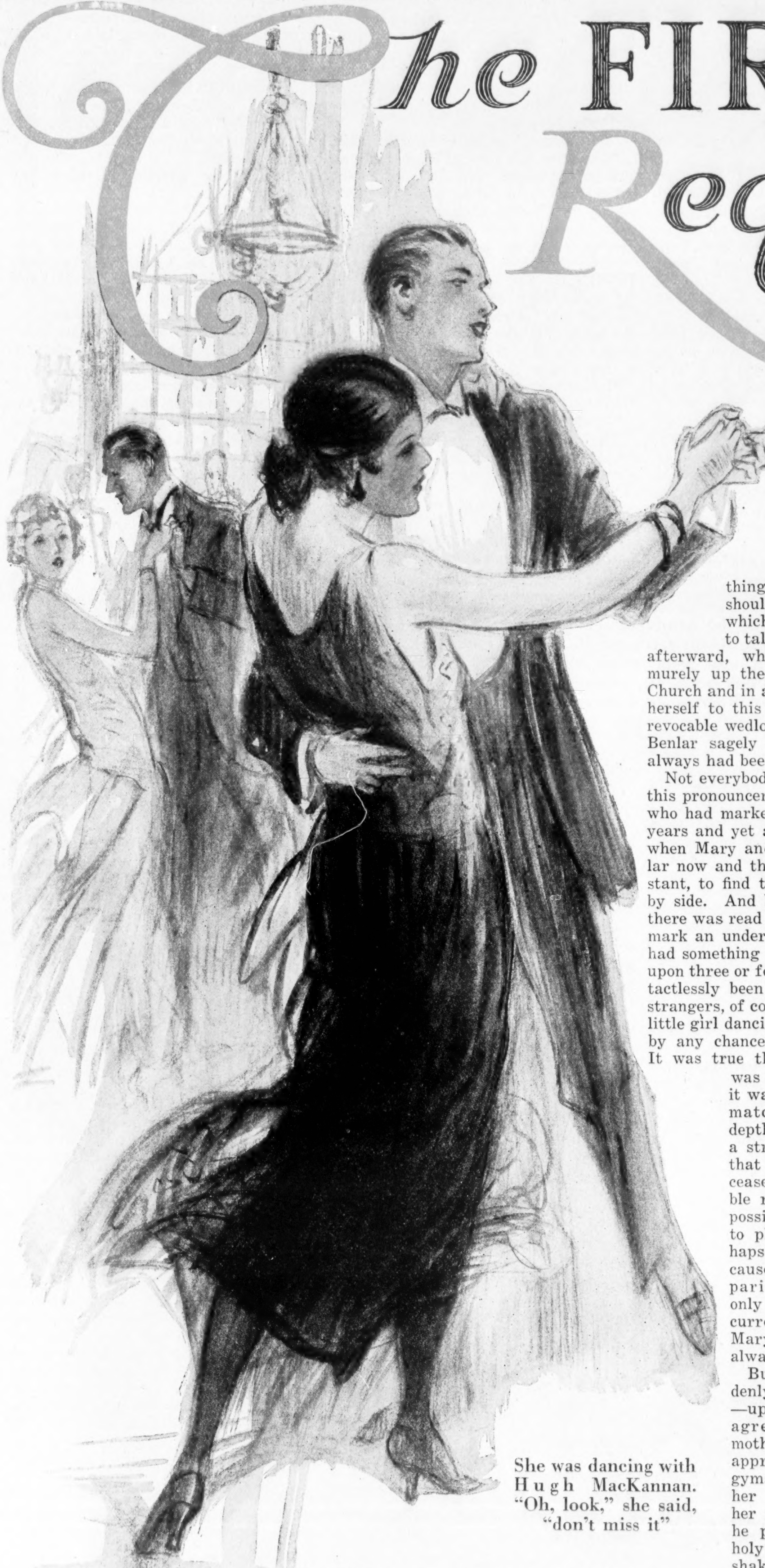
For instance: Suppose I should ask a consumptive but wealthy poet to dine with me and bring in his pocket a million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds. A half hour passes. Then a dull thud is heard on the concrete walk outside my chambers and curious neighbors observe me leaning across the window sill, holding a stop-watch and gloating upon the remains. "The fall was nine tenths of a second," I remark with scientific detachment, "and his only word was Ouch. The reaction was imperfect. I must try it on another."

I am arrested and the richest of my numerous (*Continued on page 32*)

The FIRST Requisite

By
GERALD MYGATT

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS



She was dancing with Hugh MacKannan. "Oh, look," she said, "don't miss it"

THE first time Mary Huttin laid eyes upon Mr. Charter Oak Smith she giggled. She thought he was funny-looking and she said so, in simple and idiomatic English. When he was actually introduced to her a few minutes later she was, of course, gracious, for it was not in Mary to be anything else. But at the same time, at a moment when he turned to bow deeply to someone nearby, she did an unpardonable thing. She looked over his shoulder and winked. All of which gave Aldervale much to talk about some six months afterward, when Mary paraded demurely up the aisle of the Memorial Church and in a bower of blossoms gave herself to this same Mr. Smith in irrevocable wedlock. But then, as Esther Benlar sagely observed, Mary Huttin always had been a little fool.

Not everybody agreed explicitly with this pronouncement. There were those who had marked a certain contrast, of years and yet again of something else, when Mary and the perfect Mrs. Benlar now and then happened, for an instant, to find themselves standing side by side. And because of this contrast there was read into Esther Benlar's remark an underlying significance which had something to do with the fact that upon three or four occasions Esther had tactlessly been asked—by comparative strangers, of course—whether the sweet little girl dancing with So-and-so might by any chance be her younger sister. It was true that Mary Huttin's hair was of the same corn gold; it was true that Mary's eyes matched Esther's in the depth of their blue; but even a stranger should have seen that here the resemblance ceased. For some inscrutable reason the thought of a possible likeness did not seem to please Mrs. Benlar—perhaps, so it was hinted, because likenesses invite comparisons. In consequence only a baker's dozen concurred in the theorem that Mary Huttin had been a fool always.

But that Mary had suddenly lost all her good sense—upon this all Aldervale agreed. Her father and mother had given apparent approval, but even the clergyman who was to marry her tried first to dissuade her from entering rashly, as he put it, into matrimony's holy state. Her friends had shaken their heads and some of them had wrung their hands. And time and again was rehearsed the case against Mr. Charter Oak Smith, beginning always with that evening of his first appearance at the Aldervale Club.

Mary Huttin had giggled at sight of him. She was dancing with Hugh MacKannan at the moment. She caught Hugh's arm spasmodically and said: "Oh, look! Don't miss it. The one with Don Chester."

He looked.

"It's a boy," he stated with solemnity.

Mary giggled again. "Oh, no," she said, "it's a poet. It must be a poet. Look at the Windsor tie—a Windsor tie with a dinner jacket. Oh, Hugh, I must meet him! I'll die."

"You'll meet him, all right," the young man averred. "Looks to me as if poor old Don had another genius on his hands. Remember the last one, Mary—the old lady who smoked cigars?"

Said Mary, still dancing: "I've changed my mind, Hugh. It's not a poet. It's a great engineer, just back from driving a tunnel through the Andes. Poets don't dress like poets any more. This one was probably on General Pershing's staff. Or a cowboy in disguise. Oh, Hugh—look!"

MacKannan peered. Then he sniffled and said, "What an awful ass a man can be!"

The awful ass was in the process of being presented to a group at the side of the room. A girl's handkerchief fluttered unnoticed to the floor. The newcomer spied it, bowed from the waist, retrieved it, flourished it once in the air, pressed it softly to his lips, flourished it again, and then, laying his free hand upon his heart, extended the bit of linen toward its owner. The girl—it was Gabriella Santon—took the thing as if it might have been a worm, her expression delicately balanced between puzzled astonishment and sheer annoyance.

Said Hugh to Mary Huttin:

"Just because Don Chester happens to be an editor is no reason for using us as a dumping ground for his nuts. I think the house committee ought to say something to him."

"Not while he can pick them as delicious as that," said Mary rapturously. "Oh, Hugh, it can't be real! It just must be somebody who has gotten himself up that way to kid us."

THE newcomer certainly was gotten up. He was a tall, slim young man of lofty presence; a young man smooth-shaven and ruddy of face, wearing a mane of bushy black hair, a pair of black-rimmed nose glasses with a long black ribbon trailing over one cheek, a dinner jacket, an unstarched silk shirt with a soft collar and a flowing, limply knotted tie.

He was smiling benignly at the group about him, when suddenly the dance came to an end. Chester grasped his charge by the arm and said something in his ear, whereat the young man, after much bowing, turned and permitted himself to be piloted by his host across the floor. Their course intercepted that of Mary Huttin and Hugh, who were dawdling to watch the performance.

Again the young man bowed. The Prince of Wales could not have done so with calmer assurance.

Said Chester: "Miss Huttin, permit me to present my friend Mr. Smith—Mr. Charter Oak Smith—" here flickered a twinkle in the editor's eyes—"whose work is undoubtedly familiar to you. And this, Mr. Smith, is Mr. MacKannan."

The three mumbled appropriately. It was at this moment that Mary found the opportunity to deliver to Gabriella Santon the wink that later became famous. Then, prettily, she turned to Mr. Smith, apologizing for her ignorance, but confessing that she did not know what his work might be.

"I'm an awful dumb-bell about things like that," she owned.

Mr. Smith smiled down upon her as one smiles down at a questioning child.

"I," he said, and once more bowed—"I am a poet."

Mary Huttin clapped her two hands together. "I knew it," she exclaimed triumphantly to Hugh. "Didn't I tell you? I knew it."

Now Mr. Smith might have been embarrassed by this speech, which slipped spontaneously from Mary's lips before she could catch herself, but Mr. Smith was not. Instead, he inclined his head with the gesture of a king.

"It is one of my convictions," he stated solemnly, "that a true artist ever carries the marks of his calling upon his person. I congratulate you, Miss—Miss—"

"That's how you can tell a prize fighter too," put in MacKannan flippantly, and walked away.

"He was rude," said Mary quickly. "I apologize for him, Mr. Smith."

"He was not rude," the poet corrected her blandly. "He was merely inane."

Donald Chester touched Mary's elbow. "If you'll excuse me a minute?" he began tentatively and waited.

"Certainly," said the girl with cordiality.

"As you please," said the poet impersonally.

Mary frowned, and as Chester removed himself with a backward grimace of relief she turned quickly to the oblivious young man at her side. "Do you want me to stand right here," she asked him ironically, "or shall I walk in circles around you?"

Mr. Smith peered at her and blinked. "I beg your pardon?" he said.

"You should," Mary informed him. "What I asked you is, where do we go from here? Or do you prefer to have me leave you standing alone in the center of the room?"

He continued to blink. "Must we go anywhere?" he queried bewilderedly.

Said Mary: "If you want to stay with me, we must. Oh, thank Heaven! There's the music." She lifted her arms automatically for the clasp of his. This motion Mr. Smith apparently understood.

"I do not dance," he explained with a slight lift of his eyebrows. "Modern dancing is an offense against the poetry of motion. I have declined to learn."

Mary Huttin knew that people were watching her. She stamped her satin-shod foot.

"For goodness' sake, what do you do?" she snapped.

"I converse," he said imperturbably.

"Then for the love of Pete come on out on the porch and converse." She caught his arm with hers and propelled him bodily through one of the wide veranda doors. Behind her, as they went out, she heard a rising laugh.

UPON the far steps of the dark veranda Mary seated him. Then, fluffing out her skirts to sit beside him, she said: "I take it back about apologizing for Mr. MacKannan. He was no more rude than you were."

"I beg your pardon?" observed Mr. Smith.

"I said you were rude."

The young man's eyebrows arched themselves. "I scarcely believe that, Miss—Miss Huttin—an artist can never be rude."

"I never heard that," said Mary humbly.

"It is nevertheless true," the young man explained. "An artist cannot be measured by the yardstick of ordinary social conventions. He is himself. He must be himself. He is, in a way, one of a race apart—a super-race, as it were—"

Mary Huttin burst into abrupt laughter, and as abruptly caught herself. "I'm sorry," she said contritely, "but who on earth, Mr. Smith, has been feeding you meat?"

"Meat?" he queried, blinking profoundly.

"Yes, meat—raw meat. Where do you get that stuff, anyway? You talk and act as if you thought you were just a little bit better than anybody you ever knew. If you want to know the truth, I don't like it a bit."

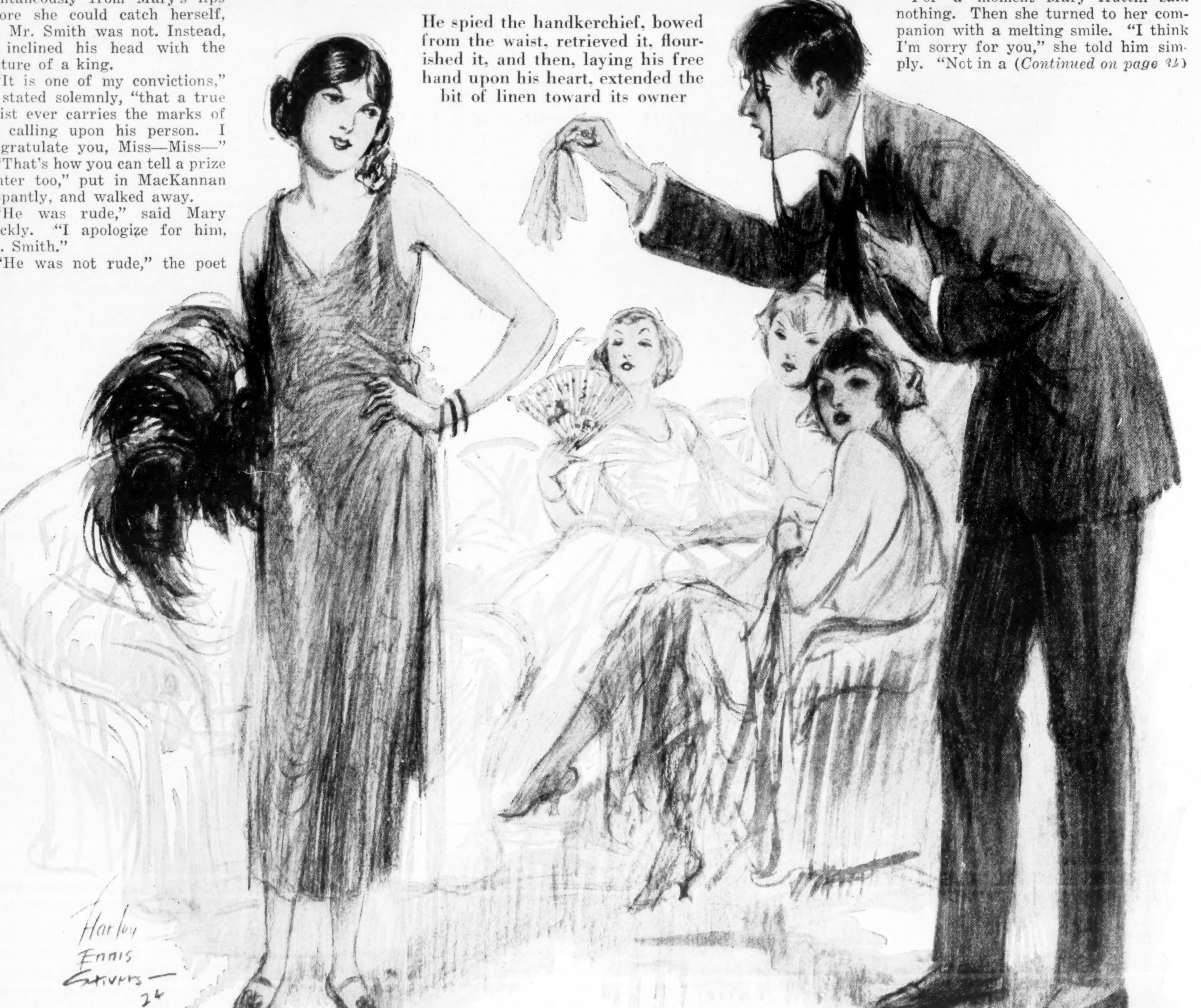
Mr. Smith faced her earnestly.

"I am sorry to have offended you," he said, "but perhaps you do not understand. At all events, I fail to follow your process of reasoning. If I acted in a superior manner and at the same time were not superior, that would be objectionable, I can well imagine. I have met such persons, myself, and reacted to them most unpleasantly. But as long as I am superior to the common run of mankind—"

"You really believe you are better than other people?" Mary gasped.

"Believe it? I am wholly convinced of it," said Mr. Smith.

For a moment Mary Huttin said nothing. Then she turned to her companion with a melting smile. "I think I'm sorry for you," she told him simply. "Not in a (*Continued on page 34*)

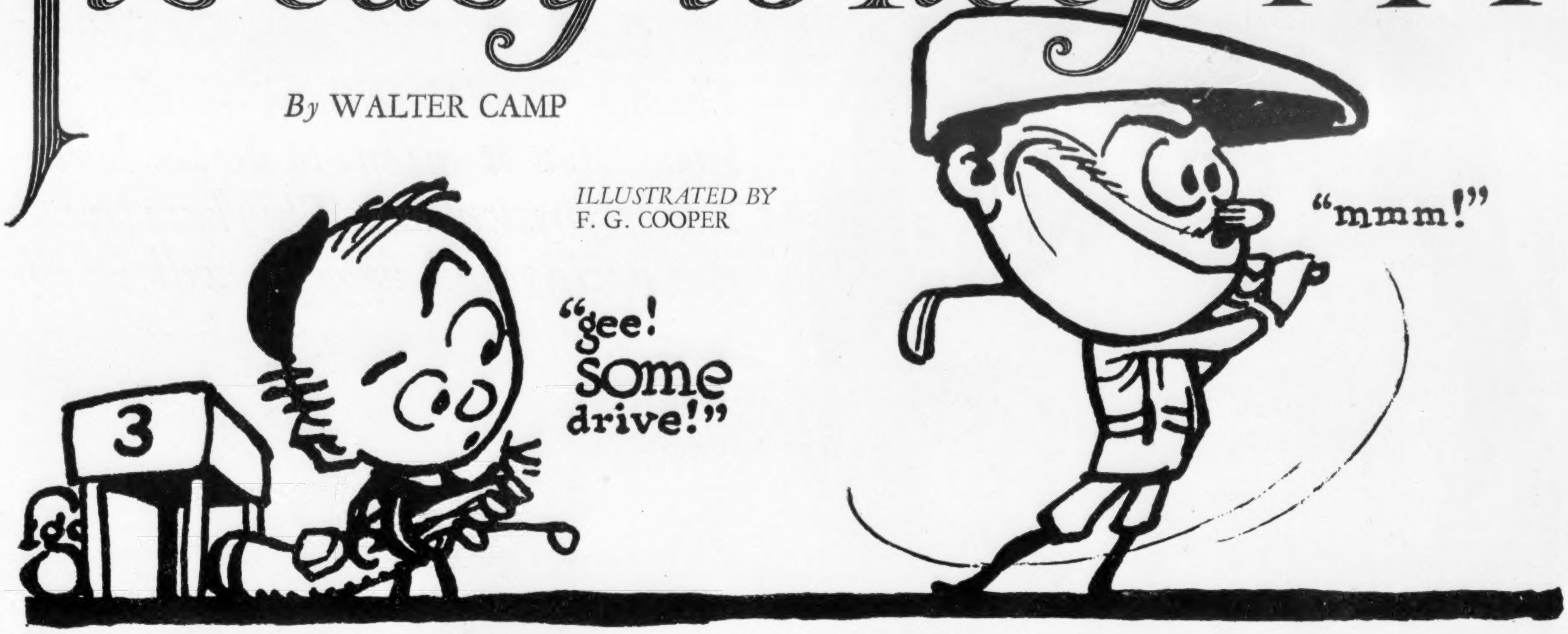


He spied the handkerchief, bowed from the waist, retrieved it, flourished it, and then, laying his free hand upon his heart, extended the bit of linen toward its owner

It's easy to keep FIT

By WALTER CAMP

ILLUSTRATED BY
F. G. COOPER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"gee! some drive!"
"mmm!"

Some hints that will help in the hike on the great Highway to Health

THE great agencies toward keeping fit are diet, exercise, sleep, water, fresh air and sunshine.

Briefly, man was meant to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and hence his diet should correspond in a measure to his exercise.

Sleep repairs. It is the great agency of rest and restoration.

Water, fresh air and sunshine are free. Water cleanses the body, inside and out. Fresh air cleanses the blood through the lungs, at the same time acting as a tonic to the skin, and sunshine is the greatest germ-killer of all agencies.

If a man had to think every time he swallowed just how and when to do that act, if he studied and regulated his winking to a certain fixed number of winks per minute he would neither swallow in comfort nor would he benefit his eyes. And finally, he would be unable to apply himself to any of his ordinary duties. The greatest mistake of all in a program for physical fitness and good health is to make it so elaborate as to preclude pleasure or so to focus upon detail of living as to put life itself out of perspective.

But the world to-day has no place in it for the half-time man, whether his slackness comes from laziness or from ill health.

And how can one apply himself long enough or hard enough at his chosen job if he is handicapped by physical unfitness?

A middle-aged gentleman who was a devotee of golf invited his nephew, a young collegian, down to his home for the week end. On Friday evening he asked the boy if he played golf. The boy replied that football was his game, but he did sometimes "take a crack at golf."

"Wouldn't you like to play to-morrow morning?" anxiously inquired the old gentleman.

"Sure," replied the boy.

They played a morning round and the boy, though wild, finished 1 up on his uncle, who then took him in to luncheon. The canny old gentleman had a plan which he thought would work to defeat the boy in the afternoon.

"How about a steak for luncheon?" The steak appealed to the boy. After finishing it, the old gentleman asked him if he would not have another. And the boy had a second steak.

Then the old gentleman said, "They make fine waffles here at the club." The boy thought he could try a plate of waffles. He had two plates of them. Meantime the uncle took crackers and milk, and chuckled at the thought of the consequences of this heavy luncheon on the youth's game. But in the afternoon the boy was better than ever and defeated the old gentleman 4 and 3. Whereupon the uncle concluded that there was "nothing in this diet scheme."

Play—or Pay

THE truth of the matter is that no hard and fast rules will apply to all ages or all conditions. A youth living an out-of-door life and exercising freely can eat pretty much what his fancy craves. The middle-aged man leading a sedentary life must be more solicitous and careful about his diet. And the man who is past middle age ought to have learned long before that period the lesson of what agrees with him and particularly *what does not,* and when in doubt let that alone. The limits of this article preclude dietary tables, but plenty of these may be had from insurance companies and even calory values on restaurant bills of fare. No man should eat when angry or worried. Nor should anyone, when tired or exhausted, add loads of food to the troubles of nature. Rest first.

Many of the diet fads have reason behind them, but they are not applicable to all cases.

Upton Sinclair tells his story of experimentation with each until he had gone the gamut of the entire list. It makes a humorous story, but it does not provide the answer to those who inquire about the vegetarian diet, the Salisbury System, the uncooked-food scheme, Fletcherism and several other extremes. Up to the time when a boy is twenty-one or twenty-two, training tables have shown that he can eat pretty much any of the simple foods, and in considerable quantities. After he has plunged into his life's work, if he gives up all his exercise and works with his brain only, it does not take many years for him to find that he has to make changes in his diet, as well as other plans of life. When he reaches middle age, if he is wise, he has learned a great many lessons about himself which he can personally apply without the aid of a physician or a dietitian. There is little doubt that, unless he is living an active outdoor life, a considerable lessening of the meat portion is advisable, and this lessening should continue progressively.

How much exercise is required to keep a man fit?

The youthful athlete, by progressive training, may undertake superlative tasks like two-mile foot races, four-mile boat races, strenuous football games, and the like, and thrive under them, provided the major efforts are followed by reasonable periods of rest and recuperation. Nature provides a margin so that an athlete may well-nigh exhaust himself in his effort and then, after a very brief period of rest, be able to undertake hard work again. But as we go on after thirty, restoration comes more slowly, and after forty a supremely exhausting effort is extremely ill-advised. Games grade themselves readily according to age, if the man is reasonable and does not allow false pride to delude him.

It is an extraordinary thing that the people in this country, many of them coming from most vigorous ancestry, have seemingly in the last twenty-five years determined to compress all their athletic enthusiasm into the very brief period when they are in school and college, and then to forget to take any exercise except vicariously until warned suddenly that Nature will exact a price for such folly! From then on they made spasmodic efforts toward reform.

Bathing—Inside and Out

HOW much sleep ought one to take? The writer tried an experiment in the case of a boy of eighteen who was trying for the crew and in his first year gave evidence of staleness toward the latter part of the season. During the next winter and spring the boy was made to get ten hours' sleep a night, and the following season stood the work quite as well as other and more mature men, if not better. Of course it is quite true that the added year was of advantage to him, but it is also true that in the growing period an increased amount of sleep should be taken, first to repair the waste of the day, and then to answer the requirements of growth.

No young athlete should cut down his sleep less than eight hours, and nine hours is better. After life work begins, eight or nine hours is advisable for the average man. But in middle life many find that they can get on with less, and that—provided they are undisturbed—six or seven hours seems to answer the purpose. Every man, however, should be his own guide in this, judging by his feelings in the daytime, and whenever he loses a night's sleep or a portion of that night's sleep he should endeavor to make it up speedily.

The skin is one of the most wonderful provisions of nature for man's well being, and it should be kept in the finest possible condition. This can be done by bathing from without and perspiring from within. Man was indeed meant to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and when he departs from this law he is likely to pay penalties. Drinking a half dozen glasses of water or even more a day, the bulk of it between meals, tends to keep the system in fine condition, helps the kidneys and tends to prevent constipation. Bathing keeps the pores of the skin open and the body clean, as well as acting as a stimulus and tonic. Those whose personal idiosyncrasy precludes a cold bath, can take a tepid bath and rubdown.

A prescription of "fresh air" does not mean sleeping or sitting in a draft or trying to see what degree of cold one can endure. It does mean such outdoor exercise as is possible at all times and proper ventilation of working and sleeping rooms.

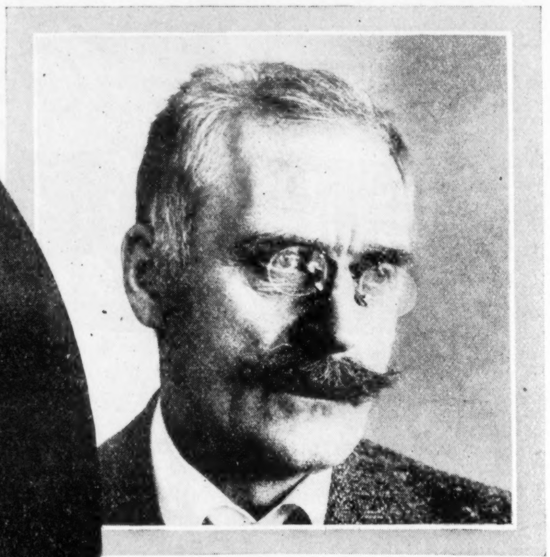
As every nation is always clamoring for "a place in the sun," so the individual should love and long for sunshine and should bask in it upon all reasonable occasions. Here again this does not mean

(*Continued on page 49*)

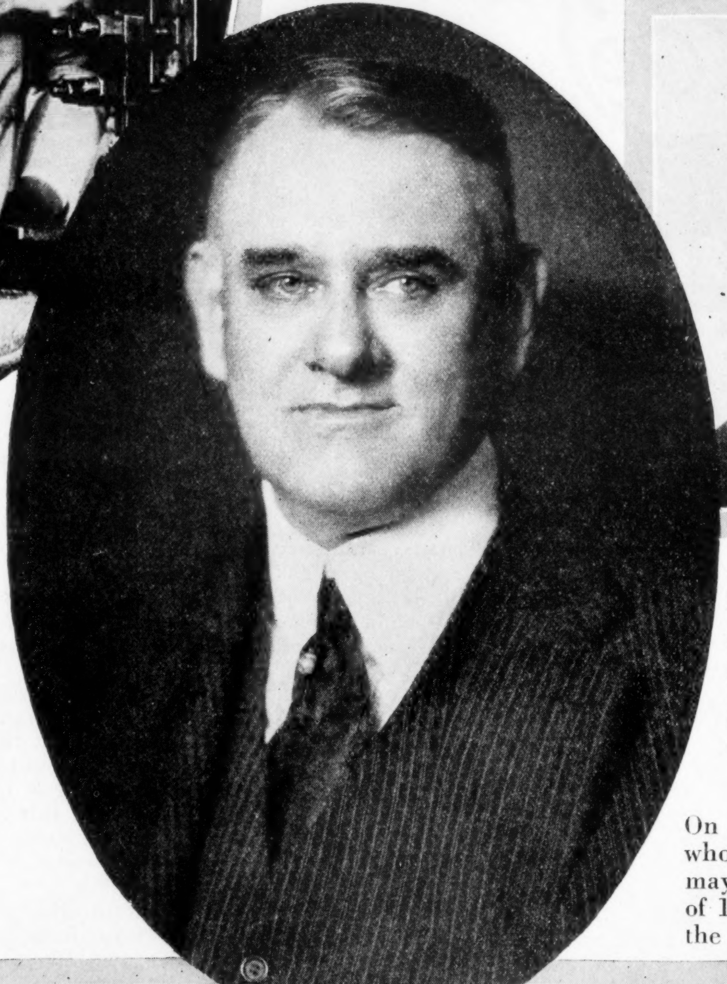
They know

The men—and the woman—in this group know what it means to do the hardest sort of physical toil. They have lived in two worlds and wrought well in both

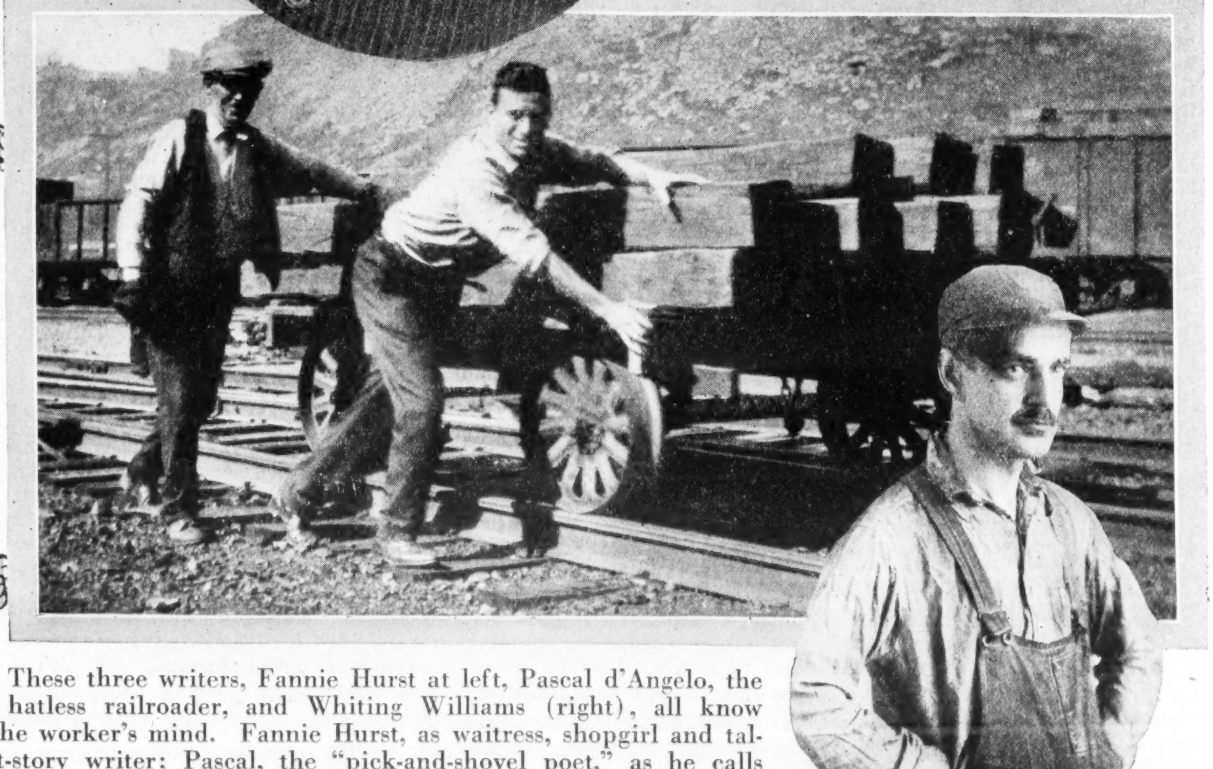
James J. Davis, Sr., here giving Jimmie, Jr., some pointers on mechanics, began toil at 11 as an iron puddler's assistant



Knut Hamsun, Nobel prize winner, wrote his novel "Hunger" from an insider's standpoint, for while the great Scandinavian author was hoboing in this country he nearly starved to death before he got a steady job driving street cars in Chicago



On the desk of Henry William Kiel, whom St. Louisans have chosen as their mayor ever since the dear, dead days of 1913, is a silver trowel, a memento of the time when young Kiel laid bricks



These three writers, Fannie Hurst at left, Pascal d'Angelo, the hatless railroader, and Whiting Williams (right), all know what's on the worker's mind. Fannie Hurst, as waitress, shopgirl and talented short-story writer; Pascal, the "pick-and-shovel poet," as he calls himself; Williams, in his overalls in throbbing steel mills, have had rough and ready contacts with the world of toil

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REAL TOIL

William Green, mine worker and long-time secretary of the coal-diggers' union, now heads the American Federation of Labor with its three million members

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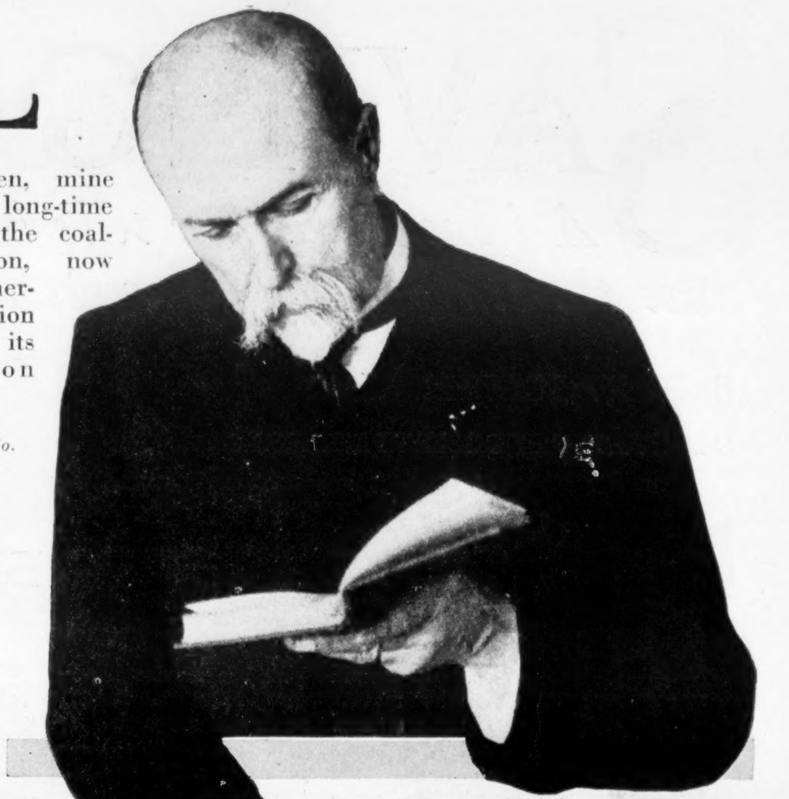

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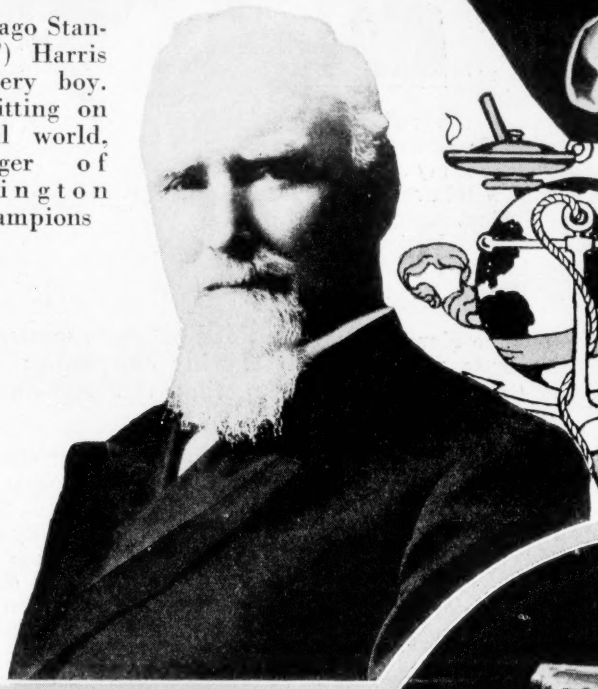
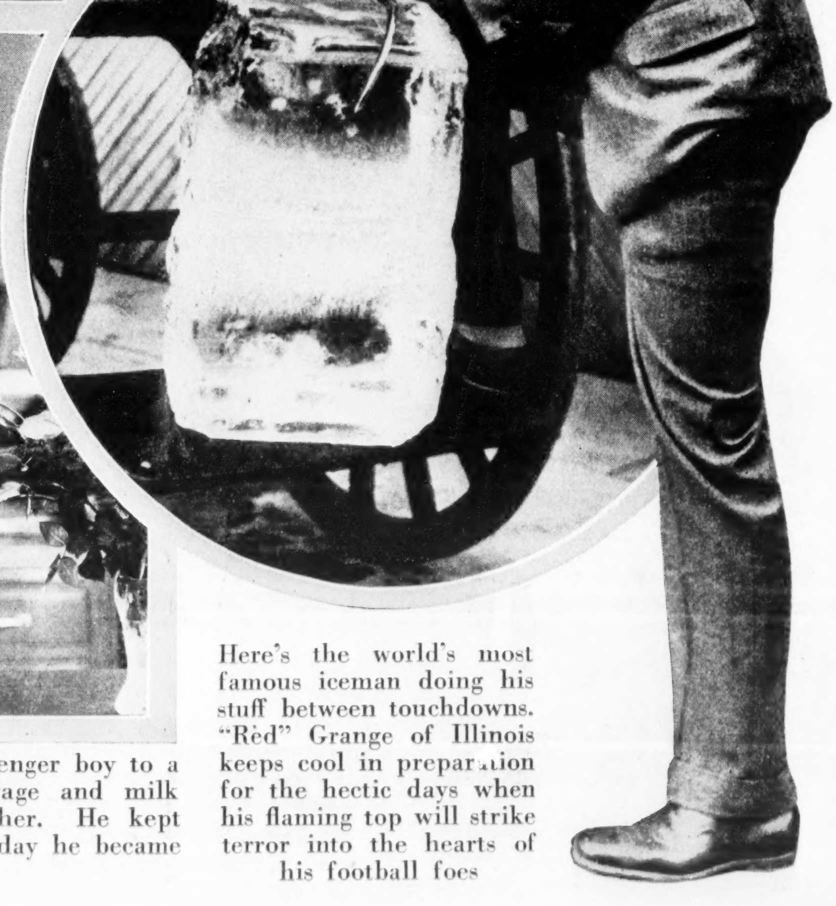
Thomas Garrigue Masaryk. president of the Republic of Czechoslovakia since 1918, started his acquaintance with toil as a blacksmith. Now he's forging the destiny of a nation

Eight years ago Stanley ("Buck") Harris was a colliery boy. Now he's sitting on the baseball world, player-manager of the Washington World Champions



In the mind of a lumberjack snaking logs in the West there was born the idea of satisfying the wanderlust that is in the hearts of all men. Captain Robert Dollar has lived to see that idea take growth in the shape of the steamship line that bears his name and that carries folks through the seven seas and back. His name is known in all the ports of the world and he probably has as many keys to cities in his possession as General Pershing

Patrick Edward Crowley got his start in life after a promotion from messenger boy to a job in the "depot" at Cattaraugus, N. Y. There he "smashed" baggage and milk cans, became a telegraph operator, then station agent and train dispatcher. He kept climbing after that, up all the other rungs of the ladder, until the other day he became president of the New York Central Lines



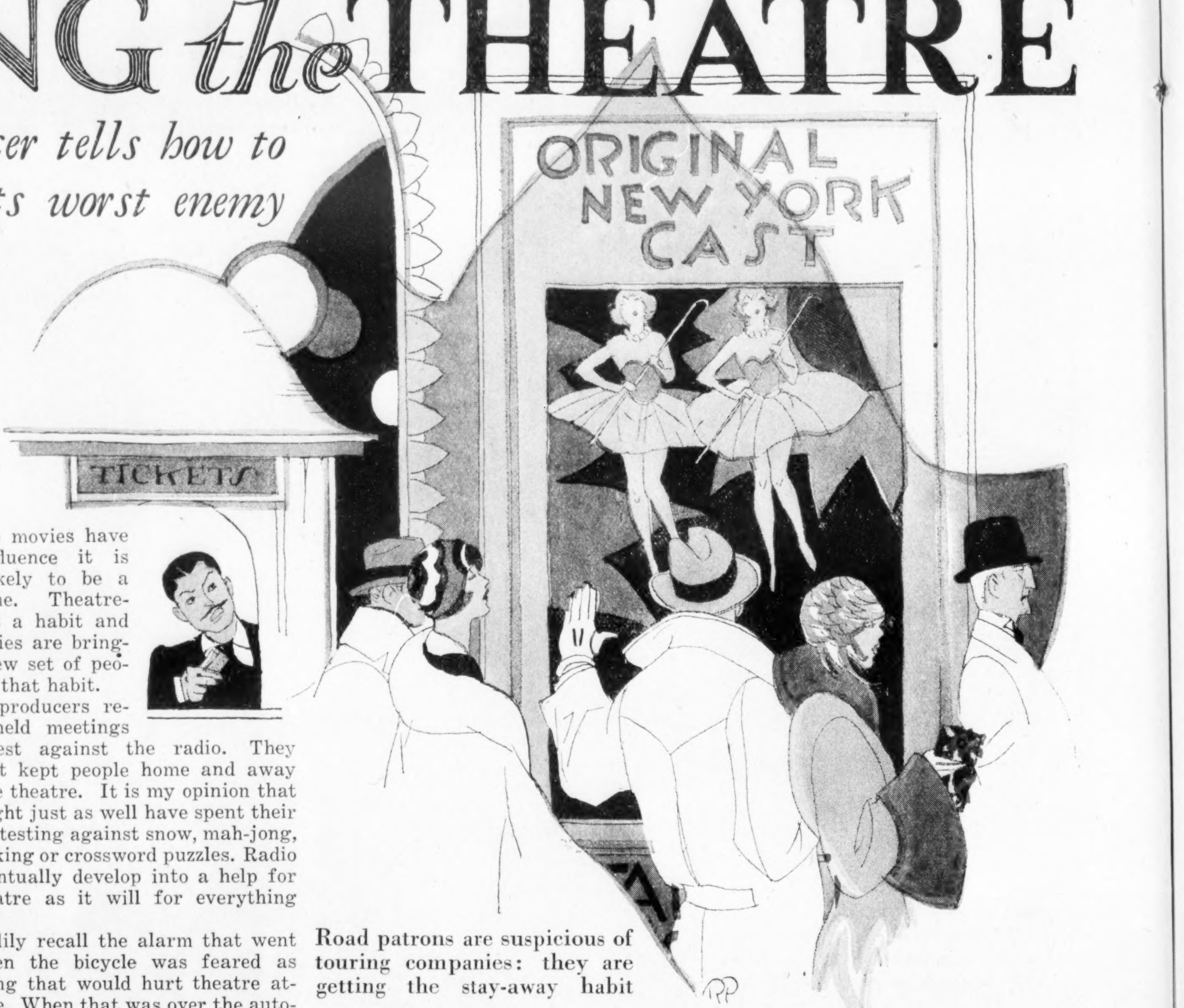
Here's the world's most famous iceman doing his stuff between touchdowns. "Red" Grange of Illinois keeps cool in preparation for the hectic days when his flaming top will strike terror into the hearts of his football foes

SAVING the THEATRE

A famous producer tells how to save the stage from its worst enemy

By JOHN GOLDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON



Road patrons are suspicious of touring companies: they are getting the stay-away habit

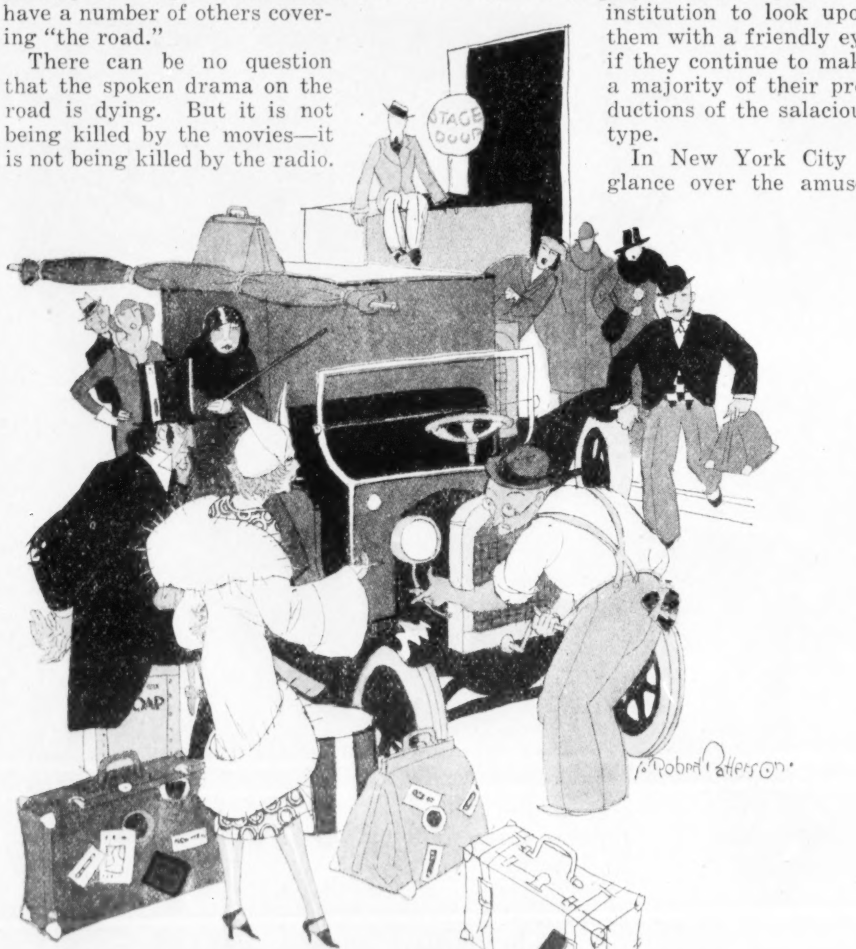
THE spoken drama is fast disappearing from what we in the professional theatre know as "the road." It is said that the movies are killing it; and recently there has been much talk about the radio finishing off the job that the movies began.

I am excited about the fate of the theatre.

I have lived with it and loved it for more than thirty years—as an actor, a stage director, a songwriter, a musical comedy composer, a playwright and finally, for the past decade, a producer of clean, humorous American plays.

I think I know the theatre not only in the big centers but in the cities throughout the country, for it has not only been my good fortune to have one or two plays steadily running in New York but to have a number of others covering "the road."

There can be no question that the spoken drama on the road is dying. But it is not being killed by the movies—it is not being killed by the radio.



The whole show—the "original New York production," with a cast of sixteen—traveled in two old trucks

If the movies have any influence it is more likely to be a good one. Theatre-going is a habit and the movies are bringing a new set of people into that habit.

Play producers recently held meetings to protest against the radio. They feared it kept people home and away from the theatre. It is my opinion that they might just as well have spent their time protesting against snow, mah-jong, love-making or crossword puzzles. Radio will eventually develop into a help for the theatre as it will for everything else.

I readily recall the alarm that went out when the bicycle was feared as something that would hurt theatre attendance. When that was over the automobile did its bogey work.

But an element that we must here take under consideration is the Church. Producers of plays cannot expect that institution to look upon them with a friendly eye if they continue to make a majority of their productions of the salacious type.

In New York City a glance over the amusement columns will show that, among the attractions playing in the theatres to-day, there are less than twenty-five per cent that are really decent.

"The road," let me explain, is all theatrical territory outside of New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, with Detroit and a few other cities sometimes included. To these cities we send plays for runs of indefinite length, depending on their popularity. All the other cities and towns have ratings as "week stands," "split weeks," "two-nighters," and "one-nighters," and plays are booked for them on these ratings.

It is only a few years ago that we could lay out the routes of our plays with short railroad jumps. We cannot do this any more.

The theatres for the spoken drama are dropping off and if a town still has one it is apt to be a dirty, ramshackle derelict. On the main street are the blazing bright movie houses; up the side street is the dingy, cold playhouse.

Throughout one whole state and in scores of towns and cities all the old theatres have been torn down and new ones have not been built. Texas has not a single legitimate theatre and we can play there only in the picture and vaudeville houses—when and on such terms as the owners will permit. And never on Thursday, Friday or Saturday evenings, because these are the big-money nights.

Among the towns which used to be three-night or full-week stands, and now have only the movies or vaudeville, are: Portland, Bangor, Lewiston and Augusta, Me.; Haverhill, Lawrence, Lowell, Salem, Lynn, Brockton, New Bedford and North Adams, Mass.; Aurora, Elgin and Joliet, Ill.; Hammond, Ind.; Waterbury and Meriden, Conn.; Jamestown and Auburn, N. Y.; Bradford, Pa.; and Oklahoma City, Muskogee and McAlester, Okla.

When a company is on the road its salary list continues, whether or not it is playing. And salaries these days are a big item. So is transportation; in the old days of low railroad fares we got special rates for our actors; now we must pay the high fares in full and pay carriage on much of our property which was once carried free. The stands are getting so far apart that playing in them often does not cover the expense of getting to them. Many play producers are thinking of playing only the large cities.

Everybody agrees that the movies are killing the theatre. Whenever everybody agrees, it is time to look around a little, for it isn't natural for everybody to agree.

Not Murder, But Hara-kiri

IF THE movies killed the theatre in Portland, why didn't they kill it in New York City? For, while the theatre on the road was dying and while a new picture house was being opened in New York nearly every week, New York was also building more theatres than it had built during a similar period in pre-movie days.

Every one of these theatres holding a good show was selling tickets eight weeks in advance. The same thing is true of the other big cities where the original New York casts are presented.

Recently I set aside one hundred thousand dollars for a national prize play contest. I do not know how many manuscripts have been turned in to date, but the number runs into the thousands and they come from all over the United States. Which does not

—*from* ITSELF!

strike me as proving a lack of interest in the spoken drama.

Two thirds of those who fill the New York theatres are from out of town! Presumably they would see good shows at home if they had a chance. But they rarely do.

I began to doubt the movie menace. So I determined to visit a number of cities that had once been good theatre towns. I made a number of discoveries. The principal one was that the theatre on the road was not being killed by anything. It was committing hara-kiri.

I found second-rate New York productions advertising all-star New York casts that had never been nearer New York than Xenia, Ohio. I found plays billed as New York successes, of which I, a fairly well-informed New York manager, had never even heard. I saw displayed, in more than one of the theatres, photographs of players who were supposed to be in the cast but who, I knew, were actually playing in New York. I found one musical comedy advertised as the original New York production; the whole road show traveled in two old trucks and the cast had in it exactly sixteen persons.

Of course, some shows were honestly advertised and honestly presented, but there were enough of the fakes to make the road patrons so suspicious of all touring companies that they were getting the stay-away habit.

One night in Richmond, Va., at the opening of one of my plays at the Academy of Music, the audience called for me to speak from the stage. Instead of doing my usual rubber stamp form of thanks, I determined to ask some questions of the folks in Richmond.

I asked the folks who saw my play a series of questions. They answered me directly and specifically. They wanted the spoken drama, but they had been stung so often they did not care to be stung any more. Not one of them said that the movies had the slightest effect upon their desire to see good plays. Many of them told me they missed good plays that came to Richmond because they feared they were "just like the other ones."

One gentleman, an osteopathist, told me that he was an inveterate theatregoer, and whenever they wanted to see decent plays he and his wife took a trip to New York and did the job right.

It was the same story in many of the other cities I visited. The movies were not a competitor, but really a feeder. The theatre on the road is dying! Is it worth saving? If good plays, taking the box office as an index, are considered worth while in the big cities, are they worth while in the smaller cities and the towns? These plays have to pay, otherwise they cannot be produced. It is not important whether the managers make money or lose money. The theatre does not exist for the producers. The theatre exists for the public and the only reason for considering the producers and managers is that, unless they earn money, plays cannot be produced.

We have never been able to do much with endowed theatres in this country. Somehow when an endowment is trundled in everybody settles down to enjoy it. Technically this is called achieving "artistic perfection."

Is the theatre on the road worth saving? I think anything is worth saving which provides recreation for the people. The movies have helped enormously in making life happier and so has the radio. The movies can show us pictures of people, but they cannot show us people speaking and acting in a world a little different from the one we have been working in all day. The radio can send us sounds, but it cannot send us people. I am a movie fan and a radio fan, but I think of them as competitors of my plays about as much as I think of baseball as a competitor of football.

Temperamental Managers

THE road is not worth saving for *bad* plays. A good play, well acted—either a classic or a first-class, modern American play—has in it something more than entertainment. It will offer painless but sure lessons in emotions, manners and speech. I find that the ability of the younger people to express themselves other than in a few phrases of slang is going as rapidly as the theatre.

If the theatre on the road is worth saving how can it be saved? I know one of the ways *not* to save the theatre. There is a common impression that actors are temperamental, but managers, so far as temperament goes, could make the most overrated hard-boiled ham on Broadway look like Job himself. Any man betting that there ever will be a successful association of play producers should be shipped away for observation.

Some near day there should be formed an organization representing the entire interests of the American Theatre.

It must be made up very carefully as an Academy of the Theatre—formed by true lovers of the spoken drama and exacting in its membership requirements. A membership in this academy should be a thing of honor—made up of the finest actors, the best play producers and the best of every other element in the theatre. It should take a year for an applicant to get in and a second to throw him out.

The sort of academy which I have in mind would be an extremely active body and not at all a society to meet once or twice a year, hold a dinner, a mutual admiration party, have a photograph taken and adjourn amid compliments. It should be a practical, working association, managed by first-class, high-salaried men with an advisory board behind them that would command confidence. Here are some of the things which such an academy could do—and the doing of them would take our stage to the place where it ought to be:

(1.) Censor every play which a member proposes to present, not merely on the grounds of decency but as to quality. There must always be a wide difference of opinion as to a play and the public is the final judge, but the academy could say whether a play is fit to go out. Having done that, let the academy put its emblem on the play as a guaranty to the country that in the best judgment of competent men it is a play worth looking at.

(2.) Advertise these approved plays nationally. Producers are not in competition—they only think they are. Really they are all parts of a national institution and they ought to be on the lookout to squelch bad plays. No one producer can afford to advertise a play nationally the way the motion picture people do, but an academy could well afford to do it.

(3.) Provide more and better theatres in the small cities and large towns. And here we have an idea that I have discussed with many men—among them Presidents Wilson and Harding.

It is to use our high schools and even our churches for the professional spoken drama. The clean theatre ought to be the companion of religion and education.

Secretary of Labor Davis has agreed with me that just as there is a French Ministry of Fine Arts, so there should be—perhaps somewhere in our President's Cabinet—a Secretary of Fine Arts and Recreation; President Harding, shortly before he died, declared himself in favor of my ideas along these lines.

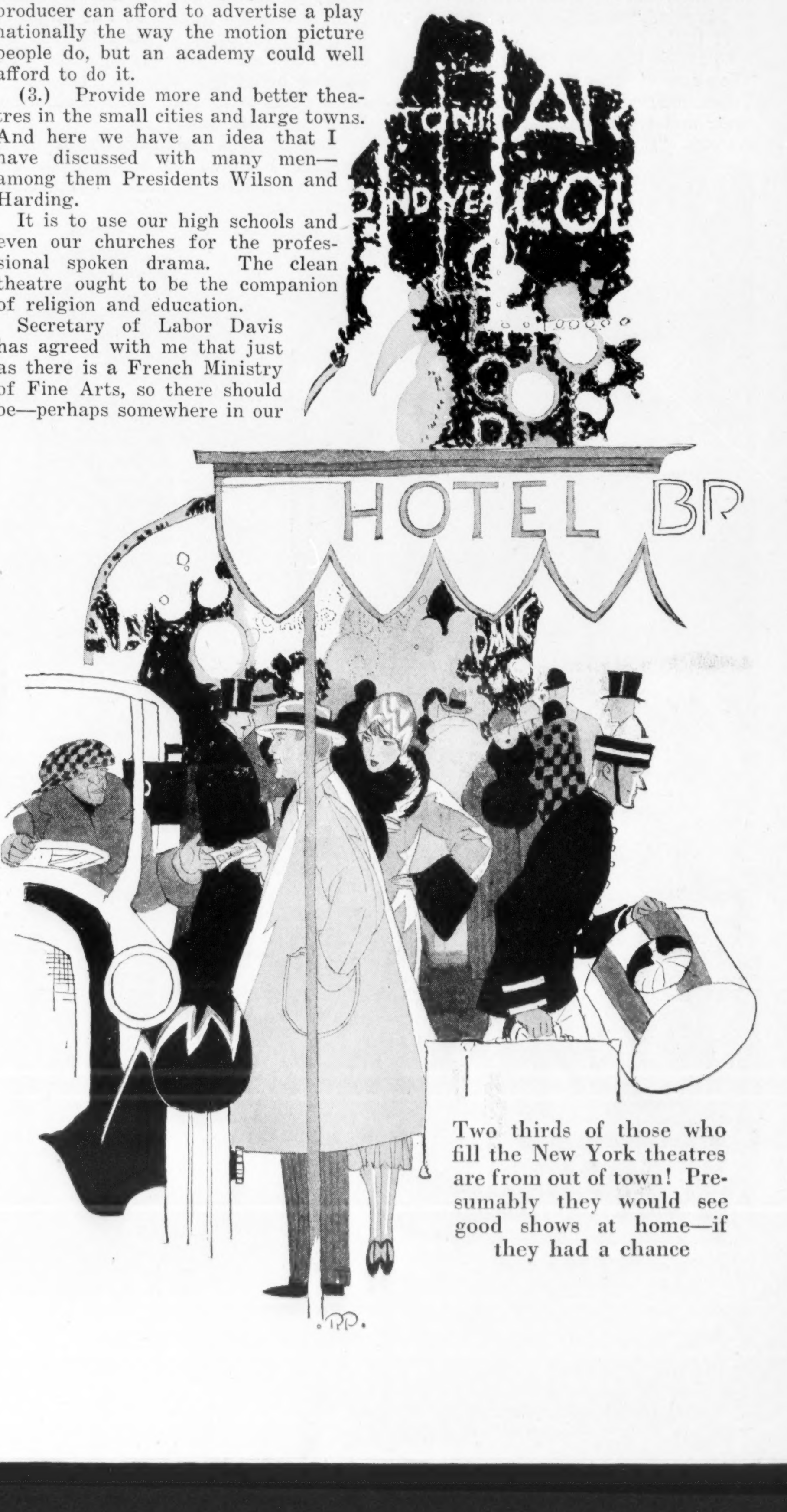
(4.) The academy might establish a school of the theatre in which young men and women might receive training for the stage from instructors of practical and known competence and amid real theatre surroundings.

I discussed this plan with Chancellor Elmer E. Brown of New York University, and we are hoping that something may be done along these lines in association with that institution.

As a feeder, the academy should make it possible for students of the drama in recognized schools and colleges frequently to attend rehearsals of professional plays in the New York theatres, so that they might observe and study the reasons for the mechanics of play-making.

(5.) The academy could have an appropriation for a scouting system, just as the baseball managements have, to discover actors and actresses in the smaller towns who are well worth a chance on Broadway and who under conditions to-day rarely reach it.

(6.) It could lend its best efforts to bringing about happier relations between play (*Continued on page 49*)



Two thirds of those who fill the New York theatres are from out of town! Presumably they would see good shows at home—if they had a chance

SARGON, *King*

By
H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALLACE
MORGAN

Chapter VI

WHEN the tea was made and Christina Alberta had sipped a cup and looked more comfortable, Lambone, who felt he was managing things beautifully, told her she might begin.

"He's getting queer in his mind, but you know that he isn't really going out of his mind," said Lambone. "That's it, isn't it?"

"That *is* it," said Christina Alberta. "You see—" She paused.

Lambone sat down in a second armchair and sipped his tea in a leisurely manner. "It's a little difficult," he said.

"You see," said Christina Alberta, knitting her brows at the fire, "he's a person of peculiar imaginativeness. He always has been. Always. He's always lived half in a dream. We've been very much together ever since I was born almost, and from the earliest times I remember his talks, rambling talks, about the Lost Atlantis, and about the secrets of the Pyramids and Yogis and the Lamas of Tibet. And Astrology. All such wonderful, impossible, far-off things. The further off the better. Why, he almost got me into a dream too! I was a Princess of Far Atlantis lost in the world. I used to play at that, and sometimes my play came very near to believing. I could Princess it for a whole afternoon. Lots of children day-dream like that."

"I did," said Lambone. "For days together I would be a great Indian chief, sentenced to death again and again—disguised as a small preparatory-school boy. The incongruity didn't matter a rap. Everybody does it more or less for a time."

"But he's gone on doing it all his life. And he's doing it now more than ever. He's lost the last trace of any sense that it is a dream. And someone played a trick upon him at Tunbridge Wells. Not realizing what it might mean for him. They seem to have muddled about with spiritualism in the evenings while I was in London, table rapping and so forth, and a man who had nothing better to do pretended to have a trance. He told Daddy he was Sargon the First, Sargon, King of Kings, he called him, who was Lord of Accadia and Sumeria—you know—ages ago, before Babylon was born or thought of. The man who did it couldn't have hit on anything more mischievous so far as Daddy was concerned. You see, he was exactly ready for it; leaving Woodford Wells where he had spent half his life in one routine had cut him off, even more than he was usually cut off, from reality. He was uprooted already before this idea came to him. And now it's just swamping him. It suited him exactly. It—fixed him. Always before one could get him back—by talking about my mother or the laundry vans or something familiar like that. But now I can't get him back. I can't. He's Sargon incognito, come back as Lord of the World, and he believes that just as firmly as I believe that I am his daughter Christina Alberta Preemby, talking to you now. It's a reverie no longer. He's got his evidence and he believes."

"And what does he want to do about it?"

"All sorts of things. He wants to declare himself Lord of the World. He says things are in a bad way and he wants to save them."

"THEY *are* in a bad way," said Lambone. "People don't begin to know half how bad they are. Still—I suppose having a delusion about who one is isn't Insanity. Does he want to make some sort of fuss?"

"I'm afraid, yes."

"Soon?"

"That's what worries me.

"You see," she went on, "I'm afraid he's going to strike most people as queer. He's back at Lonsdale Mews. We had to come up from Tunbridge Wells yesterday. On a few hours' notice. It's that has upset me. For a couple of days things went on all right. Practically we were turned out of the boarding house. There was a frightfully disagreeable man there, a Mr. Hockleby, and he seemed to take a violent dislike to Daddy. You know those unreasonable dislikes people take at times?"

"A very disagreeable side of human nature. *I* know. Why, people have taken dislikes to *me!* . . . But go on."

"He and his daughter got upset about Daddy's Queerness. They frightened the Miss Rewsters, the sisters who run the place. They said he might break out at any moment, and either he would have to leave or they would. There they were all whispering on the stairs and talking of sending for a policeman and having him taken away. What could I do? We had to clear out. You see, Daddy had a sort of idea that when he was Sargon, Mr. Hockleby had been alive too, and had had to be impaled for seditious behavior; and instead of letting bygones be bygones, as one ought to do in such cases, he said something about it to him, and Mr. Hockleby construed it as a threat. It's all so difficult, you see."

"He didn't try to impale him over again, or anything?"

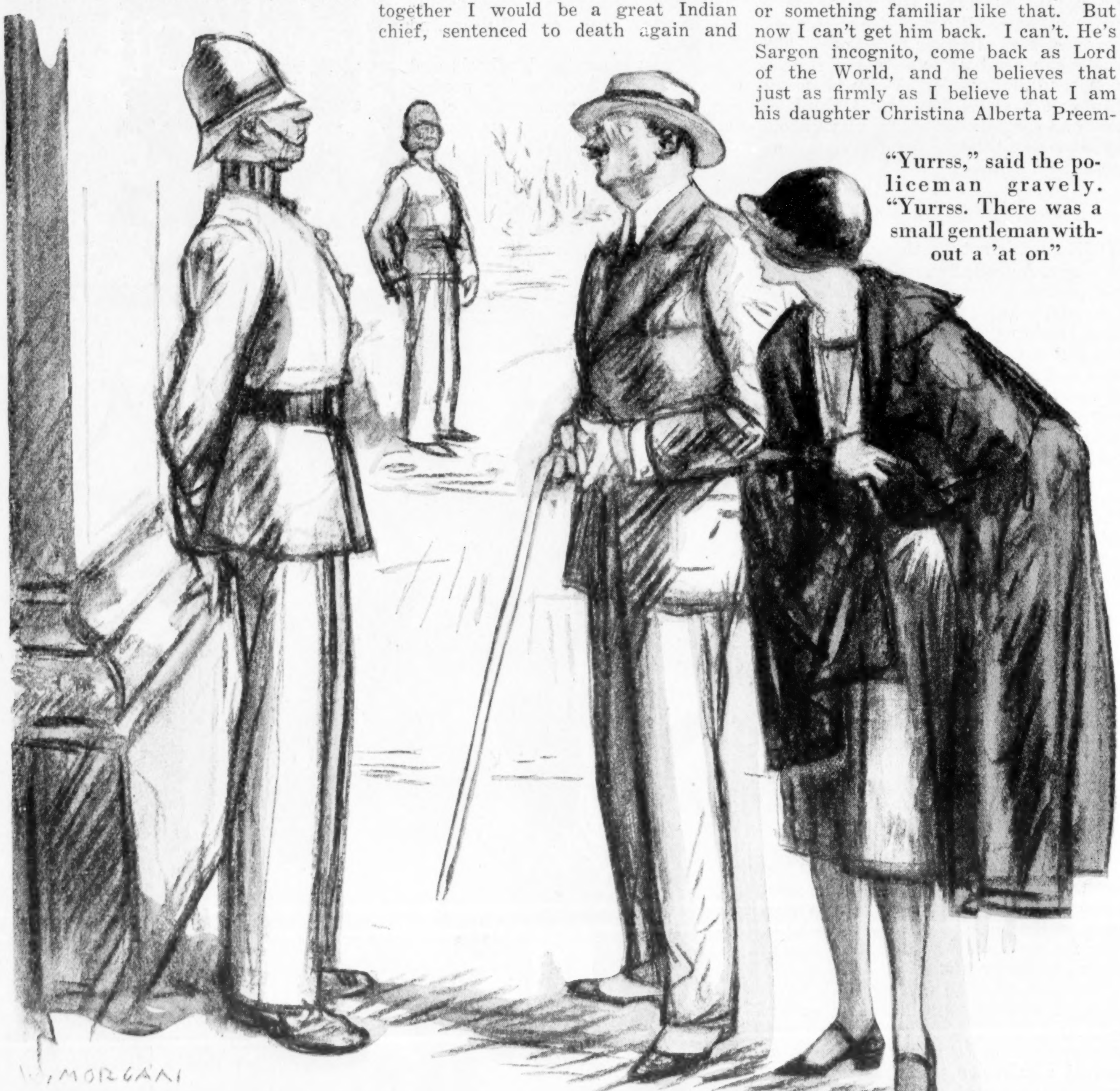
"No. He doesn't do things like that. It's only his imagination that is doing tremendous things. He isn't."

"And now he's in London?"

"He has a sort of idea he's overlord of the King, and he wants to go to the King at Buckingham Palace and tell him about it. He says the King is a thoroughly good man, thoroughly good; and directly he hears how things are, he will acknowledge Daddy as his feudal superior and place him on the throne. Of course if he tries to do anything of that sort, he will be locked up for a certainty. And he's written letters to the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor and the President of the United States and Lenin, and so forth, directing them to wait upon him for his instructions. But I've persuaded him not to post them till he can have a proper seal made."

"Rather like Mohammed's letters to the potentates," said Lambone.

"He's thinking too of a banner or something of that sort, but all that's quite vague. He's just got the phrase 'Raise my banner.' I don't think that matters much yet. But the Buckingham Palace idea— Something may come of that."



"Yurrss," said the policeman gravely. "Yurrss. There was a small gentleman without a 'at on"

# of KINGS

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"This is no end interesting," said Lambone, and walked across his room and back, and then half sat on the arm of his easy chair with his hands deep in his pockets.

"Tell me; is he distraught to look at?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Untidy in his dress?"

"Neat as ever."

"I remember when I saw him how neat he was. Is he—at all—incoherent? Or does it all hold together?"

"Absolutely. He's perfectly logical and coherent. He talks, I think, rather better and more clearly than usual."

"It's just one simple delusion? He has no illusions about having great physical strength or beauty or anything of that sort?"

"None. He's not a bit crazy. He's just possessed by this one grand impossible idea."

"He's not throwing away money or anything of that sort?"

"Not a bit of it. He's always been—careful with money."

"And he is now?"

"Yes."

"Let's hope that lasts. I don't see that a man is insane because he believes he is a King or an Emperor—if someone tells him he is. After all, George V has no other grounds for imagining he is a King. The only difference is that rather more people have told him so. Fancying yourself a King isn't lunacy, and behaving in accordance with that idea isn't lunacy either. It may be some day, but it isn't so yet. No."

"But I'm afraid that people will think that it is. . . . You see, it's only in the last few days I've realized how fond I am of my father and how horrible it would be for me if anyone attempted to take him away. I'm afraid of asylums. Restraint for those who can least understand restraint. He particularly would go mad in a week, really mad, if he got into one. That Mr. Hockleby has frightened me—he's frightened me. He was so intent and cruel. He was *evil* about Daddy—malignant. A nasty man."

"Yes, I know," said Lambone. "Hate."

"Yes," she said. "Hate."

SHE jumped to her feet and took possession of the hearth rug, looking, with her bobbed hair and short skirts and manly pose and serious face, the most ridiculous and attractive mixture of fresh youth and mature responsibility conceivable.

"You see, I don't know what they can do with him—whether they can take him away from me. I've never been much afraid of what might happen before, but I am now. I don't know how to take hold of all this. I thought life was just a lark and people were fools to be afraid of doing anything. But now I see *life's dangerous.* I've never been much afraid of what happened to myself. But this is different. He's walking about in a dream of glory—with absolute wretchedness hanging over him. Think of it! People getting hold of him! Perhaps hitting him! An asylum!"

"About the law on these matters, I know very little," Lambone reflected. "I doubt if they can do very much to him without your consent. But I agree about asylums. From their very nature they must be horrible places, haunted places. Most of the attendants—hardened. Even if they start well. Every day at it . . . too much for anyone. . . . I don't know how a lunatic is made, a legal lunatic I mean, or who has a right to take him. Somebody—I think two doctors—have to certify him or something of that sort. But anyhow—I don't think your father is a lunatic."

"Nor I. But that may not save him."

"Something else may. He's, as you say, an imaginative—a super-imaginative man, possessed by a fantastic idea. Well, isn't that a case perhaps for a psychoanalyst?"

"Possibly. Who'd talk him back—to something like he used to be?"

"Yes. If such a man as Wilfred Devizes, for example, could talk to him—"

"I don't know much about these people. I've read some Freud of course—and a little Jung."

"I know Devizes slightly. We talk at lunch. And I liked his wife. And if perhaps you could get your father away into a country cottage— By the bye—have you got any money?"

"He's got the check book, but he makes me an allowance. So far there's been no money trouble. He signs his checks all right."

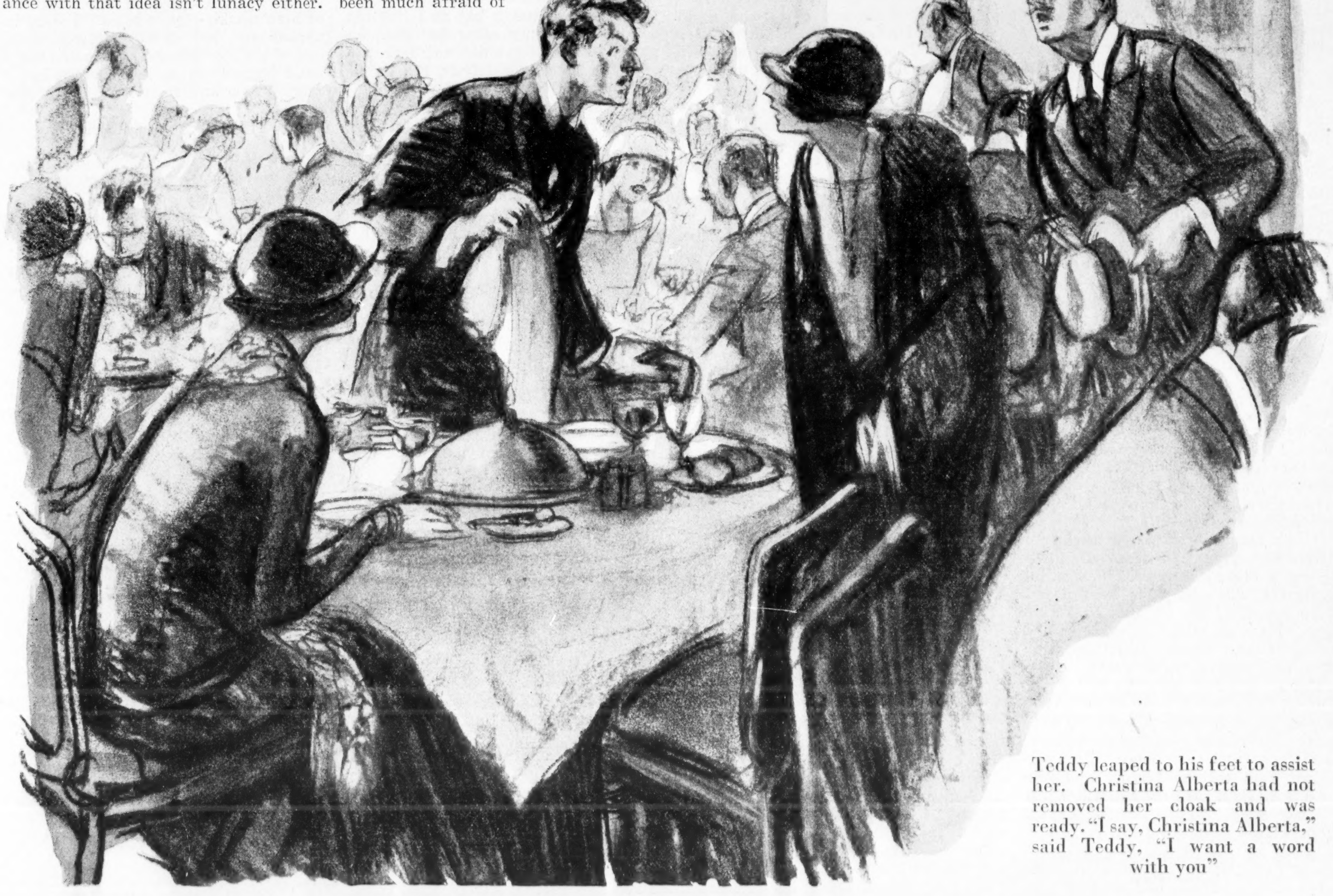
"But he may not presently."

"Oh! Of course at any time he may begin putting a swastika or a royal cipher in the place of his signature, and then the fat *would* be in the fire. I shouldn't know where to turn. I hadn't thought of that."

"No," said Lambone.

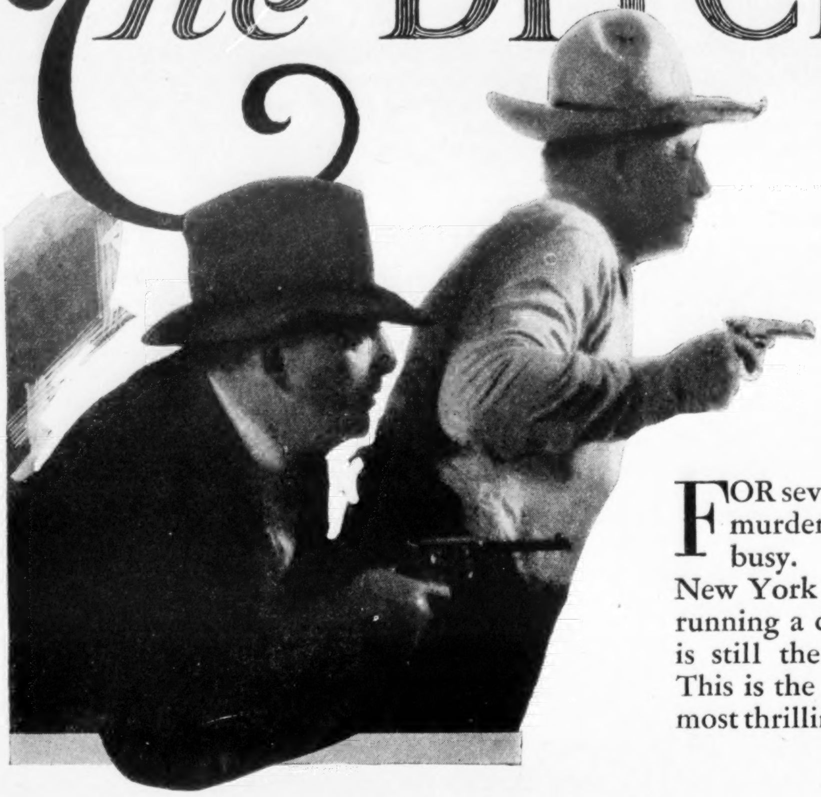
FOR some seconds—it seemed quite a long time to Christina Alberta—he said nothing more. He sat half leaning upon the arm of his chair and looked past her at the fire. She had said what she wanted to say, and now stood waiting for him to speak. His wisdom told him that things had to be done in this matter very soon; his temperament inclined him just to stay in that pleasant room and say things. Meanwhile, she looked about the room and realized how comfortable a wise man could be. It was the best furnished room she had ever been in. The chairs were jolly; there were bound books in the bookcase, a delightful old Chinese horse on the top of it; all his tea things were silver or fine China; there was a great writing desk with silver candlesticks; the windows that gave on Half Moon Street were curtained with a rich, subtly folding material very pleasing to the eye. Her eyes came back to his big fat face and his peevish mouth and fine, meditative eyes.

"Something," *(Continued on page 40)*



Teddy leaped to his feet to assist her. Christina Alberta had not removed her cloak and was ready. "I say, Christina Alberta," said Teddy. "I want a word with you"

The DITCH DIGGER'S HAT



By
MICHAEL
FIASCHETTI

FOR seventeen years trapping crooks and murderers has kept Michael Fiaschetti busy. He retired last year from the New York City police force. To-day he is running a detective agency of his own and is still the terror of the city's bad men. This is the second of his stories about his most thrilling experiences as a star detective.

His eyes distended crazily when he looked into my face—and pistol. "Mike," I said, "I'm Fiaschetti"

IT WAS not extraordinary that such a hat should be found in that neighborhood. It was the sort of headpiece one is likely to associate with the Italian laborer—an ancient, cheap, soiled, battered, sweat-stained relic.

That part of New York City—Ozone Park—contained a growing Italian colony, mostly truck farmers. Almost all the men wore just such hats. But there was a certain significance in the fact that it had been discarded, and it was not that far gone into dilapidation that the frugal Italian would throw it away.

Moreover, it had been found in some brush not far away from Holback's road house and I had been led to where the hat lay by a track of widely spaced footprints—the trail of men running.

The Holbacks, John and his wife, Helen, had owned the road house. It stood at the corner of Rockaway Boulevard and Leahy Avenue. They were decent, kindly old people more than merely well regarded in the neighborhood, and they were known to have made some money. Their inn stood on a much-frequented motor highway, and, while they made no pretensions of sumptuous entertainment, their bar and restaurant were well patronized.

It was in the middle of February, 1919, that I was assigned to the Holback case. One night, three weeks before, someone had entered a side door of the inn and wantonly murdered the old couple. Both had been shot and, apparently, instantly killed. Obviously robbery had been the motive; but it had not been successful.

I was taken to the room in the inn where the crime had been committed. It was a dismal day and I was facing a dismal business. The newspapers were pounding for action. Break the case. I am no miracle worker; and I wasn't then. Other detectives, able men, had worked three weeks.

But as if I had been the first detective on the scene I went at it. After all there is very little to detective work except hard labor, common sense, more hard labor and then more. The persistent man will go farther and produce more than the brilliant fellow who will not stick. In the ensuing days I knew what plodding meant.

In an ice box in the inn had been found five thousand dollars in bank notes. The criminals had not been persistent. Either that or they had been frightened off before they could make a thorough search. They must have gone at the job blindly. They were not, I thought, of the professional gangster type, else they would not have gone at such a job in such a haphazard manner.

Then, too, this hat was not the sort worn by the professional gangster. He is much more fastidious. It seemed fair to assume that the criminals had not enriched themselves to any great extent, which fact would make my work harder. There would be no unwonted lavishness in spending to lead us to the possible murderers. A rough job by some degenerate amateurs. They had entered by the side door and left that way. Their shoe prints across the soft earth had indicated that. All I had were unsupported theories, the money and the shapeless, dirty hat.

As head of the Italian squad in the detective division of the New York City detectives, it was probable that I would get further on such a case than would sleuths not of my race. Accordingly I put on old clothes and, pretending to look for work, went about the Italian colony near the inn.

The First Step

IT WAS on Sunday morning that the first ray of light came. I was sitting with a number of the Italians playing their beloved *morra* with them. The conversation was familiarly casual.

"I haven't seen Mike around lately," commented one of the men.

"No," said another, "nobody's seen him for several weeks."

"Is that so?" I said. "I know Mike—Mike Broccia."

"No, no, not Mike Broccia. Mike Casalino."

On the following day I took up Mike Casalino in a serious way.

"I wonder," I remarked, "where Mike is?"

"Dunno. He hasn't been in the construction gang for several weeks."

At last! The first step. The construction gang was working for a contractor on a sewer-digging operation nearby. Casalino? Why, yes, he had worked there for some months prior to a few weeks ago. Nice fellow. A wife and two children. Good to them too. Fine, jolly fellow. Good singer. Ready laugher. A fine companion, always ready for fun. Why did he leave? Nobody knew.

But Mike was not at home in the Classon Avenue flat where his pretty wife and two lusty kids were living. Hadn't been there for several weeks. I had to be quite casual about all my inquiries. They are a suspicious people. Mike was their friend. I learned, in the growing talk of his disappearance, that he wore such a hat as I had hidden away in my office for frequent study. Naturally I did not dare produce the hat to identify it, if possible, as Mike's. Progress was slow.

I resorted to the stool pigeon for a time. There was, not far away, an Italian young woman of somewhat better class than the laborers.

She was willing, for a price, to keep me informed of what went on in the home Casalino had deserted.

"Find out for me," I told her, "what keeps Mike away from home. Visit Mrs. Casalino often. Tell her what a disgrace it is that her husband has deserted her and her children."

Results were not speedy. Mike had not told his wife why he was leaving. He had gone—gloomy, nervous, apparently regretful. He was moving around the country. Here to-day, there tomorrow. Now and then a letter with some money in it but very little news.

My agent saw one of his letters. He was in a factory in Staten Island. But he had gone when I went there looking for a job. He had left no address. Then Philadelphia, Trenton and other cities. Mike was staying nowhere long. Just long enough to get money enough to see him to the next job. Usually he sent money to his wife and children. His letters had him hungry for them. But never a hint in his letters why he was running away.

And then came word that he was in Fairport, N. Y., near Rochester.

I had his photograph. I stationed myself at the post office in Fairport and was rewarded by seeing Mike come in. The photograph told me that it was he. All one day and half of the next I had waited. But here, at last, was Mike.

Rather handsome, Mike. Young, slender, powerful, middle height. His expression did not denote happiness. He received several letters, read them and gloomily destroyed them. Clearly Mike was not himself. I followed him.

He led me into the country for several miles. His gait was that of an utterly discouraged man. It was not wanderlust alone that had driven him.

Presently he came to the farm of a truck raiser. Silently he joined a group of men working on a barn. I was, in appearance, not at all different from any of the boss's hands. I applied for a job. I begged the *padrone* to take me. I wanted food and shelter. He took me.

Music Softens Mike

IT WAS not easy to cultivate Casalino. He was morose, lonely. He took no interest in games. The songs of his fellow laborers aroused nothing of participation in him. He wanted to be let alone. I did not force myself upon him.

I, taking my cue from him, wore the hunted look. I too was morose. I discouraged personal conversations and in my off time I would wander out to the hills alone to contemplate the scenery in what I am forced to believe was good imitation of a man afraid of his fellows.

I was not quite so pensive and forbidding as Mike in that I occasionally sang. Over and over I would sing the songs of Calabria—Mike's home.

Perhaps the music which soothes the savage breast is mine, although I doubt it. At any rate, something I had done broke down Mike's resistance.

"Where are you from?" he growled.

"New York."

"What are you doing up here?"

"I got into some trouble."

"Killing?"

I was silent.

"Are they after you?" he asked.

"Blood of the Madonna," I moaned, "yes."

"Who is it? Fiaschetti?"

I regarded him covertly, a little startled at the mention of my own name.

"Yes."

"So, you are afraid of Fiaschetti, are you?" He was sneering wickedly.

"It is not such a joke to have him after you," I whined.

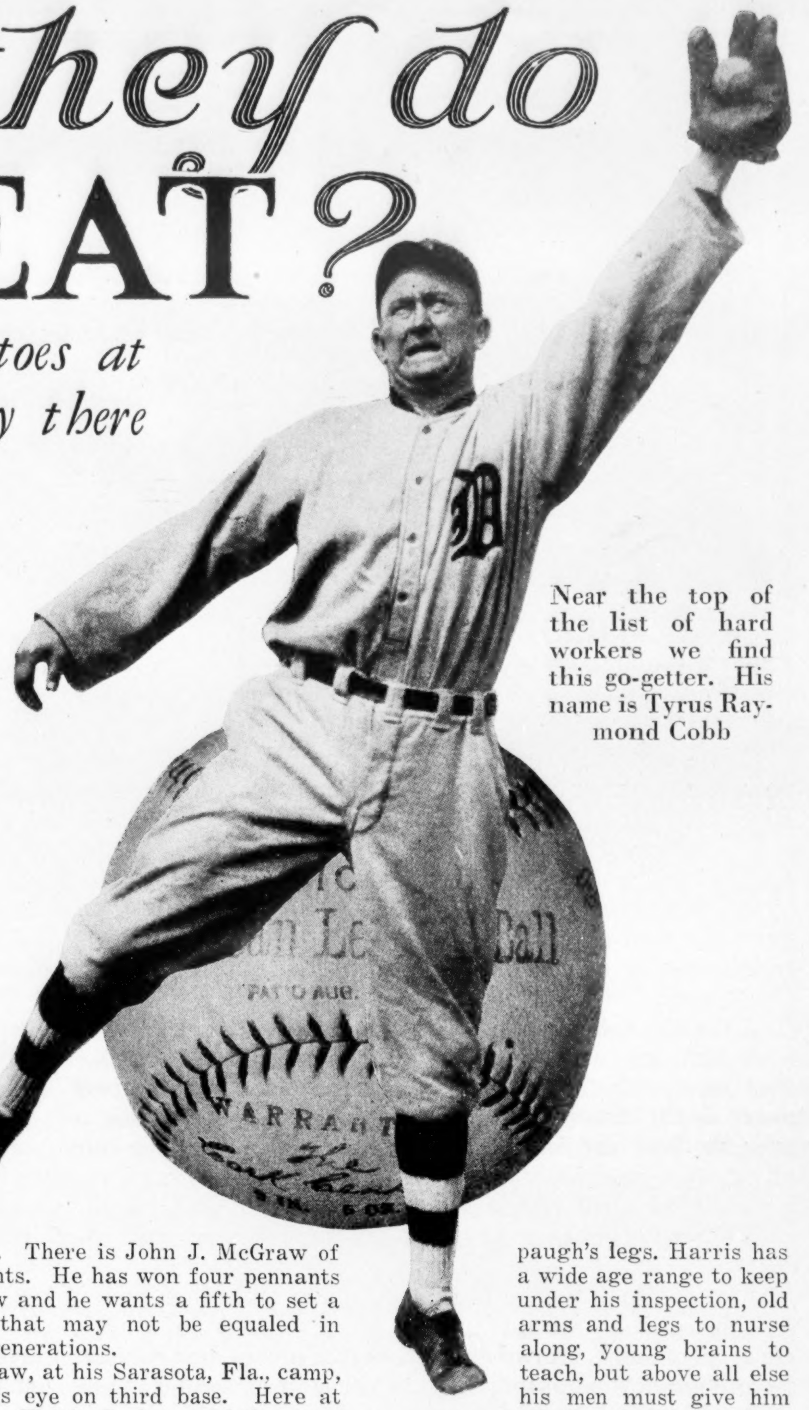
"Fiaschetti! Why, that ——." Mike's profanity

(*Continued on page 38*)

What do they do besides EAT?

Why the big-leaguers get up on their toes at their spring training camps—and stay there

By GRANTLAND RICE



Near the top of the list of hard workers we find this go-getter. His name is Tyrus Raymond Cobb

"THERE'S a fellow," remarked Napoleon Lajoie on a spring training trip many years ago, "who is a great ball player, but he's eating himself out of the game."

There are now over 500 major-league ball players in the sun belt from Florida on to California—Florida being the big training state of major-league play—who each day must battle with the temptation to put away more food than speed can carry into battle.

For the ball player can eat three big meals a day and then inhale or absorb eight or ten sandwiches at night if slightly coaxed. But the wise ones are now too smart to Firpo themselves out of fame and fortune in an age that calls for speed and condition where old-time salaries have jumped from $2,400 a year for stars up to $52,000.

Lajoie and Delehanty, two of the greatest of all hitters, up over .400, once held out many weeks for $2,400 a season where to-day the pay check for high class ranges from $15,000 to Babe Ruth's stipend mentioned above.

A winning ball club to-day means a fortune undreamed of ten or twenty years ago. There have been two world series that have taken in over a million dollars.

The ball player may still crave his food, but he is now closely watched by both manager and trainer, and there is usually quick action when he begins to show signs of too much food.

Training work this spring is even keener than usual because there are a greater number of clubs which believe they have a chance to reach the top and cut in on the Big Divide. The Big Divide now for a world series split is around $6,000 each for the winner and nearly $5,000 for the loser, and this is no sum to be laughed off for a week's play between 2 and 4 P. M. for the afternoon.

Youth Strikes Out Age

AMONG those who figure themselves in the running in the American League are Washington, New York and Detroit, with St. Louis and Philadelphia dangerous.

In the National League the list embraces New York, Pittsburgh and Brooklyn, and Chicago to be reckoned with. Hence the unusual amount of dash and earnestness in these camps with another campaign just ahead.

The two systems of spring training consist of two workouts a day, morning and afternoon, and one long single drill. The latter has lately become more popular with leading managers, who find the second session begins to lag. Two of the hardest driving managers in the game are Ty Cobb of Detroit and John McGraw of the Giants.

Cobb began his career as a tireless worker, building a foundation for greatness by training overtime in every angle of play. He was willing to put in hour after hour through the week perfecting the art of sliding, throwing his body at top speed as he hooked the bag with a flying toe. And when practice was over he was always willing to remain at the park if someone could be found to feed him a few fast balls for batting practice. So Ty sends his Tigers at about the same pace, and when the day is over they are about ready to take a running jump into the well-known hay.

Cobb has a keen eye for batting form. He knows there are certain essentials that must be followed, even though styles may vary. As his men report at the Augusta park and begin taking their turns at bat Cobb makes a careful study of each man's system, with advice here and suggestions there by way of cure.

"What is the chief fault in batting to be corrected?" we asked.

"There is a long list of them," said Cobb. "One man will insist on stepping away, instead of stepping into the ball. Another has the fault of hitting too soon, a common fault in every game, getting his body in ahead of his hands. Another will loop at the ball, hitting under it. Another chops down. It is important to watch the position of the feet and especially the plane of the bat. A first-class batsman must hit on a line straight through the ball and not hit under or down. I have certain men watch me to correct any mistakes I make, for it is an easy matter to develop some slight fault that might wreck a player's style completely. The main thing is to build the right habit and to make this habit the instinctive thing to do. That is one of the things for which spring training was planned. There are three things we have to do—get into good physical condition—legs and arms especially—correct faults, and look over the rookies who are to take the places of slipping veterans. That means a busy day."

By 10:30 A. M., the southern park in Florida, Georgia, Texas or California is swarming with talent. Here one can find the main drama of existence—the battle for place between youth and age.

There are the two or three youngsters after the veteran's job, always inclined to work at too fast a clip. Most of them are going back for another year or two, but a few will be kept, so when the débutante of swat gets hold of the ball he is likely to shoot it through on a line the first day out to prove that he is another Steinfeldt or Bob Meusel.

A fine arm and speed of foot are two great factors, and the youngster doesn't want to waste any time proving his case. So after the first day the club trainer is busy in the wake of young ambition taking its fling.

The manager's problem on a spring training trip is even greater than the player's. There is John J. McGraw of the Giants. He has won four pennants in a row and he wants a fifth to set a record that may not be equaled in many generations.

McGraw, at his Sarasota, Fla., camp, casts his eye on third base. Here at work are Heinie Groh, one of the great third baseman of all time, a veteran of more than a dozen campaigns. Working with Groh is young Fred Lindstrom, the twenty-year-old star who played through a world series last fall without an error, who accepted thirty or more chances without a mistake, and who hit the ball like a Frisch. Groh had a bad leg last season, and this must be watched. Groh has too much value to be displaced, but in the meanwhile it is no easy matter to keep on the bench a Lindstrom who is "raring" to go. And make no mistake about it. Neither Groh nor Lindstrom is wasting any time at work.

McGraw Sees No Stars

ANOTHER inspiring sight is to watch Bucky Harris, the young Washington manager, leading and driving his club along in the early direction of another flag.

Harris is one of the star inspirational leaders of the game. His first slogan is hustle, hustle and still more hustle. He is a hustler himself, and he knows its value.

He knows this season that he has the toughest job in the game. He must lead a world series winner back into April action, but this time there may be no Walter Johnson with twenty-odd victories to make things easier. He has more pitching veterans to watch than anyone else and there is the uncertainty connected with Roger Peckinpaugh's legs. Harris has a wide age range to keep under his inspection, old arms and legs to nurse along, young brains to teach, but above all else his men must give him all they have and keep on giving it. This is one of the great problems of any manager—to keep his club's morale at a high notch and to keep this morale unbroken in the face of successive defeats.

McGraw has one pet slogan—"Take nothing for granted." He was the first manager to put in spring sliding pits and to insist that even his best base runners put in a certain amount of time at this practice. "You would be surprised," he said, "to know how many so-called stars are ignorant of certain baseball essentials. They all have their faults and many of these are serious. They must be broken into my system, for I believe in a team, not a collection of stars. This means the hardest sort of spring work. I am a great believer in getting a big jump on the field if I can and having my men right when the first ball is thrown on the first day." McGraw—another hustler—wants thorough drill, dash and action.

One might think that the star could take it easy, but the star rarely does. There is Dazzy Vance, the brilliant Brooklyn pitcher who was voted the most valuable player in his league last year—his greatest season. He hopes to make 1925 even greater; his right arm carried more strike-out speed than any other arm in the game last summer. He is one of the hardest trainers—he knows he must keep fit.

There isn't much chance for rest with eight or ten or twelve million fans waiting for the pennant race.

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WHOSE POWER SHALL IT BE?

THE novel doctrine that an electric transmission line should be a common carrier is set forth by the conservationist Gifford Pinchot.

No doubt we are in for a long and difficult debate over superpower, compared to which the present wrangles over the Colorado River and Muscle Shoals will seem small.

Superpower holds out hope of cleaner and easier life for all of us—of smokeless cities, farms relieved of drudgery, homes warmed by electricity. Cheap and abundant power can be fed into the most jammed city and out to the farthest countryside by the interconnection of all power plants and the creation of vast reservoirs of current.

Like the telephone and the railroads, superpower can serve us best through unity. It is a new sort of monopoly. Governor Pinchot says: "Nothing like this gigantic monopoly has ever appeared in the history of the world. It is almost impossible to imagine the force and intimacy with which such a monopoly will affect, for good or evil, the life of every citizen. The question is whether we shall regulate it or whether it shall regulate us."

Pennsylvania is a key state in superpower because it has the coal.

The common notion is that Niagara and other water powers, if well harnessed, would supply all the needs of this area. But Hoover's recent survey showed that if every last stream were used "white coal" would yield only 25 per cent of the power needed. The other three fourths must come from real coal. And much of the coal is in Pennsylvania. Great generating stations will be built midway between the anthracite and the bituminous fields.

Last July only 8 per cent of the power systems of the Northeast were interconnected practically. Since then hardly a week has passed without reports of a new project. Superpower is coming fast—perhaps too fast for sound engineering and wise control.

Pursuing the "common carrier" idea, Governor Pinchot would keep the generators of current distinct from those who transmit and sell it. He would compel transmission companies to accept all current offered them and to sell to all who want to buy. He would have the state regulate rates and service, and approve all leases, contracts and financing. He would require electric companies to get permits to do business, and to extend their distribution to unserved territory.

No single state can keep its hand on the mighty switch that will control superpower. It is an interstate concern, even an international, for Canada has water power to sell. Nor is this a mere black-and-white issue between private ownership and public ownership or between national and state regulation. Complex, technical and diverse, it will be a supreme test of the temper and wisdom of officials, voters and capitalists alike.

Softness Won't Do

JUDGE H. B. WELLS of New Jersey tells a business group that modern youth alarms him only where it shows "everlasting softness." Motoring, jazzing and looking on at games do not take the place of chores. In twenty or thirty years the lad that now does the chores will have some of those one-steppers clerking for him. Ask Dad; he knows.

As president of the state Y. M. C. A. Judge Wells has seen a lot of to-day's boys and young men. He finds some of them soft. Anybody can spend Father's money, but nobody can spend over again Father's moral and mental capital of grit, will, energy, skill and persistence.

Your mind and soul require hard food quite as much as your gums and teeth. If life doesn't force it on you, then find the hardship you need and meet its test. Franklin, Washington and Lincoln trained themselves by their own rules and began before they were of high-school age. If you are going anywhere, softness won't do.

Seventy Billion Cigarettes

TO SOME of us the word cigarette still calls up the picture of a small boy out behind the barn or up in the cow pasture, feeling wicked and desperate and wondering what is the matter with his tummy, and hoping his dad won't catch him. The cigarette wasn't smoked in the best circles then, even among grown-ups. Now, what with the war and all, there has been a change, and it was announced the other day that the people of these benighted states are annually getting away with more than 70,000,000,000 cigarettes of different makes.

It is not done behind barns either. In fact, they do say that there are social circles in which those who don't smoke are looked upon as peculiar. A great number of women, including, it is said, some pretty fair to middling wives and mothers, take a whiff of the noxious weed now and then. But, before bursting into tears at this news, it is well to bear in mind that despite our failings we exercise more, eat less indigestible food, drink far less, on the whole, and live longer than our parents did. There are doctors who say that, while cigarette smoking may be bad, it is not so bad as tight lacing, which has pretty nearly gone out of fashion.

So, all things considered, it is possible that, despite the cigarette and kindred evils, we aren't declining and falling more rapidly than the generations that went before us.

A New Science of Peace

WHAT were the actual causes of the World War? The Senate wants to find out, and has ordered an investigation by the reference service of the Congressional Library.

Our foremost research institution recently set for itself the task of studying the prevention of war, not with the soft eye of sentiment, but with the hard gaze of science. As a memorial to Walter Hines Page, there is to be a School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University. The chairman, Owen D. Young, said recently:

"Military men and engineers have delved into the secrets of every science and they even created a science of their own in order that they might succeed in war. If it be possible to create a science of war perhaps it may not be impossible to create a science of peace."

To get such a science, he said, we must substitute "the calm findings of the investigator for the blatant explosions of the politician."

A fund of a million dollars is being raised for the Page School. This may well be the best-invested million in the history of American generosity.

Old Men Dream Dreams

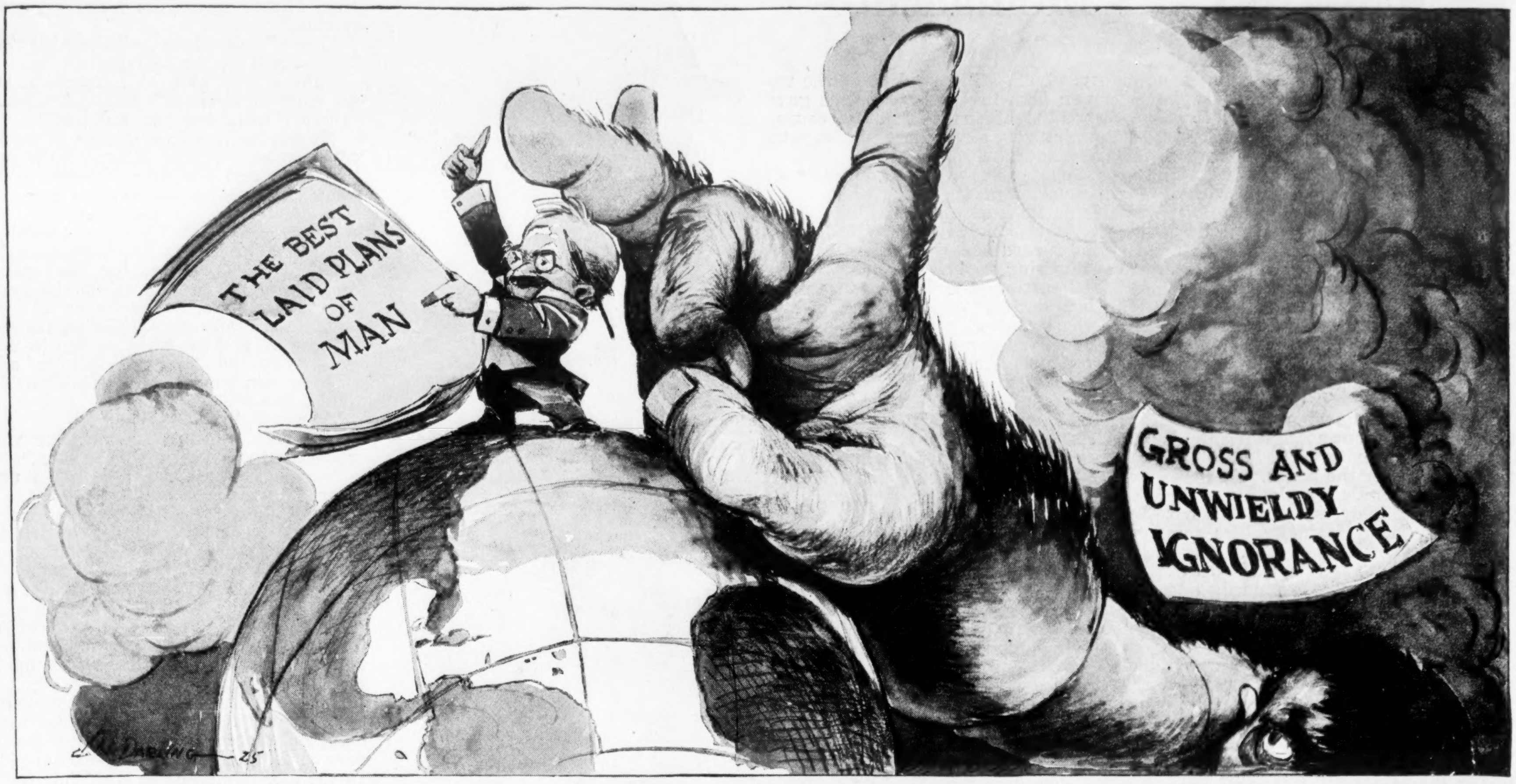
JUST before his ninety-first birthday, Charles W. Eliot let his mind run back, fondly and in public, to the love affair of his youth. "I like to remember how I fell in love," he said, and added that it "took place with me very suddenly, without any intention or expectation on my part. I was not looking for or intending anything of the sort." But he says he dislikes the use of the word "fall," for love is "nearly always a rising, not a fall."

Dr. Eliot is the oldest wise man that we have. He puts the weight of his experience behind the majority opinion that married life is the best life for a man and the birth and bringing up of children infinitely the best career for a woman. Certain modernists beg to differ, temporarily, though most of them yield at last.

A More Perfect Union

A LITTLE while ago Representative Cramton of Michigan, the son of a Union soldier, introduced a resolution to restore Lee's old home at Arlington. His fellow congressmen, irrespective of section, voted for its adoption.

This courteous gesture to Virginia's cherished hero is one more sign we are approaching "that more perfect union" of which our fathers dreamed. Something more subtle and priceless than an old house will be restored.



THE PERPETUAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD IN ONE CHAPTER

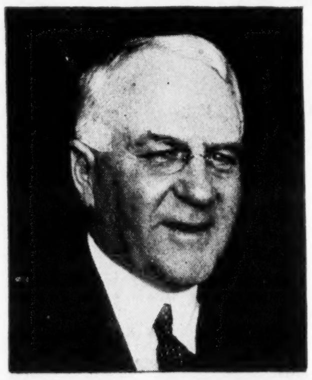
The pathetic part of it is that we all think we are the little fellow and no one ever even suspects that he belongs to the other class.

HOW TO KILL BUREAUCRACY

By James Couzens

United States Senator from Michigan

IN OUR governmental affairs at Washington any business man must be impressed with the folly, even the stupidity, of the endeavor to centralize everything, to create bureaus, to increase the power of bureau chiefs, and to permit bureau chiefs in Washington to decide questions when all the facts concerning these questions are in Arizona, or California, or Alaska.



Suppose a taxpayer has a claim of $25,000 or an income of $25,000 to report. Washington puts an auditor on his books. Eventually the auditor reports to Washington. Then the case plods its weary way. It must be handled finally in Washington—by going there or by hiring tax experts there, or through correspondence. And thus it may hang for four, five or six years. The volume of correspondence in some of these cases is tremendous.

I have not yet had explained to me why these cases cannot be handled at the convenience of the taxpayer at the nearest internal revenue collector's office. I am sure that method would mean less delay, fewer jobs, less red tape and less correspondence. Think of the absurdity of bureau clerks in Washington trying to determine facts, without any investigation on their part and with only statements from field workers to guide them. That is what we have under a highly centralized tax administration.

Take a recent bit of testimony that came before our committee investigating the Bureau of Internal Revenue. A prohibition officer discovers a still. That is ordinarily a common police transaction which would result in an arrest and a police-court trial. But this is the bureaucratic process:

(1) A report to the divisional chief—which puts a stenographer to work; (2) a report from the divisional chief to Washington—more stenography, and a file clerk to file the papers; (3) consideration by the legal division in Washington after messengers have carried the papers around to the proper person—a legal expert gets a job; (4) copying of the statement of this legal expert—more stenography, and more filing clerks; (5) reviews and reviews of the transactions between the district attorney and Washington.

It is fine for job holders. It is fine, also, for delay and procrastination. But it is not fine for the taxpayer and not fine for the government, because certainly in these delays justice is handicapped—perhaps barred.

The administration of our tax laws has been involved in correspondence, jobs, red tape and irritation to the taxpayer. But, fortunately, the bureau chiefs do now seem to realize the necessity for decentralization, and ever since our inquiry began they have pushed more work out into the field. I hope they will continue to do so; in fact, I am going to insist upon it. There is no sound reason why practically all the work cannot be handled in various federal districts. A proper, a more complete and a more intimate relationship and understanding will do much to relieve the irritation bound to develop through long-distance administration and its resultant delays, procrastination and red tape. We do not need "a government by letters."

Recently a prominent Michigan business man was in my office discussing just this question, as it develops in private business. He was at one time in charge of the accounts of a large railroad corporation, and he urged decentralization.

"The president of the road," he said, "told me he favored the idea, that he knew it would add to the efficiency, that it would eliminate delays, that putting more responsibility on the field forces would develop better men and that every advantage would be gained, but that he feared the company could not stand any additional expense. Eventually, however, he approved the system and we decentralized the accounting.

Several months later he called me in to say that he agreed fully that decentralization had resulted in every improvement he had contemplated, but that in addition, instead of increasing the expenses, he had been able to reduce the accounting staff by nineteen clerks."

With proper administration, decentralization will do the same thing for the government. It will eliminate all this correspondence—and the correspondence evil is one of the greatest burdens of official life in Washington. With centralization in Washington we have long-distance government—a government by stenographers and correspondence.

But this system will continue until there is an order from the people of the United States to kill it—because on this system bureaucracy thrives.

Marty McCall's Monument

Continued from page 12

this way and that, but saw only a flushed, happy, wise little face as he had seen it in the post office when he stood frowning down her charity.

Charity! Y'see, how slow we are to read the meaning of things. Sure, 'tis little the saints have to work with in such poor creatures as us.

"But is it charity?" he asked; and in a moment understood that there is no such thing at all. "Bless her heart, she has bought something with that money; what is it?" He thought quietly a long time, forgetting his patched shoe and seedy clothes.

Then with a flush on his lean cheeks and a queer, bright glance, as if seeing something beyant the bleak office walls, he rose and took down a book which contained matter concerning the fate of little Denny Moriarity. Till late afternoon he pored over the pages. And two weeks later, with Denny playing again outdoors, Dr. Moody collected his fee. "Not a cent, Mrs. Moriarity," he said in collecting it; "I have earned more from this case than my time was worth."

So was his practice founded, and grew until sometimes he had as many as four patients at once who paid according to their ability. "None of them are of distinguished ability," Doc would reflect, and grin slyly as if putting one over on fortune even when darning the seedy clothes by candle light in his office, where he also lodged for personal and professional reasons.

Almost nightly there was some part of his wardrobe to darn, and the pleasure he took in it was shared unbeknownst by another. 'Twas Grimshaw, who, after locking up his money in the evening, was left very much alone in the world till unlocking it next morning, and would walk about the streets too suspicious to listen to anybody and too crafty to talk, which was why he was president of a bank. But about this period he was observed by pedestrians to become sociable, although to no one but himself, and rub his hands together with a crackling of knuckles and a low, hooting laugh which became his nature, him being but a savage old owl at best.

And the things he had found to give him pleasure were, for one, clashing his beak against the bright little shop window of Allie McCall, milliner, for the young woman, soon after investing in Marty's monument, had indeed drawn her other thousand from the bank and bought into the millinery from old Miss Rafferty, as was under a mortgage from a week after one Easter till the next.

'TWAS certain Allie was having a hard scrabble to get along, and her visiting patients of Dr. Moody's so many evenings, and in the worst cases staying late into the night, made her look droopy and discouraged, which Grimshaw did not fail to notice in passing her. But her shop window delighted him most, for where Miss Rafferty once had twenty hats on display, Allie never showed more than three, sometimes only one.

"Sure, I never did justice to old Miss Rafferty," said Grimshaw with new respect. "She let her stock run down till there were only empty boxes on the shelves and sold to this thick Irish McCall girl on the strength of a dozen hats in sight. And she is trying to make the dozen hats into fifty by the looks, cutting them into four parts each—as if a woman would wear that oyster shell of a thing with a feather no longer than my finger. Or the tilted one with a bow of velvet! Hoot," he would laugh, "after Miss Rafferty for years giving them hats that weighed five pounds with the beads and buckles and whatnots along of plumes like an Arapahoe war chief!"

There was no doubt that Ruin had her on the run. "I will be referee in this bankruptcy," he would reflect, and one afternoon on the street, meeting her face to face, he paused.

"Remember, I warned you," he said.

Allie was puzzled for a moment and then said, "Oh, you mean about the money. I am still confident of the returns on both investments." She gave him her bright smile. "But of course I do thank you, Mr. Grimshaw, for your interest and advice."

His eyes followed her down-street with a yellow glare. "The woman has a hide as thick as a hippopotamus," he said. At this moment Dr. Moody met her and turned back beside her, both of them laughing gayly.

"Well met—her and that scarecrow, starving doctor," thought Grimshaw, and there being nothing so nerve-racking to misers as the merry-making of paupers, he easily extended his hatred so as to include Moody also.

So his second source of delight blew in when one night he stood across from Moody's office watching the strange antics of a shadow on the window curtain. "He is darning his coat," said Grimshaw, the fact being easily guessed by him, for he darned his own. And on other evenings he would come to enjoy the spectacle, rubbing his hands with sociability.

DEEP in the foothills, about fifty miles north of Barlow, two prospectors had filed on a claim and tunneled into some promising rock. As this promise was all that was necessary to show cause for their presence in the country, they carried out a few barrows of earth once in a while to freshen the dump, and turned to hunting and fishing, and also prospecting for gold which had already been smelted and minted.

One November afternoon the partners sat smoking on the sunny side of their cabin, the younger, a big, brawny man with a bush of whiskers, remarking that it was time for a stroke of business. "And that stroke, Casey, would be busting the Grimshaw bank at Barlow," he said bitterly, "but for its kindness in sending me, an unidentified stranger, five hundred dollars, when I lay wounded and paralyzed in a dom baggage-room—"

"Paralyzed with the whisky which conductor and passengers had poured into ye," replied Casey, the wiry, grizzle-haired partner of Mike Sorley, indifferent to suffering.

"You have a hard heart, Casey, I know," resumed Sorley, puffing at his pipe with enjoyment. "But if you had only used judgment when the train failed to show up, and ridden into Sterling to learn the reason, you could have assisted your friend, and I would not have been obliged to use the bank's gift to pay doctor and hotel and stretcher bearers."

"Does a man, injured or not, want a friend come claiming him who has two guns, a black mask, and a stick of dynamite on his person?"

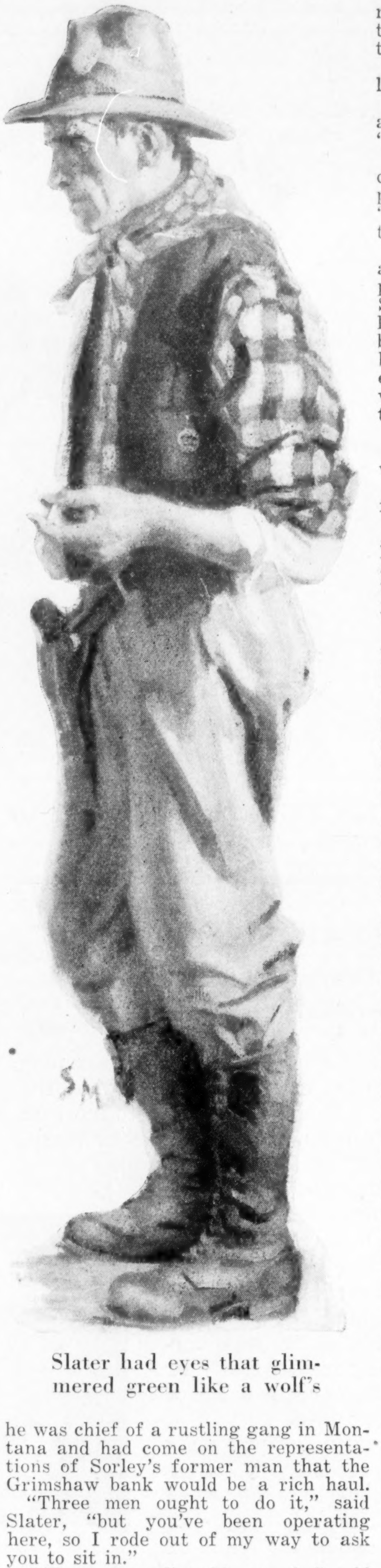
"You could have left them in the bush with the second horse."

"I might not have thought of it. Anyway," said Casey, who held onto his pipe and talked between his teeth, "I could not have identified ye. Ye forget ye were mangled beyant recognition."

The argument died away, and they sat enjoying the last of the winter sunshine and looking at the far peaks, until a faint clink as of metal on metal raised Casey to his feet. He walked into the cabin and came out thrusting his revolver into his trousers band. Sorley did the same with his own, which Casey handed him.

The first of three horsemen, who rode up the trail before the cabin, smiled as he saw the two peaceful prospectors basking half asleep in the sun. He had been the third member of the Sorley gang until the spring before, when he had gone to Montana. Now he had ridden back with two friends, one of whom had a business matter to talk over with Sorley.

This man, Slater, of ordinary size and a thoughtful way of talking, had eyes that glimmered a bit green like a wolf's in a cave; and his every move was so still and steady that Sorley thought at the start, "Only big game would bring this man so far." In fact, he was chief of a rustling gang in Montana and had come on the representations of Sorley's former man that the Grimshaw bank would be a rich haul.



Slater had eyes that glimmered green like a wolf's

"Three men ought to do it," said Slater, "but you've been operating here, so I rode out of my way to ask you to sit in."

"'Twas the polite thing to do," said Sorley, with appreciation, "and my hard luck that I can't accept who am a poor man supporting my parents in the old country with their cow and two pigs in the lap of luxury—" As he talked he was reflecting along this line: "This Slater is not a hombre to be blarneyed—bad cess to him for putting up his proposition to me at all. Now I must take the part of peace officer, so called, though divil a bit of peace have the officers ever left me."

"But should you not consult the comfort of the old folks and the cow and the pigs rather than your own convenience?" asked Slater thoughtfully. "From all I hear, this Grimshaw keeps his vault stuffed with money—"

"Y'are making me sweat blood," replied Sorley coldly, "as a man in need of a vault stuffed with money. Still I cannot throw in with you. And 'tis only fair to add that Grimshaw, having not long since saved me from destruction, I have taken him under my protection."

"I see," said Slater, nibbling his thin lips in still deeper thought.

"But if you wish to compromise on an express hold-up," resumed Sorley, "there I will meet you halfway."

"It has not been the policy of me to compromise," replied Slater, with appreciation and studying the cabin wall. "Could I consider the express proposition independent of the other?"

Sorley shook his head regretfully, and like a hawk on a limb who changes position without seeming to move, Slater was facing his companion, the lean, good-looking countenance of him blank as a dead man's. Except for the big green sparks brightening in his eyes. "'Twould be an insult to ask whether you would warn Grimshaw or the officers—"

"It would," replied Sorley.

"But not to ask just how far you would go in protecting Grimshaw."

"Faith, I would consider it an unfriendly act, that's all."

"Then I will look the ground over and consider well whether the job is worth offending you," said Slater politely. "Do you happen to be going to Barlow soon? I will wait and ride with you."

Sorley led the way into the cabin, where a glance at the supplies showed how short they were, and they arranged to ride in on the morrow.

The whole crowd spent a very sociable afternoon and evening together, many an interesting story of the express cars and the ranges being exchanged. In the morning, leaving their followers behind, the two chiefs rode, Sorley still undecided whether Slater was playing straight or intended to shoot him on the way. But Slater, understanding this state of mind, politely took the lead at all narrow places in the trail, and they arrived late in the afternoon on excellent terms. After putting up the horses, including a pack animal of Sorley's, the two downed a couple of drinks. Sorley had explained early in the day that when in Barlow he put up at a friend's who was able to get into touch with a confederate at express headquarters. "About two raids a year is all an express route will stand," he said, "so I must time 'em for the big shipments."

THEY parted about dusk, Slater to go to the hotel and later to size up the bank and conditions that would help or hinder a get-away; Sorley to go to his friend's house. The two were to meet next day at noon, when Slater would give his decision on what he would do in the bank-robbery matter.

"If y'are at liberty, Doctor," said Sorley, ten minutes later from the office door, and Moody jerked his heels off his desk—"if y' are at liberty, I will put my case in charge of you for the night."

"I will take it," said Moody, shaking hands. "What are the symptoms?"

"The only one at present," replied his patient, laying his gun belt on the operating table in the corner, "is an itching of the trigger finger, but 'tis like to be complicated by internal disorders later."

"I had better," said Moody, after they were seated with their feet on the desk, "amputate the trigger finger and obtain a blood test."

"If a blood test is necessary," returned the outlaw carelessly, "you can likely obtain it to-morrow from several sources without resorting to surgery." For all his careless humor, there was a rumbling ferocity in his tone and a glitter in the gray eye which used to be roving and jovial. The two gazed at each other steadily, Moody reflecting that a test of his own blood at the moment would find it thick with ice; 'twas natural to scent a big fight in all this, but being a young man of extraordinary sense he said soberly:

"I can only hope that you will not commit or be obliged to defend yourself against the violence you hint may be done. I offer my best services either to prevent or cure it."

Sorley nodded, well pleased with him.

(*Continued on page 30*)

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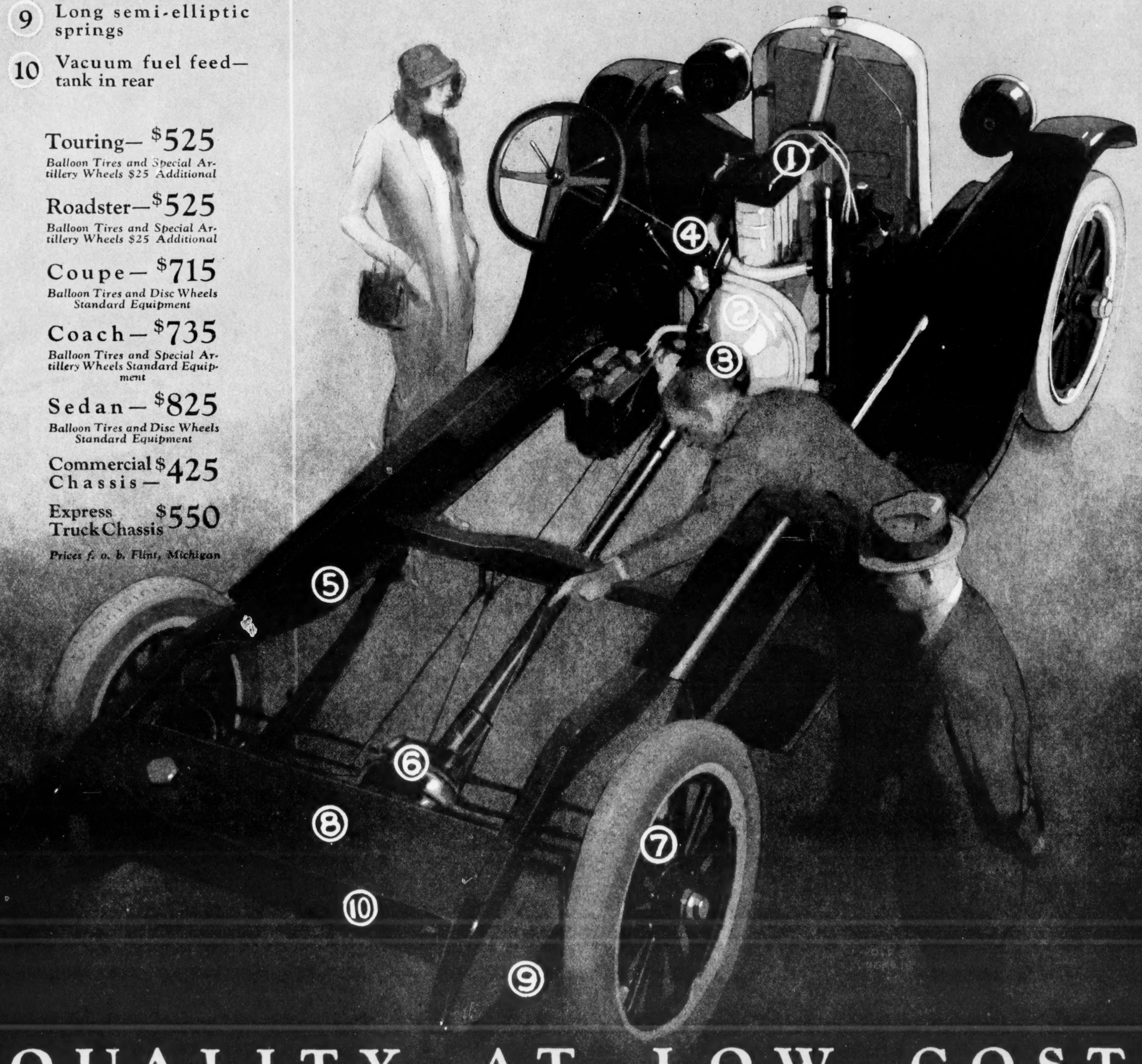


QUALITY AT LOW COST

Marty McCall's Monument

Continued from page 28

"Dom the aid, but you are giving comfort to the man known along the P. D. as the Dynamiter, who has a reward on his head."

Moody's eyes narrowed with interest. "But you don't look the part."

"I will after I've used your razor."

"Why should you tell me?" asked Moody in queer distress.

"Would I stay in a true friend's quarters all night under false pretenses?" answered the robber, observing this.

"Sure, I will have to think that over," said Moody, and presently found his answer, "You would not stay at all if you were planning something which would hurt your friend or his good name." Sorley was amazed at the simplicity and wisdom of the young man, and moving up to the desk wrote on a pad of paper, "Here is another reason why I told you," he said. He had written: "Dr. Moody to be notified immediately that Mike Sorley, the prospector, is wounded. If killed, he is to take charge of my body and bury it." This paper he put in his coat pocket.

"That is my first and last will and testament," he laughed. "As for the estate of the deceased"—unbuckling the money belt under his shirt he shoved it across the desk—"collect in advance. If I should survive, you lose."

Moody handled with awe the belt, which was gorged like an anaconda with gold and notes. Sorley, still laughing, stripped off the doctor's coat and flung his shirt up over his eyes, while buckling the belt about his body. "Step wide of dark corners till after to-morrow, anyhow," he begged. "Twenty thousand dollars steps with you. Now, what about supper?"

Moody stared at him a moment, getting into his clothes. "Anything you like," he said, "we can get at the restaurant next door."

"There is a reason why I can't go to the restaurant—one enemy there would recognize me with my beard; three would recognize me without it. Dinner must be sent up—say it is for a sick patient—I will have four fried eggs, a double order of ham—"

Disturbed as he was, Moody held up his hand. "For a sick patient, 'tis monstrous—"

"Explain he has a tapeworm."

MOODY, half dazed, gave up argument and took the order. When he returned, as Mike Sorley was hiding in the kitchen, he was obliged to have the waiter set supper on the operating table, but the usual nerve of him had come back and he turned out the darky with a half dollar and the remark that his guests were due in a moment. A man who reminded him of a shaven lion stalked from the kitchen.

Not during supper would this Sorley, now stripped of his whiskers for action, talk, but raised a forbidding hand for silence; when they had finished, Moody himself carried back the dishes in a basket, and when he returned found the furniture of the room, a large one, moved into a pattern strange to himself but which in a way, y' understand, made the skeleton of the Grimshaw banking office.

Sorley stationed him against the wall at the front, and himself, after slowly ejecting the shells of his revolver, stood down the corridor formed by the furniture as a man would stand writing a check at the customer's desk. The revolver was in his coat pocket; he had instructed Moody, at a signal, to call "Line up," and step forward lively, and the doctor, entering into the spirit of the game, did so, laughing, while Sorley snapped at him with the forty-five. Then Sorley tried another position; they went through it several times.

Of course, Sorley had never gone into any job unless he could see his way out. Now he was being forced into one. "It has the sign up, 'No Getaway,' he decided. From that moment he watched with curiosity every little thing that went on, thinking, "Sure, I'll not be coming this way again."

The two began playing euchre; game after game ran against Mike for three solid hours. "I would like to win once more," thought Mike.

"I would not have diagnosed you as a man of such patience," laughed the doctor, who had been looking for an outburst.

"D' ye expect a road agent to unmask?" said Mike Sorley. Indeed, the face he wore was not that of the rollicking prospector, and now, laying down his hand, he said, "I see the cards hold nothing for me. Do you talk a while and I will listen."

"What about," asked his friend.

"Masks."

Which the doctor did; of the faces worn by different people in hours of pain, or fever madness, or unexpected recovery, or death.

Sorley, smoking his pipe and listening, said at last, "But you could not hide your face with a mask; 'twould somehow show through."

For a moment Moody considered. "But I did wear one," he said suddenly, "which disguised me even from myself—" and on the impulse told him of Allie McCall, who had torn it away.

Sorley thought: "Sure, a man may learn even on his dying day."

He said: "And so you have built up a practice among the paupers which Allie nurses—"

"But I collect in a way—"

For the first time that night the shaven lion of a man burst into a roar of laughter; and upsetting the table he tousled the doctor with a rough hand.

"Divil take you for a sorcerer," he said, "but there you deal me cards to play with. Now, give me a blanket and I will bunk on the operating table."

AT NINE-FIFTEEN the following morning, with Grimshaw's bank just opened for business, the banker sat within the railed space at the front, cashier and assistant were at their windows, and a single early customer was writing at the breast-high desk or shelf against the wall.

Then a man came in from the street, two more on his heels. "Hands high," said the first man in a voice that shattered the quiet of the bank. "Line up at the vault—not a sound!" to Grimshaw, who had let out a thin wail.

"Who would have guessed," the customer, unrecognized because of his shaven face, was thinking, "that Mr. Slater, of the woman's way of talking, could let out a yawp like that—" and he began the shooting. Slater lurched, straightened, answered, and Mike Sorley at the desk whirled half around to the left and then came stumbling and blazing at the three.

Slater was staggering back from the middle of the floor, his revolver held high and trying to bring it down. Sorley, stumbling from side to side through a sleet of bullets, snapped at one and then the other of Slater's men. One, shot through the head, pitched forward to Sorley's feet; the other listed, screamed and ran wildly. Still Slater staggered back, slowly, as if measuring his steps, little by little forcing down his gun. And Sorley, ten feet away, crouching, his teeth bared in a cougar's grin, held the fire of his gun. So roomy are those moments, y'understand, at the break of any big game, that Sorley had plenty of time to reflect:

"The dom double-crosser won't keep his head still enough to shoot through. And if I hit him in the body, down comes his gun on me—"

It had dropped down anyhow, at last. "Got you!" said Slater, the blood flying from his lips.

HE HAD Sorley, who for the only time in his life stood for an instant paralyzed in danger, staring at the man whose gun muzzle covered his heart. A wild look, as if he didn't believe what was happening, was on Slater's face; he took another back-step—said again in a thick, dead tone, "Got you—" and dropped dead as stone.

Sorley, with a broken shoulder bone, looked down at the two men he had been obliged to kill as his only way out of a bad job, and grinned horribly to find himself still alive.

"I'm the man you sent five hundred to when he was mangled beyant recognition," he told Grimshaw. "Are we squared?"

The banker nodded, and all at once howled and rushed to his vault, instead of looking after the wounded man who had protected it.

But Sorley only laughed; 'twas good to find himself coming alive out of a corner where all the night before he had figured only death waited him. "Two of those Jaspers emptied their guns at me," he said, wondering, "and Slater couldn't pull the trigger!"

He walked out unsteadily and to Moody's office, through the group that had run up, and, while Moody probed for the bullet, told him all about it. "I knew I wouldn't get five miles from camp," he said, "before those two Jaspers of Slater's would tie up old Casey and be riding to join their chief here."

Moody was puzzled. "And why did you run the chance of almost certain death," he asked, "to protect Grimshaw?"

"Because when I was mangled beyant recognition in the big wreck at Sterling he sent me five hundred dollars." And Doc had to laugh.

"'Twas Allie McCall sent the five hundred." He told the story, winding up, "And so yourself is Marty's Monument. Here is Slater's bullet."

(Continued on page 32)

The Turf's OLDEST STAR

By EARLE FERRIS

He wins on pure nerve at seventy

WHEN Death lifted "Pop" Geers out of the sulky, harness racing fans all over the country remarked: "There goes the last of the old-timers!"

But they were wrong.

Geers died at 73. At 70, Millard Sanders, trainer and driver of the famous Lou Dillon, has been driving winners on the half-mile tracks in Ohio.

Sanders has made one of the most remarkable comebacks in sport history. Three years ago, he had a stroke of paralysis. It rendered his entire right side useless. He couldn't lift his right hand. And hands to a harness race driver are everything.

There is a "pull" of between 50 and 150 pounds every time a trotter or pacer is driven. It takes an iron grip to make them "keep their head" and gait.

Sanders drove Lou Dillon to her record mile for trotting mares of 1:58½. He took the filly when she was only halter broken and trained her. On August 24, 1903, he drove her to her first two-minute mile.

When Lou Dillon began to fade, so did the fame of Sanders. But before the stroke he had driven Kentucky Lass, with a record of 2:09¼, to a victory.

While Sanders was in bed, the owner of Kentucky Lass took her out of Sanders' stables and gave her in succession to four other drivers. None could win with her.

After a year in bed Sanders was told he could do "light exercise." His first walk was twelve blocks to the May Company, a large department store. He was offered a job in the vacuum cleaner department. Could he sell vacuum cleaners? He didn't know—he had never tried.

Yet in the month of May he set a store record by selling forty-nine cleaners in one month. But he longed to get back in the sulky.

Not long afterward, Dr. W. C. Warner, owner of Kentucky Lass, had a caller. Sanders wanted to drive again. Dr. Warner was dubious, but he agreed. Dawn saw Sanders up "working" his horses. Then a special one-day meet was staged, and they lifted Sanders into the sulky behind Kentucky Lass.

"Surely that isn't Millard Sanders driving?" fans asked.

The race began. Sanders drove the mare to victory in two straight heats.

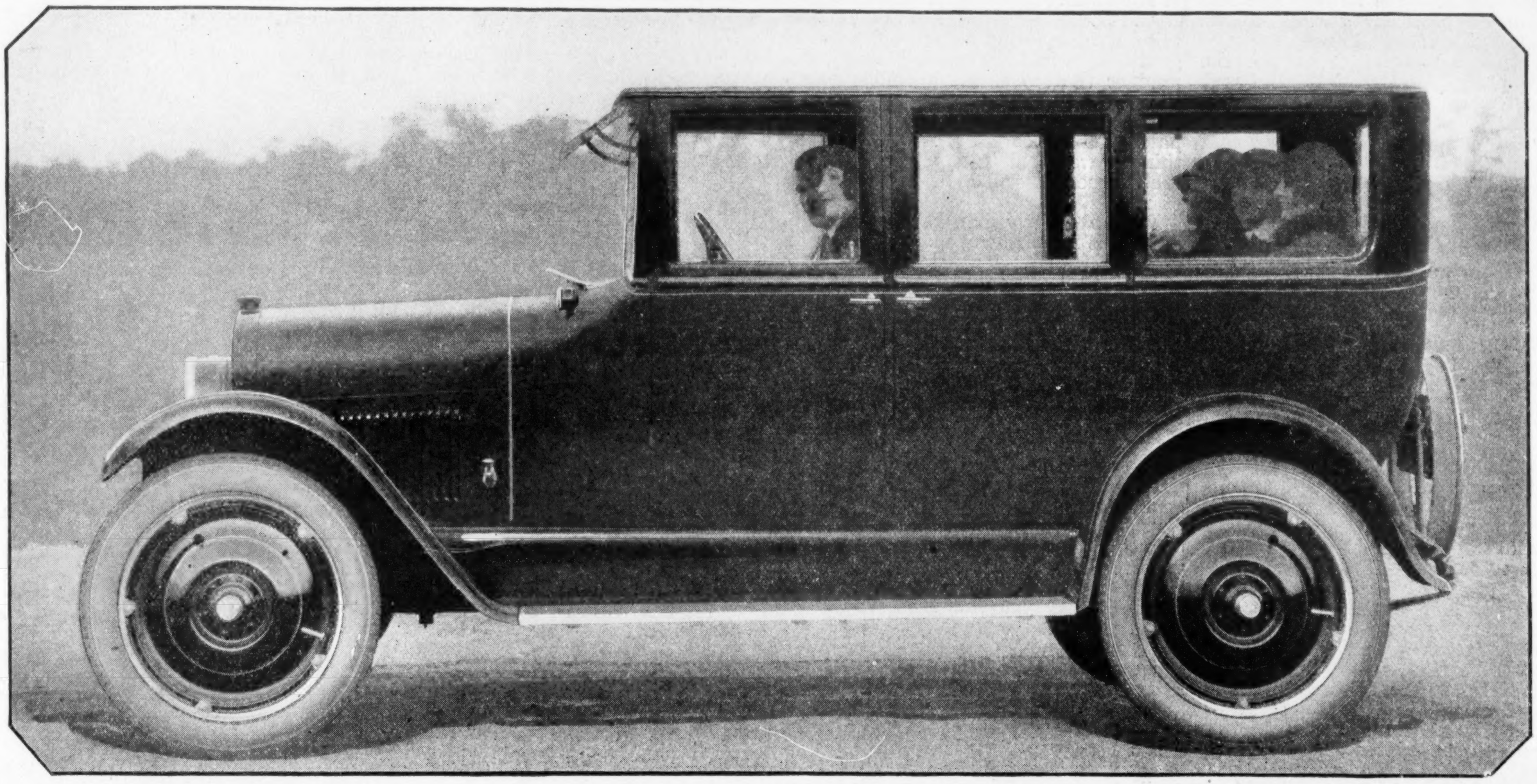
His legs had practically failed him, for he could barely walk, but his nerve and his hands had been faithful.

And that nerve is what counted.

"I'm getting a bigger stable ready for next year," says Sanders. "I think old Millard is going to surprise 'em again!"

DURANT FOUR

for VALUE



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The design, finish and interior appointments are in keeping with the high quality of the engineering. At the new low prices, the Durant offers great value per dollar of cost.

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It's a delight to drive a Durant

Marty McCall's Monument

Continued from page 30

The white flesh under his hand jumped as it had not done in all the probing, and to conceal the glare in his eyes Mike closed them entirely. Presently, his smashed shoulder dressed and bandaged, he inquired what manner of man was Grimshaw.

"Shall I gossip of my neighbors?" asked Moody. "Well, then, he has the repytation of being stingy." Sorley, remembering how the banker had left his wounded protector to run to his vault, nodded understandingly.

"And now," he said, "show me the photygraph of Allie McCall, who sent me the five hundred to become Marty's monument."

"Divil a picture I have of Allie," said Moody in distress. "I never thought to have a call like this."

"Tell me how she looks," said Sorley, with a queer expression, and listened not only for an hour, but most of the day, Moody between times going out to visit his pauper sick. Till lately no pauper had a right to get sick in Barlow.

ON THE return from the last trip he brought along a slim person in a dark dress, and cloak white with snow.

" 'Tis Allie," he said, and the burly outlaw beyant the candle sat judging them.

"Saints above," thought Sorley, who had not thought of the saints in twenty years. He had made Moody promise not to tell Allie that himself was the man who had received the monument money, and of course the girl knew him only as a prospector and friend of the doctor's.

Allie came forward and took his hand, complimenting him on the grand fight he had made against the hold-up men at the bank. Sorley held the little hand a moment.

"Ah, Docthor," he said, "I do not wonder at the happiness of ye with an angel of mercy at your side. Now begone, both of ye, out of my sight."

He drove them forth, Allie smiling and a little afraid, at the rough behavior. "Yet I know 'tis only a mask," she told Moody, walking with him through the snow.

All the way to the cottage they laughed and played in the snow, but in the house they treated each other in a formal way, without touch of hand or a glance that told anything but good fellowship. For Moody was too much of a man to be making love to the girl he was too poverty-stricken to marry, and even to that day so little sentiment had been shown that each wondered secretly if the other was in love. And they both were, tremendously, and there it ended, there being not even an excuse to hope.

Back at the office, Mike Sorley, his shoulder braced and left arm strapped to his side, buckled on his gun and sauntered out on business of his own. It took him to the bank where, the early winter dusk having fallen, Grimshaw had lighted a lamp and drawn down the curtain of the big window.

For a second the burly figure at the door and tap on the glass gave him a terrible fright. But on venturing close enough to recognize the prospector who had slain the bank raiders, he admitted Sorley and stood looking at him with fascination.

Sorley glanced over the famous battle ground with some curiosity and then took up his business which occupied about half an hour. Then the two walked the half block to Moody's office, where the doctor had now returned and was waiting his friend.

Moody was astonished by Grimshaw's call and still more by the dreadful appearance of him, pale as a corpse, with hanging jaw and trembling from head to foot. He dropped into the chair drawn up for him, and stared at Sorley, who was tilted back against the opposite wall and yawning indifferently.

Moody supposed the banker had come for medical attention and questioned him.

Grimshaw's voice was husky and hollow. "I'm far from well," he agreed. "The raid this morning and the bullets and dead men—" He gaped at Sorley and at an answering glance stumbled on rapidly. "But 'tis not that brought me here. Yesterday some cattle paper was taken up; I had forty thousand dollars in the vault this morning, all saved by the bravery of Mr. Sorley. I had been looking for him all day to reward him. He says for him to accept would make it blood money; he will take nothing. But he showed how my gratitude could be served and in a manner that gives me a double pleasure—"

Grimshaw faltered, turning a shade paler than before. "If I forget one thing I was told to say," he reflected, "the desperado will blow the lights out of me."

With a ghastly grin he began again. "There is in Barlow a man carrying on a noble work at a great sacrifice—'tis shame to all of us that we have let you bear the whole burden. For 'tis yourself, Dr. Moody, who, ever listening to the call of the afflicted wherever it comes from, have built up a pauper practice that has made you a pauper yourself. And that is a disgrace to the whole town."

" 'Tis only a professional duty, sir." Yet the face of the poor young man flushed with pride to hear his deeds so spoken of.

"Remember, you must give others a chance to help care for the sick poor," went on the banker, fumbling in his pocket. "On behalf of the sick poor of Barlow I pay you this fee so you can buy the needed instruments and keep up your practice among them—five thousand dollars. And I want no publicity."

He put the package into the hands of the paralyzed Moody, and tottered to his feet. "I'd appreciate it, Mr. Sorley," he said, "if you would walk home with me." He waved Moody away, and Sorley said:

"Doctor, wait here thirty minutes for me; I am going to stop at a friend's house and may spend the evening. So if I am not back in thirty minutes, don't wait."

TEN minutes later the banker stood at the door of Allie McCall.

"Put some heart into that knock, ye philanthropist," said Sorley, "and make the nice speech you have been taught. Remember, I'll be watching through the window."

And a nice speech he made to Allie, on the character of Marty, of whom she could never hear enough. "I have come to believe," he said, "that you did a noble thing with the five hundred, and some crippled man lives to-day as his blessed memorial." But he added that Marty should have his monument of stone also and laid down a thousand dollars. "Two hundred should raise the stone," he said, "and you can put the rest to charitable uses in memory of him."

Allie sobbed her thanks, for the thought of the bare, bleak grave of Marty had often troubled her. "I have felt all day," explained Grimshaw, "that I should do something in gratitude for my escape with life and money this morning."

He tottered out into the storm, Sorley joining him at the gate for a last word. A stiff one it must have been, the banker falling back in terror of him and stuttering promises that he would stand pat on the night's work. Then Sorley let him go, and returned into the yard, where from behind a tree he could look into the brightly lighted sitting-room.

It was several minutes before Moody arrived, and then Sorley could see them in the sitting-room. Formal they were, standing apart and telling each other the big news; then a sudden silence fell on them and they stood queerly downcast for such an occasion, their eyes on the floor. Wondering what was in each other's mind and heart, they were afraid to look up, yet they trembled, knowing the moment was at hand when the discovery must be made. And it was made, though never afterward could either remember how. And Sorley, the only witness, never testified.

The outlaw was determined to ride at once in spite of the storm, lest that shaven face of his be recognized by someone.

As he swung away, indifferent as a bear to the driving snow, he could but reflect on the whole strange adventure. Never had a fiercer rage seized him than when discovering that he had been mistaken in defending the mean-spirited Grimshaw as his former friend in need.

But now, remembering the suffering of Grimshaw when acting the philanthropist, he laughed with glee. And there seemed to have been a plan or purpose to it all, y'understand, to benefit Allie McCall.

"Sure, the saints have their own mysterious ways of getting good results out of battle and sudden death," he thought; "and yet 'twas proper that the man Allie helped at need should be the one to help her.

"Marty McCall's monument, I am," he went on, pondering, "unveiled to-day with ceremonies at the bank. Divil a bit did I care for the honor, and this time last night was figuring myself a dead man, though 'tis only natural a monument should remain when men have gone down. And after warning Slater I couldn't run out when he called me. Peace to his ashes, he was not a bad Jasper at all. Still, I would rather it was me than Slater saying the last sad words."

The New Hokum

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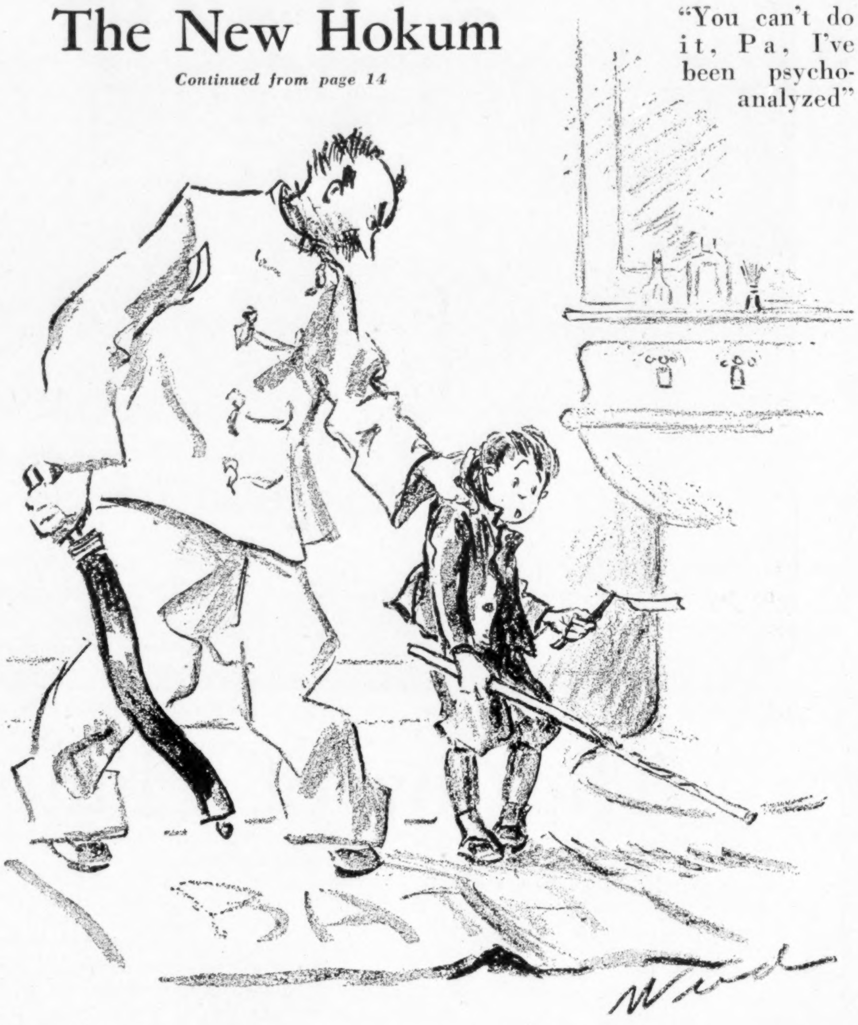

"You can't do it, Pa, I've been psycho-analyzed"

wealthy relatives employs one of the ablest psycho-lawyers of the day. The district attorney is a stern old antediluvian. Summing up the evidence he addresses the jury, in effect, as follows:

"There sits the big, burly brute without one glimmer of remorse in his pig-like eyes. You have heard the evidence. With all the gorilla strength of his athletic frame he picked up a smallish poet and threw him out of the window. The poet was famed for his kindliness, his helplessness and his radiant genius. He is a loss to literature. And as for the accused, what is he? A monster. A Caliban with the heart of Moloch. The evidence is all against him. I give you four minutes to find him guilty."

IN SPITE of a slight nervousness I retain my intellectual poise while the celebrated psycho-lawyer comes slowly to his feet.

"Gentlemen and ladies of the jury," he begins, "will all of you who understand psychoanalysis please arise?"

Since nobody nowadays will admit he doesn't understand psychoanalysis the jury pops up in a body.

"Be seated," says the lawyer gently, "and I will say a few simple words in behalf of the splendid citizen who now sits in the dock, falsely accused. From earliest childhood my client, in the detachment of his fine intellect, has pondered the theory that people falling from cliffs have their whole lives pass before them. No psychological laboratory in the world has been able to establish this theory.

"Experimentation, gentlemen and ladies, is the very heart of science. Roger Bacon in his cell informed his persecutors that nothing can be learned without it. Look upon my client, then, as a latter-day Bacon. He had only the kindliest feelings for the poet, now a happy sacrifice to science. For the facts must be known. And now they are established in the minds of a million scholars. You have heard the evidence. A struggle before an open window. A thud. One solitary Ouch. And the listening world knows the truth. In falling from a height the human mind does *not* review its past experiences. It thinks in monosyllables. It thinks of Ouch. What a gate of speculation is now opened to the intellectual world! New vistas broaden. My client has established a cult!

"I shall say no more, save to beg that this lofty genius shall be released from bondage."

"NOT GUILTY."

The cry rings like a college yell from the throats of twelve weeping jurors and juresses. I am interviewed, photographed, kissed and offered the presidency of the Society for the Promulgation of Psycho-Hokum. Only a faint refrain wanders illusively through the empty spaces of my inner mind or subconscious. It is a catchline from some ancient music-hall ditty which runs somewhat:

"O gosh! Do you wonder at crime?"

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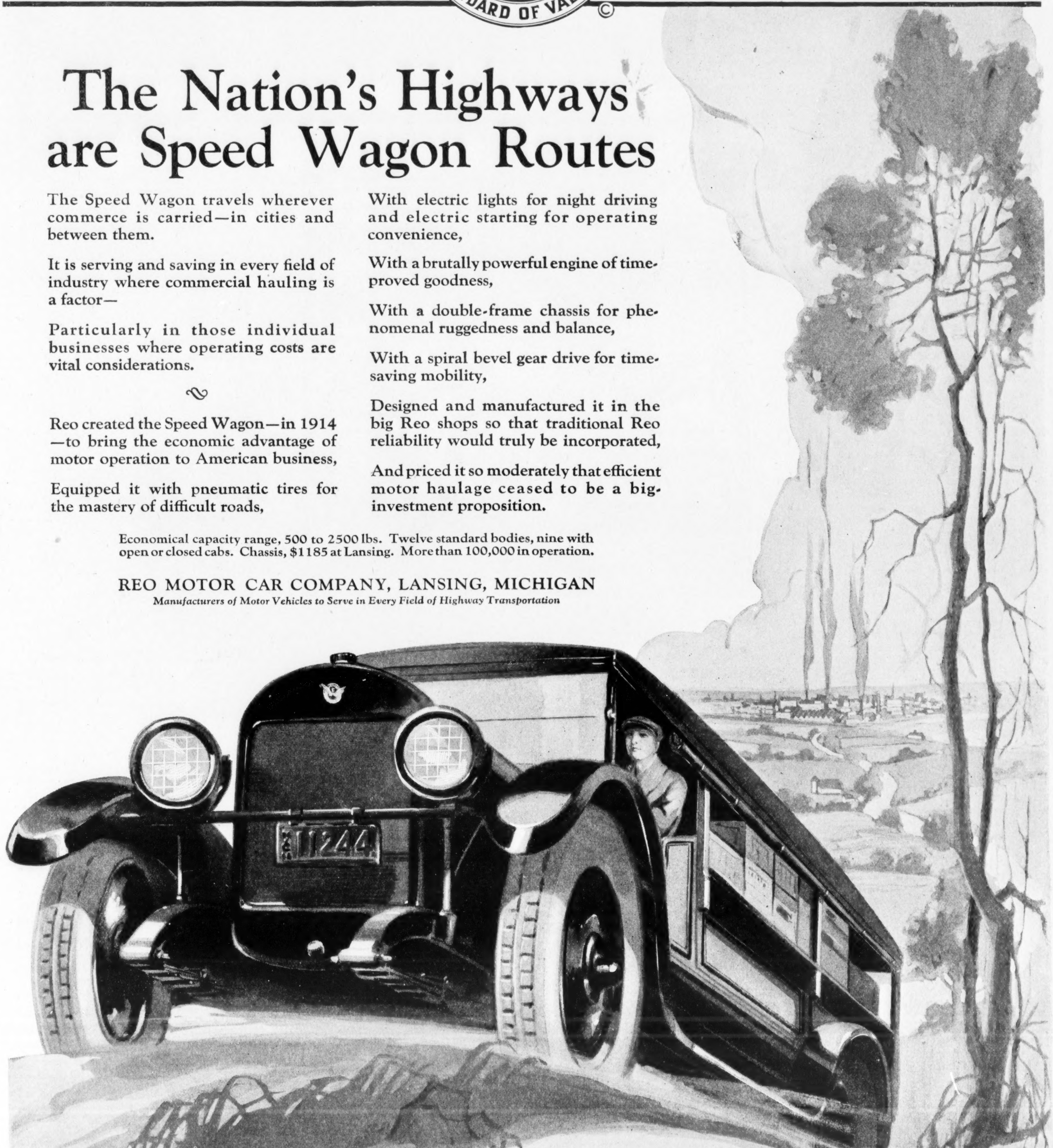


The First Requisite

Continued from page 16

mean way," she added, "but in a nice way. Can you understand what I mean?"

"I am not sorry for myself," said Mr. Smith with frankness.

"That's just what I mean," she explained. "So much of your life must be difficult for you, Mr. Smith—to live with people and among people, and yet to despise them."

"I do not despise them. I hold myself aloof, that is all. I rise above them."

"On what, Mr. Smith?"

"He waved a vague hand. "Upon my wings, Miss—Miss Huttin. You wouldn't understand."

She said slowly: "Of course you're kidding yourself—deceiving yourself. If you really are a poet, or an artist of any kind, you are naturally sympathetic—affected by every influence that may be about you, whether it's the sky or the stars or the person who lives next door to you. So actually you are far more dependent upon society and people than a person like me is. Did you ever think of that?"

Mr. Smith did not answer for a perceptible time. Then, slowly, he shook his head. "I never thought of that," he murmured. "And I thought I had thought of everything. No, I never thought of that. I must give it full consideration."

Said Mary, following up her sudden advantage: "Why do you call yourself a poet, Mr. Smith? Just because you write poetry? I've never seen anything you wrote. Have you ever had anything published?"

"You materialists!" was his only answer.

"But tell me," she pressed. "I'm interested."

"I think you are," he said deliberately. "I think—I can feel it within me, here," and he thumped his breast—"I feel that you are more inherently sympathetic than you yourself realize. But you are none the less a materialist. You ask me what I have had published. As if that mattered!"

"But doesn't it matter?"

"Not in the least, Miss Huttin. I am a poet because God made me a poet."

He wheeled upon her abruptly, caught her eyes with his and held them fast.

"It is not what I have done," he stated slowly, "but what I have it in me to do. I know—I know it as I know I am sitting here—that I have it in me to do one great thing. Laugh at me if you like, but never forget what I tell you to-night, for if God lets me live it shall be made a truth."

Mary Huttin did not move. She looked up at him steadily, conscious for the first time of a vague disquiet that was stirring strangely within her. Then she said evenly: "Mr. Smith, I am almost tempted to believe you."

Said he warmly: "It doesn't matter in the slightest whether you believe in me or not. It is not through the faith of anyone else that I shall enter the ranks of the Immortals. It must be through my own belief in myself, through my own faith. I have that faith, and I am glad—for faith in one's self, as you must know, is the first requisite to human greatness."

"That is just why I'm tempted to believe you," said Mary.

WHEN she went inside she found herself trembling slightly. She did not know why, except that perhaps she was suddenly angry at all these people who had leered and snickered at this young man who had bared part of his soul to her. She tossed her head defiantly. Then Tod Grannis was hovering at her side with his "Mary, old thing, isn't it about time for our dance?"

She nodded and smiled. But at Tod's punctual and grinning question as to how on earth she had let herself get hooked for three straight dances by that terrible literary egg of Don Chester's, Mary's smile froze upon her lips.

"He's a peach," she stated curtly. "You people ought to be ashamed of yourselves for razzing him the way you're doing."

Tod Grannis whistled softly. At the end of their dance he whistled again, but noiselessly, when the tall and urbane Mr. Smith strode out from the side of the room and again presented himself for Mary's consideration.

"But you don't dance," said the girl, laughing a bit unsteadily.

Mr. Smith bowed deeply. "All I can offer," he acknowledged, "is my company and the sharing of a thought that has just occurred to me."

"The sharing of a thought?"

"Yes."

"But can't it be shared in here, and with Mr. Grannis?"

Mr. Smith bowed again. "I perceive," he said slowly, "that my attentions are not so welcome as I had believed they might be. In that case—"

"Oh, don't be a boob!" said Mary quickly, and seizing his arm once more led him out upon the veranda. There she laughed again. "You're such a child," she told him. "I don't like your glasses or your necktie or your haircut or your trousers or your manner, Mr. Smith, but for some idiotic reason I like you. What are you going to do about that situation?"

He gave her one of his protracted blinks.

"Do about it? Must I do anything about it?"

"Absolutely not," said Mary. "Now what about your thought?"

"It is less a thought, Miss Huttin, than a series of interrelated thoughts. In essence, however, it is this: By sheer accident I meet this evening a young woman who challenges me and I have determined to accept the challenge."

The eyes of the tall young man narrowed behind their glasses.

He said: "I shall move to Aldervale as soon as I can make the arrangements. And then we shall see."

Mary looked at him with apparent mildness. "And what shall we see?" she asked.

"We shall determine by what right, if any, you have been able to nettle me so. For you have, Miss Huttin—you have annoyed me. You have thrown a monkey wrench, as the phrase has it, into my peace of mind. That cannot be tolerated. My peace of mind is as essential as my mind itself. The two are indivisible." He ran his fingers slowly through his shaggy black hair. "Perhaps," he added, as if speaking to himself, "perhaps you are destined to be my cross. One must have a cross. Well, if that is the case, I suppose I shall have to bear you."

"Go right ahead," said Mary in a low, level voice. "Speak freely, Mr. Smith. Say anything you like. I'm only a girl."

Said he: "That is the difficulty, Miss Huttin. Otherwise I could dismiss you," he snapped his fingers, "like that. But as it is—"

"As it is," said Mary, rising swiftly to her feet, "it seems to be left to me to dismiss you. And I think I shall, Mr. Smith. Will you please escort me back to the door?"

He stared up at her blankly.

"Merciful heavens!" he muttered, scowling in sudden perplexity. "Must I marry this woman to put her in her place?"

The girl looked down at him, aghast. Then her expression began to change, and abruptly she laughed.

"That's a lovely thought," she said with smiling sarcasm. "In fact it's a remarkable thought. The only thing is—suppose this woman, as you so gallantly call her, has her own ideas on the subject?"

"She will have no ideas," stated Mr. Smith gloomily. "One way or the other, she will be as helpless as I will be."

THAT some of this conversation should become known to two or three of Mary Huttin's closest friends was not exactly surprising. Nor was it astounding, in consequence, that various versions of it, some better than others, should presently begin to be heard here and there in Aldervale; here and there and, eventually, everywhere. The sum of Aldervale's judgment was that Mary had got her just deserts for wasting an evening on a nut. When this came back to Mary, as come back it would, she laughed good-naturedly.

Then Mr. Smith appeared abruptly in Aldervale and presented himself that evening at the Huttin home. Mary grimaced but asked him in.

He said: "I am living here now. I shall continue to live here until we get this thing settled."

"What thing?" asked Mary wearily.

"Your ability to upset me, Miss Huttin. I have thought of little else for days."

Mary looked at him carefully, measuring him. Unquestionably he was impossible, and yet there was that about him—an assurance, a calmness—that made one wonder what manner of man this individual might be. He was—Mary sought for the word—provoking.

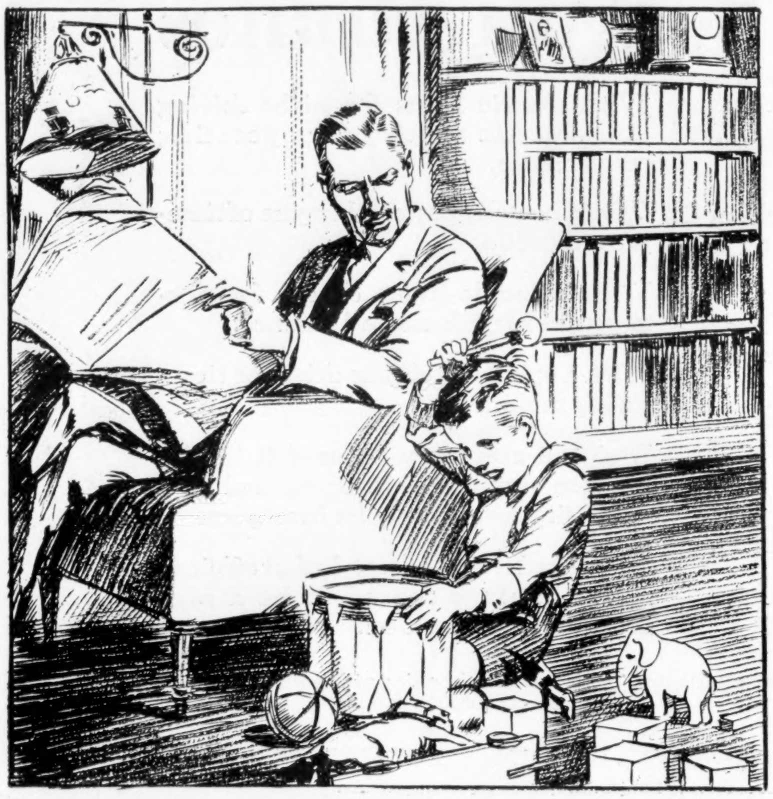
Said she: "If you have something on your mind that you want to settle, can't we settle it right here and now?"

"I wish we could," he replied mournfully. "It—it confuses me, Miss Huttin. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. You—you irritate me, and at the same time you seem to draw me toward you. I fight it constantly, just as you fight my attraction for you. It is making us both miserable."

For a moment Mary could only stare at him. Then she managed to say, "You assume a great deal."

He said simply and with a boyish smile: "I assume nothing. But as I

(*Continued on page 36*)



"Their Child is Terrible!"

IT DOESN'T have to be. "They" are actually doing something about it. There is nothing else in the world like the Habit Clinics for children in the city of Boston, and there are eight different ones, each for the purpose of helping us with our difficult children. Five of these clinics are under the direction of the state of Massachusetts, Dr. Douglas A. Thom in charge. Three of them are under the Boston Community Health Association. They are there to help parents keep peace in the home by studying their children and tipping off Father and Mother when they start to doctor up a mean temper.

The clinics are for weary parents who have children who just won't eat the wholesome food they require; who respond to discipline by kicking and screaming; who boss the household like tyrants; who are too shy to play happily with other children; who begin to lie and steal.

Dr. Thom has laid down some rules or suggestions. Of course he blames us parents, but forgive him that and let him speak out loud about tantrums. A child should never have a temper tantrum, screaming, holding his breath, driving the rest of us crazy while he tries to kick the lamp off the table.

Dr. Thom asks: "Does he gain something by having them?"

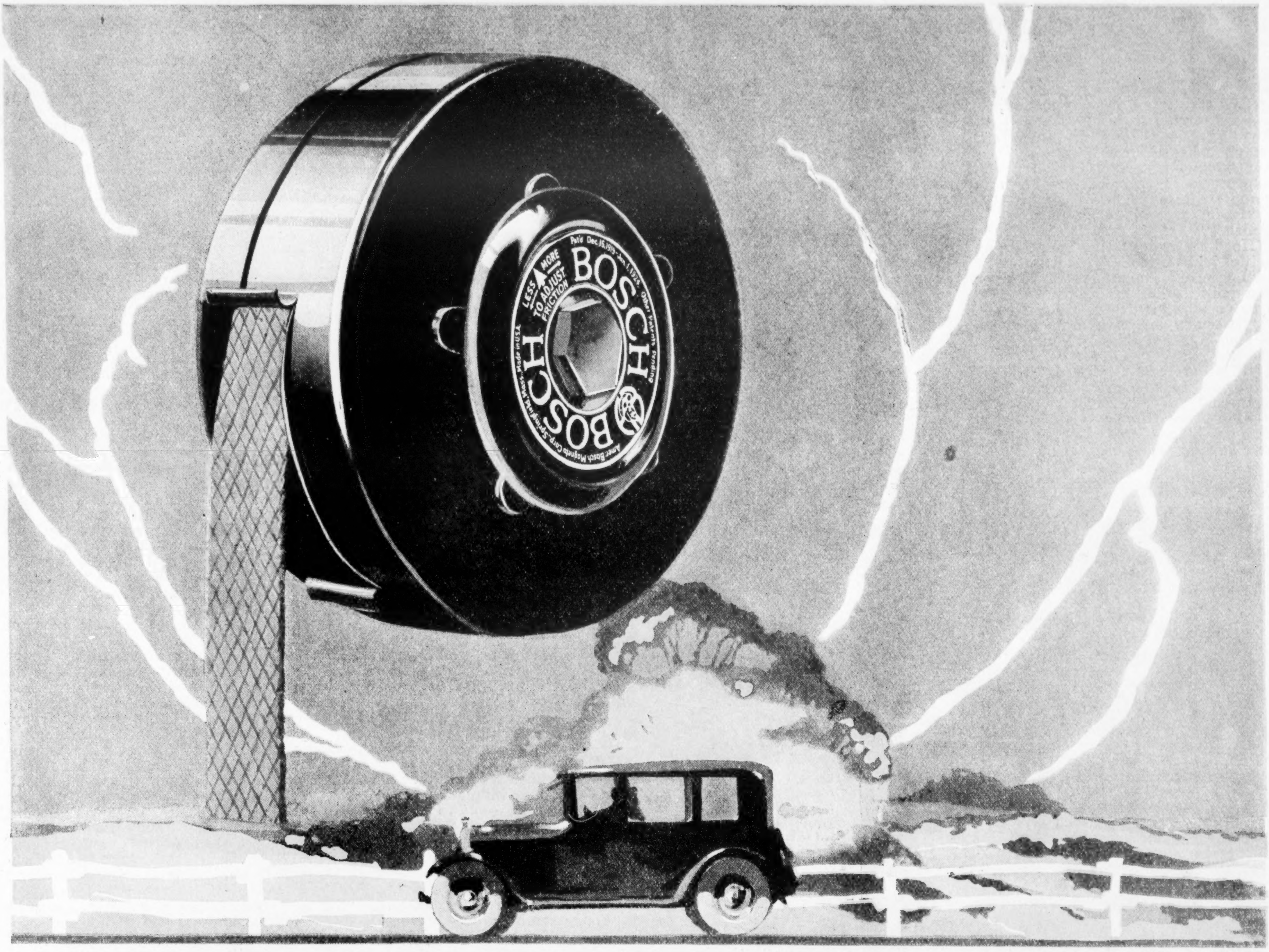
We now turn detective. When you have trouble do you say sweetly: "Willie, stop now, stop *now!* I'll give you a piece of cake." If you do, he stops. He has obtained what he was after. Or maybe he merely wants to be the center of attention; or perhaps he wants to get his way about not taking a bath.

Temper tantrums—all this is from the Habit Clinics, of course—may be caused by insufficient rest and sleep, overexcitement, such as being taken to the movies, shopping in crowds or showing off before his elders. Don't do it. Once the habit is on, it's hard to remove it. It may be due to insufficient play, to being cooped up.

Maybe you yourself cause them! Do you get "mad"? Your child will imitate you. Do you shout "stop," "be quiet," "get down," "come here"? It irritates the kid and makes him yell at you. Do you tell others how terrible he is, how naughty? You are suggesting that he be naughty; and every one of us is very susceptible to suggestion. Do you encourage a clinging attitude toward yourself? He knows screaming will hold you back or make you take him along. Do you scold him for doing today what you let him do yesterday? Then he is puzzled. You must be firm, definite and fair. Do you explain things to him or do you punish him without his knowing why?

To cure tantrums, Dr. Thom first finds out *why* they occur. If your child's health is all right ask yourself these five questions:

Does he use the tantrum to get his own way? Show him that won't work on you! If he uses it to get attention, pay no attention to the tantrum but praise some good thing he does. Is it to get a bribe? Stop bribing him. Is it due to lack of play? Give better play opportunities. Is the cause in yourself? Control your temper and habits, no matter how much courage it takes, because it is worth while. HAROLD CARY.



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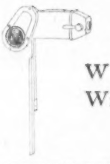

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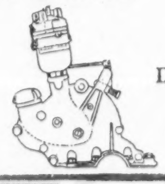

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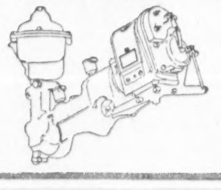

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The First Requisite

Continued from page 34

once pointed out to you, much to your annoyance, I am not an imbecile. I am not trying to insult you with callow attentions, Miss Huttin. I am simply endeavoring to work out a problem by facing it honestly and without hypocrisy. If you would only be willing to do the same thing—"

"I am willing to be honest, Mr. Smith."

He drew a deep sigh of relief and actually grinned.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "whether you and I are falling in love? You see, I never have before—so I don't know."

"Of course not," scoffed the girl. But a pink flush crept slowly across her cheeks.

"If we are," he continued, "it is certainly different from the process I had pictured."

"Don't most things in life turn out that way?" said Mary with an attempt at a laugh. Then she caught herself. "Oh, I didn't mean that in the way you'll probably take it! I meant—"

The young man smiled.

"What you think you mean or what I think I mean can't matter in the least," he asserted kindly. "The only important thing is the actuality, and time alone can reveal that. Six months from now you and I either will have forgotten each other, or else, very likely, we'll be married."

"I don't believe it," retorted Mary stoutly.

"You mean you don't want to believe it," he corrected. "Well, there is no use worrying about it, Miss Huttin. What is to be will be. Shall we talk about something else?"

FROM that time on, as far as Aldervale was concerned, it was as if Mr. Charter Oak Smith, the self-confessed poet, had cast a spell over Mary Huttin; cast a spell over her and woven a web about her. There were many in Aldervale who would have welcomed an excuse to lay hands upon Smith.

Foremost among these, naturally enough, was Mary's father. Whenever he saw Mr. Smith, which was often, Harkness Huttin's normally genial features twisted themselves morosely into a glowering scowl.

On a certain Monday morning, therefore, he was somewhat disconcerted when his secretary entered his private office bearing upon her lips a mystic and startling name. Mr. Huttin stared at her astounded. Then, collecting himself, he grunted, "Send him in." By the time Mr. Smith entered the room Mary's father was able to greet him with an impassive countenance.

"Sit down," he commanded.

Smith sat down.

After a moment the visitor cleared his throat. Then he said, "Mr. Huttin, I have come to ask you a question."

"You have the privilege of asking any question," Mary's father stated. He stressed the syllable *ask*.

Said Smith: "Mr. Huttin, as a successful business man, do you believe in the theorem that self-confidence is the first requisite to human greatness?"

This was not exactly the question Mr. Huttin had expected. He betrayed this by the shadow of a blink, but otherwise his face remained as the face of one who plays winning poker. He said: "Precisely, if you please, what do you mean by that question?"

"I mean exactly what I said," Smith informed him. "What else could I mean?"

"Goodness knows," the elder avowed. Then he added: "If you want an answer, the answer is yes. Self-confidence, as such—which means self-confidence as distinguished from self-conceit—is essential, I should say, to any success."

YOUNG Smith slapped himself so heartily upon the knee that the older man started in his chair. On top of this, after a perceptible moment, the visitor began to laugh.

"Very amusing," he spluttered, "very amusing indeed. Oh my, yes, most amusing!"

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Huttin, his brows furrowing darkly.

"Your daughter once gave me the answer to that one," said Smith pleasantly. "The answer—I think I recall it correctly—the answer is 'You should.' However, in this case I am not sure that you should. Perhaps I should beg yours. In any event let me assure you that the joke, such as it may be, is distinctly on me. You say you believe that self-confidence is essential to success. That seems to be the unfortunate consensus of opinion. Another man told me that years ago, before I had really matured."

"Years ago?" Mr. Huttin queried smoothly. "And you have matured since?"

Said Smith: "I perceive, if I may say so, that you are your daughter's father. Really, old man, I congratulate you most—"

"Don't you dare call me old man!"

"But I did dare. What I mean is, a word is like an arrow loosed from a bow. One cannot call it back. However—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Harkness Huttin.

"Presently," said Charter Oak Smith. "Presently I shall even leave this room. Eventually I shall die. But in the meantime—"

"Go on," snapped Mary's father.

"Precisely," the other agreed. "As I say, I was once told that self-confidence was the first requisite to human greatness. The man who told me this was, to all appearances, a most successful man. To-day, I believe, he is what they call a captain of industry. 'Charter,' he said to me, 'you must develop your self-confidence—' "

"You certainly did," Mr. Huttin observed acidly.

"Didn't I?" said Smith. "I developed it perfectly, don't you think? I read books. I attended lectures. I followed every rule. But I want to tell you"—he leaned forward confidentially—"I want to tell you that the seed fell on barren ground. That, sir, is my tragedy."

"What are you getting at, young man?" Harkness Huttin demanded irritably. "My time is rather valuable, particularly on Monday mornings."

"Mine is not," his visitor stated pleasantly. "However, I shall not detain you long. I wish merely to arrive at an understanding." He hesitated, caught himself, leaned forward again. Then he said slowly, "I don't mind fooling Mary, because I love Mary, but I don't think I ought to fool you."

Mr. Huttin found himself upon his feet. "What!" he roared.

"I say, I don't mind fooling Mary, because, you see, I love her and mean to marry her. In fact, my problem is how to continue to fool her. That is why I am here, chiefly. But I do not wish to fool you. Don't you understand, sir? It's very clear to me."

Mary's father sank into his chair. "For the love of Pete!" he whispered, and gasped at the ceiling. Then he roused himself. "Say your say," he ordered. "Say your say, and then I'll say mine."

The younger man bowed.

"My say, after all, is quite brief." He hunched his chair closer to that of the elder, then looked over his shoulder with an expression of caution. "No one must know," he whispered. "I shall tell you because I must, and you"—he bowed again—"will tell no one. The truth"—and now suddenly Smith smiled—"the truth, Mr. Huttin, is that I have no self-confidence whatever."

"What?"

"Precisely what I say. I have no self-confidence at all. I—I—well, privately, I cannot overcome a feeling that I am extremely unimportant in the general scheme of things. I—you see, it worries me, Mr. Huttin. I want to amount to something. I have always wanted to amount to something. I know that the first requisite is self-confidence. That is why I have tried to develop it." He shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't it, though. I must be perfectly frank. I can never amount to anything, for I have no more self-confidence than a—than a jackrabbit."

Harkness Huttin's jaw had slowly sagged open. Now it clicked shut and he said, "Not jackrabbit—jackass."

"A jackass has confidence," the poet corrected him quietly. "I am not even a jackass, Mr. Huttin." He shook his head slowly and resumed speaking, as if to himself. "No, I lack it. I lack the essential requisite. Now how can I marry a fine girl like Mary—"

"You are not going to marry Mary," said Mary's father coldly. "That's one point on which you may relieve your mind right now."

Charter Oak Smith smiled patiently. "But I am," he said. "Perhaps not yet; perhaps"—he gestured—"not for twenty years. That depends upon my own adequacy. You see, Mr. Huttin, I have failed in the matter of self-confidence. It scarcely matters what others think—although I do admit it is rather pleasant to have them believe I possess it—as long as I, and now you, know the truth."

"Oh, do I?" muttered the older man. "You lack nerve, is that it? Proceed, young man. Tell me more."

"PRESENTLY, presently, Mr. Huttin. I—you see, it is a little difficult, to confess one's self a failure when nobody else knows it."

"Ha!" burst out from Mary's father.

"You laugh," said Smith. "You laugh because you mistake my meaning. Yet I am right. People may believe one thing or another, but nobody knows that I know how futile I actually am."

A quick new glint of appraisal flickered for an instant in the older man's eyes. "Better if they did know," he mumbled. "They'd like you better."

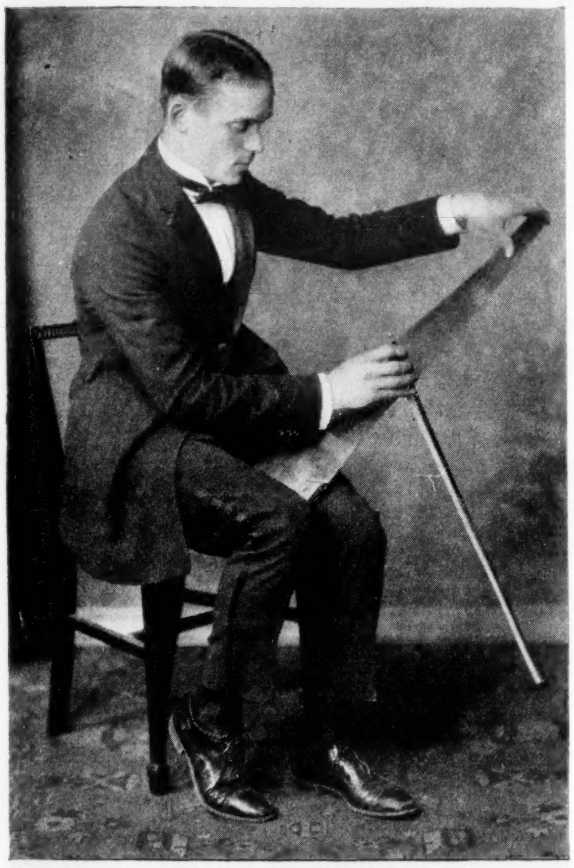
The poet nodded.

"Perhaps they would," he conceded slowly. "Perhaps it would be better. You see, I have only thought of it recently—and now it is too late."

"What do you mean, too late?"

"Mary," said the young man succinctly. "I am rather sure she cares for me, Mr. Huttin, just as I care for her. I haven't really spoken to her, but—well, I know; that's all. A person

(*Continued on page 38*)



And Music in Everything

By
GRACE PERKINS

Charles Guglieri plays the saw in a large New York church

WE'VE been using automobile tire pumps for a good many years; but until Wilbur Hall did a little original experimenting with them there was one thing, at least, about them that we did not know. We didn't know that we could play tunes with them!

In January, 1924, Mr. Hall discovered music in the tire pump. Since then he has made a scientific study of pumps and their musical possibilities, and he has developed a perfect pump-music scale. Not long ago he actually played on his pump in Carnegie Hall, New York.

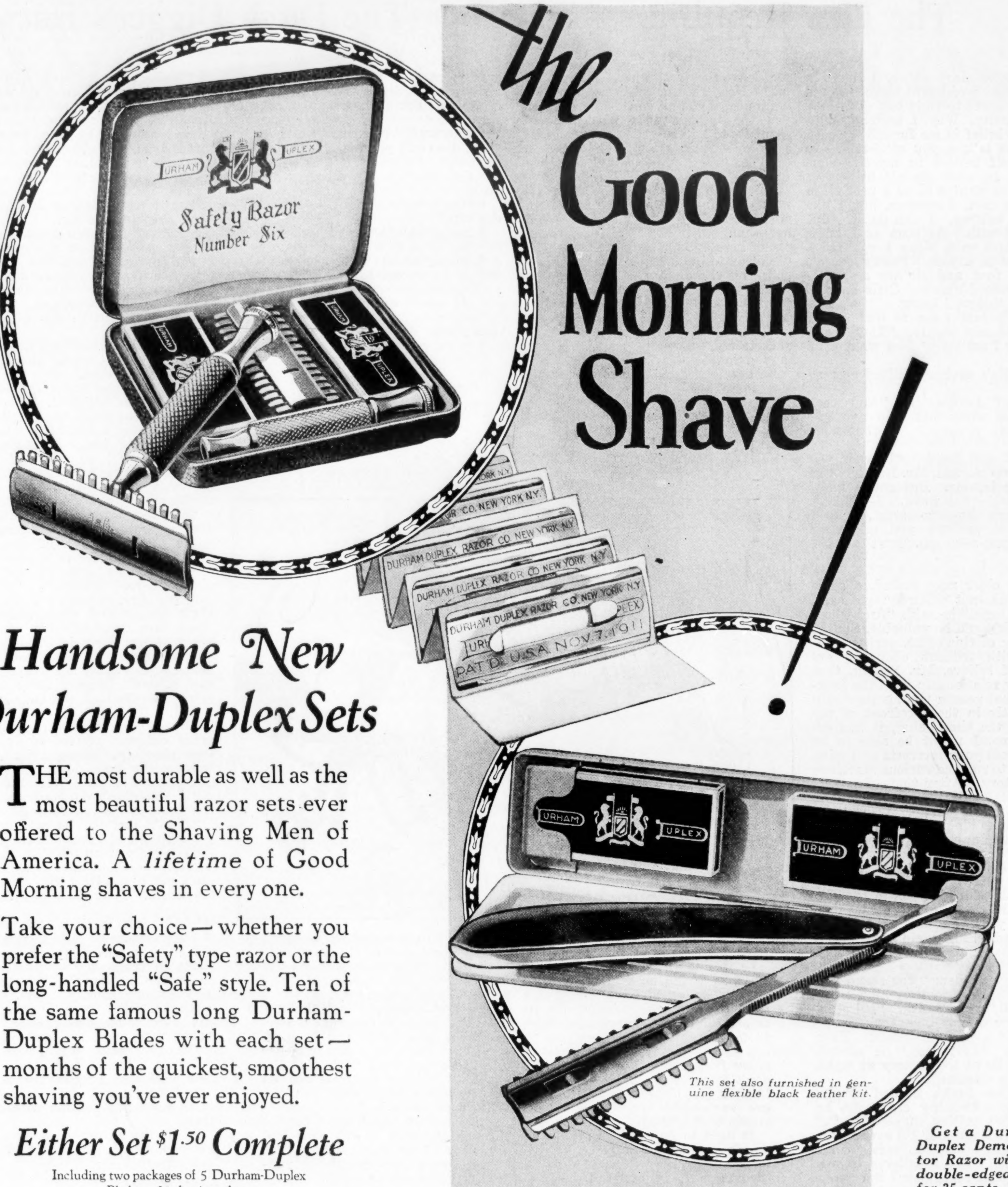
No doubt you have never turned your pump into a musical instrument; but how about the homely saw? Did you ever play on a saw? Well, it is possible to play on one; indeed during the past year the music saw has become an accepted orchestral instrument.

Charles Guglieri—a New Yorker—is an authority on the saw. While he was not the discoverer of the scale in a saw (the contention for that credit waxes hot over the entire country), he has perfected saw playing to the point where he now records for leading mechanical firms! Those who attend Our Lady of Solace Church of New York City can hear him play the "Meditation" from "Thaïs" during a High Mass, or perhaps hear him play a requiem during a funeral service, or the "Lohengrin" march accompanied by an organ during a wedding.

The saws are not especially made; they are the common ordinary woodchuck variety! But nowadays the biggest saw manufacturers in the country give the largest music houses in the country a first choice of their saws! They are carefully tested for perfection of balance, even flexibility and for fine temper of steel. The saw is played with a violin or cello bow or a little wooden hammer. Try it.

Have you ever taken two or three dozen tumblers—ordinary drinking glasses—and tapped them with a fork? You will find that each glass has a different tonation. You can arrange the glasses to make a perfect scale. Try it some time, and see if you can pick out "Home, Sweet Home" without breaking up housekeeping!

Here's another one. Can you pick out on the piano the *exact* tone that your poker chips make when you clank them together in a heap?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Please send me a Durham-Duplex Razor with one blade.
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Safety style ☐
Long handled "Safe" style ☐

The First Requisite

Continued from page 36

can tell. And Mary—Mary believes in me. It's very wonderful to be believed in, but it's quite terrible too. It's—it's a responsibility. Why, I wouldn't shatter Mary's belief in me for anything on earth. I've talked, you see—talked to make myself believe in myself—done everything to make myself believe in myself. I've wanted to be a poet. I'm an inferior poet, I suppose, but I like it. I like writing. I can do it. But that's over with. As soon as I knew I was in love with Mary I realized I could never be a poet. Poetry doesn't buy—well, food and clothes and doctors and trained nurses. Girls have to have those things, I know.

"I've only just come to understand that," Smith said simply. "That is one reason why I am here. I—I want your help."

Mr. Huttin's eyebrows lifted ever so slightly.

"My help?" he queried. "And what form do you want that help to take? A settlement, perhaps? Is that your idea?"

"Oh, no!" said Smith. "I—well, you see, I've never worked, Mr. Huttin. I've had a little income. But now I know I must work—real work. I—I don't exactly know how to start, and I thought that perhaps you might be able to suggest a—a job. Isn't that the term?"

NOW the older man smiled, a smile that was not entirely pleasant. "That's the term," he said. "And where do you think you'd be valuable, Smith? As manager of this office, perhaps?"

Said Smith without changing expression: "I believe, Mr. Huttin, that I denied my relationship with the jackass. For that reason the managership is not exactly in the forefront of my mind. For the time being, it has occurred to me, I might be able to be helpful to both your interests and mine by learning to run the various machines in your factory. After that—"

"Impossible," said Mr. Huttin grimly.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Huttin, that there is no single machine in your factory that I am capable of operating, with these hands"—he held them out—"and with this brain?" He tapped his head.

Mr. Huttin chuckled abruptly. He said, "I can think of one machine, Smith, that you are competent to run."

"That's splendid," said the other. "I'll learn the rest. What do I do with that one machine?"

Said Mary's father: "You stand and watch it. That's absolutely all."

"Very well," said Smith. "I'll start to-morrow morning."

Mr. Huttin opened his mouth. Then he closed it. "Very well," he agreed, "you shall. Be at the factory at eight. Report to the timekeeper."

Charter Oak Smith nodded slowly. Then, his face twisting crookedly, he smiled. "That settles one end of it," he said. "I'll learn and I'll earn. But the other thing—what on earth can I do about that? Mary believes in me. She is sure that some day I am going to do something—something big. It's my fault, Mr. Huttin. I—I've kept telling her. I'd rather go away and never see her again than disappoint her, disillusion her."

Harkness Huttin looked steadily at the young man before him. Then he said quietly: "I wouldn't go away just yet, Smith."

"But, Mr. Huttin, I don't know anything about women. What on earth am I going to say to her?"

The older man wheeled upon him almost sharply.

"You say Mary believes in you?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"And she thinks you've got it in you to amount to something?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Well, Smith, suppose you go tell her just what you've told me here this morning. Tell her every word of it."

"But, Mr. Huttin—"

"Tell her every word, young man, and leave the rest to her. Do you hear me? Now get out of here. No—wait a minute. Look me in the eye. Haven't you the faintest idea what the first requisite to human greatness really is?"

"Why—why, I thought—"

"The first requisite," said Mary's father slowly, "the first requisite for any man is a woman who believes in him. If you've found your first requisite, and if she loves you and if you love her—hang on to her for life. Now get out of here and let me go to work. I've promised to build Mrs. Huttin a greenhouse off the dining-room, and I don't intend to disappoint her either. And greenhouses, like everything else, have to be earned."

Charter Oak Smith rose to his feet uncertainly. Then he found his hand in a grip like steel, and presently, a little bewildered, he was on his way to Mary.

The Ditch Digger's Hat

Continued from page 24

was more than merely picturesque; it was bloodcurdling. Verily he hated Fiaschetti but scorned him in as great measure.

"Fiaschetti," he spat. "He is a dirty fake. He can't get you. He couldn't get anybody. Fiaschetti? The ———!"

"You know him?" I asked respectfully.

"Fiaschetti? That ———. Who doesn't?"

I assure you it was remarkable to be talking to such a man.

I persisted in my gloom and was not to be moved to gayety. Mike was picking up. He was by way of reviving his old care-free nature.

"Ah, but you wouldn't be so sure if Fiaschetti were after you," I cried a few days later.

"Maybe he is after me," sneered Mike.

"He *is* after you?" I asked.

"Well, I was mixed up in some trouble down in New York and I got a tip that he had connected me with the job. He doesn't know I know it, but I got word that he's been hunting around my neighborhood looking for me. He is a fool, an imbecile. He will never get me. I am safe up here."

The next day Casalino and I sat under a tree drinking hard cider. He was drinking deeply. His mood was expansive. I took care to drink little and I continued in my gloomy rôle.

"It is all very well for you," I said. "He's not after you so strong. You weren't mixed up in anything serious. I bumped off a couple of boobs. Maybe you heard about it. Up in the Bronx."

"Cigar store?"

"That's it. They'll get me if they get anybody. That's why they put Fiaschetti on the case."

The hard cider was doing noble work. Casalino was boastful.

"Ever hear about that Holback business on Long Island?" he jeered.

"Somebody hurt, wasn't there?"

"The fools," he said. "Why didn't they keep quiet? Well, I was in that job with some friends."

"Maybe I know some of them."

"Maybe you do." And Mike named four men. I knew two of them. Thugs. I had arrested both of them several times. One I caused to be sent to prison.

"Don't know them," I said. "Guess they are good fellows."

"They are, although I didn't know them long. Met them playing pool. They are professionals. Asked me about things down in Ozone Park. We got talking about that road house. I said there was money there and they said it would be good for a stick-up. I didn't like the idea, but they said I was a fool.

"But we didn't get anything. The crazy old man started to fight. There was shooting. He got it. The old woman, she came down the stairs and grabbed one of the boys and she got it."

"If you didn't do the shooting, they won't be after you strong."

"That's just it," he said quietly. "I got excited and gave it to the old man."

"The old woman too?"

"No. Zambelli shot her. But they can't get him. He's the wisest guy in the world. They can't get me either."

THAT night I enlisted the sheriff. In the morning he joined me and I told the *padrone* who I was and what was about to transpire. He went upstairs and told Casalino that a man wanted him in the parlor.

He descended the stairs, half asleep. His eyes distended crazily when he looked into my face—and pistol.

"Mike," I said, "I'm Fiaschetti."

Before I took him to the Tombs in New York City I let him spend a night in a Brooklyn police station. The poor devil wanted to see his wife and children.

When the miserable woman left the police station with her children Mike was weeping.

"I'm still your friend," he told me. "I'll help you now."

And from what he told me I was able to round up the others—Zambelli, Nicholas Chiusano, Tony Bruno, Paul Ricci, Francesco Riolo and Rocco Braccia.

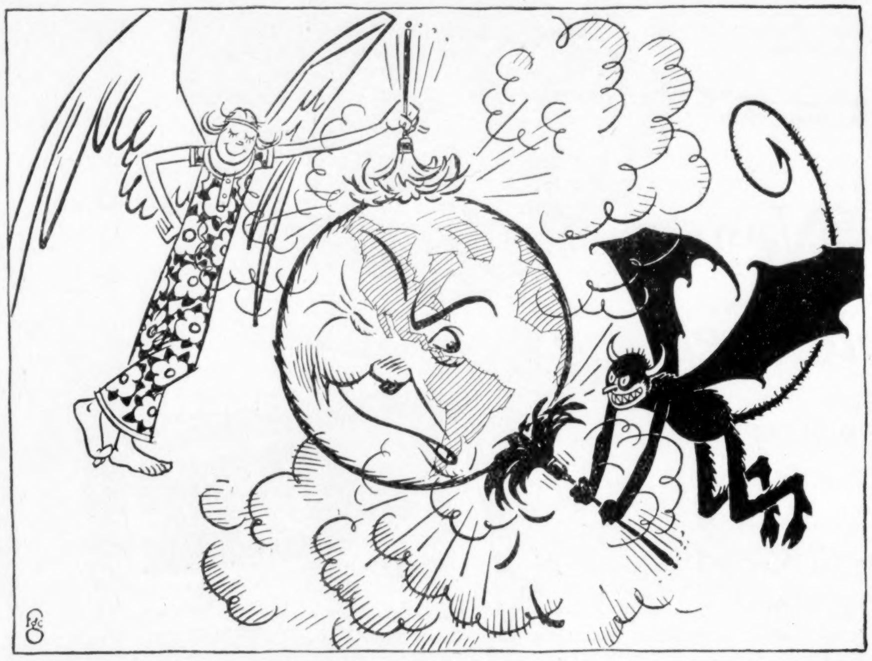
Chiusano, Bruno, Ricci and Riolo were sent to prison for long terms. Braccia, as a reward for taking the witness stand against his associates, received his freedom. Reward, did I say? Well he was shot "by person or persons unknown." He was at liberty only two days.

Mike Casalino and Zambelli went to the chair. I tried to save Mike—pleaded for his life on my knees. The District Attorney, O'Leary of Queens, too. But the governor decided that the sentence must be executed.

Just before he died Mike handed Father Cashin, the priest at Sing Sing, a letter. It was for me. In it he told me that he died my friend. And would I help his wife and children? I have helped them.

JUST DUST

By RICHARD J. WALSH



WE got to thinking about dust after reading a recent talk by Professor Winslow of Yale, in which he said:

"*Dust is a bad thing and also a good thing. It is possible for us to see light only through particles in the air, and a constant rain of dry dust comes into the atmosphere from the stellar spaces. We don't know much of many industrial dusts. Coal and cement dusts are responsible for much pneumonia and bronchial trouble.*"

It used to be said that "dust is merely matter out of place." Now it is known that a great deal of the dust is just where it is because it serves a real purpose.

Without atmospheric dust we should have no gorgeous sunset clouds, no slow twilight.

Without dust the moist air would keep our clothes clammy and our walls and furniture constantly damp. Rain would fall suddenly without forming into clouds, and in huge splashing drops.

It is in the dust that we see the rays of light slanting through a window, it may be from the lofty reaches of a cathedral, or from the tiny dormer of a cottage.

Meteors send us a constant flow of starry dust. Volcanoes and forest fires hurl up earthy dust and it floats far. Cities and country roads raise their own dust; and so do men working in factories and mines. Miners die below ground because coal dust explodes. But this can be prevented by spraying the ribs and roof of the mine with rock dust. The dust in shops can be caught and measured, and means found to check it.

The first household task that the little girl learns is dusting. Thereafter she goes through each morning of her life with a duster in her hand, fearing that ultimate disgrace of having someone see on her furniture "dust that you can write your name in."

The barefoot boy drags a big toe through the dust of the road and dares the other kids to cross that line. Grown men crouch by running streams and shake little pans, with eager eyes alert to catch the gleam of golden dust.

Towns in winter spread dust on icy sidewalks to save us from slipping, and in summer spray the streets with oil to lay the dust. Dust on a lunch-counter takes away our appetites; dust in an antique shop thrills us with curiosity and hints of romance.

We are, as Lord Byron said, "half dust, half deity." And so is dust itself half blessing, half bane.

Few things in Nature are wholly good or wholly evil.

That dust from which we came and to which we must return had in it, and forever will have, seeds both of the glorious and of the grotesque, and intimations of an immortality yet unsensed.

It is, in Shakespeare's phrase, "*dust that is a little gilt.*"

Watch Their Eyes

NOT so many years ago a boy was born in a luxurious home. His parents tried to give him every advantage that a boy should have. He loved Nature and delighted in long walks in the woods. One day when the boy was about thirteen years old a companion pointed out an interesting object. The boy could barely see it. For the first time he realized that something was wrong with his eyes and he told his father. Then came glasses and constant joy and astonishment at the bright new world with clean-cut outlines. All the wonders of the woods which he never dreamed existed were spread before his happy eyes. Books were no longer pages of letters with fuzzy tails. * * * * This boy was Theodore Roosevelt who became President of the United States.

The time to begin to protect the eyes is from the hour the baby is born. See that the doctor or nurse puts a drop of a prophylactic solution into the baby's eyes to prevent the serious disease commonly known as "babies' sore eyes" which often results in blindness.

Much of the eye trouble of later years comes from injury in babyhood. Never let the sun shine on a child's eyes—even when asleep. Baby eyelids are not sufficient protection. Diseases of childhood sometimes leave the eyes in a weakened condition. Children's eyes require attention during and after serious illness, especially measles and diphtheria.

If parents, such as his, for all their love and care and ability to provide for his needs, never knew that their son had defective vision, can anyone doubt that there are thousands of boys and girls today whose poor sight has not been discovered by their fathers and mothers?

* * * * *

Only 10 children in 100 at the age of nine years have even so-called perfect eyesight. Every one knows of course that a perfect eye is indeed a rare thing. *One* out of every *eight* school children has seriously defective sight or some disease of the eye which needs *immediate* attention.

If your child is the one out of eight whose eyes require attention you ought to know it. You cannot tell from the appearance of the eyes whether they are normal. And eyes are willing servants—they seldom complain unless they are severely overtaxed. Perfect vision does not always mean perfect eyes. Serious disease may be present and yet be unnoticed. Many of the eye diseases that lead to blindness are catching. If treated in time they can be cured.

School children are often careless. Impress upon your boys and girls the danger of using towels that have been used by other people. Try to keep them from rubbing their eyes. Great danger comes from infection and dirt.

Watch almost any group of boys and girls learning to write. Faces turned sidewise, soft cheeks almost touching the grimy paper. Little doubled-up fists clutching pencils within a few inches of their eyes. There is the beginning of eye-strain. Children are frequently accused of inattention and stupidity when the truth is they cannot see clearly. Wise parents guard the eyes of their children by having them examined every six months.

* * * * *

Get a good eye specialist. He will quickly discover whether your child needs eye treatment or glasses. If glasses are necessary he will prescribe them.

Many people are prejudiced against glasses for children. It is not true that "once they put them on they will have to wear them all their lives." By wearing glasses when they are needed the condition often is cured and glasses may be dispensed with.

You would not willingly deprive your children of happiness or joy in life and yet, unknowingly, you may deprive them of more than happiness. You may rob them of the power to be independent, self-supporting citizens. You may deny them possible greatness.

There are upward of 100,000 blind people in the United States. According to the National Committee for Prevention of Blindness more than half of them are needlessly blind.

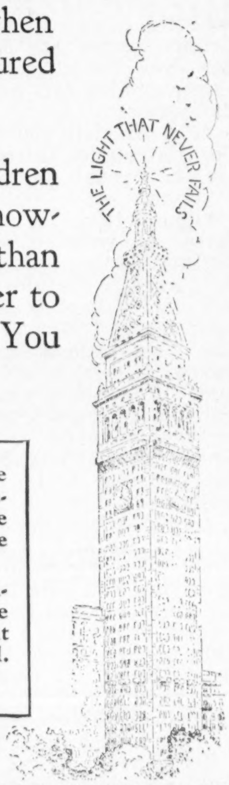
Only 20 of our 48 States have statutes providing for eye tests in schools. Less than one-third of the school children of the entire country have their eyes examined each year.

While parents may not suspect that there is anything wrong with their children's eyes it is sometimes easy for a teacher to detect difficulties. Teachers have an opportunity to watch the way the children use their eyes—to see whether they squint when looking at the blackboard—to observe whether they hold books too near their faces—to notice habits of rubbing or blinking the eyes.

Teachers are doing a kindly and humane act in helping to prevent misery and possible blindness when they notify the parents of children who need to have their eyes examined.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail, free to any one who writes for it, a booklet, "Eyesight and Health" which will be found helpful.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 23

he said and sighed, "ought to be done at once. It isn't a matter to leave about. He might commit some indiscretion. And get into trouble."

"I'm afraid of that."

"Exactly. He's safe—where you left him?"

"There's somebody with him."

"Who won't let anything happen?"

"Yes."

"*So* far good."

"But what am I to do?"

"What are you to do?" he echoed, and said no more for some seconds.

"Well?" she said.

"What, in fact, are *we* to do? I ought to see him. Decidedly. Yes. I ought to see him."

"Then come and see him."

"I ought to come and see him. Now."

"Then let's."

He nodded. He seemed to be making an intense internal effort. "Why not?" he asked.

"Well?"

"And then—then we can broach a visit to Wilfred Devizes. Generally fix that up. Then our subsequent action will be determined by what Wilfred Devizes says. The sooner he sees Devizes the better. It's a question whether it wouldn't be better for you or both of us to see Devizes first. No. Father first. Then when I'm properly instructed, as a lawyer would say—Devizes."

A great tranquillity descended upon him.

She could not restrain a faint exclamation of impatience.

He looked up as if he awakened from profound meditation. "I'll come along now," he said, "to Lonsdale Mews. I'll have to talk with your father and then I'll try to get at Devizes and fix up some sort of a meeting between them. That's what I ought to do. I'll go along with you now—at once."

"Right-o," said Christina Alberta, "*come along*." She threw on her cloak and clapped her hat upon her head in a dozen seconds and stood waiting.

"I'm ready," she said.

"I'll just change this jacket," said Lambone; and kept her waiting a full ten minutes.

The taxi dropped them at the entrance of the Mews.

"I suppose it won't matter our arriving together," said Lambone. "He won't think it's preconcerted?"

"He doesn't have suspicions of that sort."

BUT when they reached the studio a little surprise awaited them. Fay Crumb opened the door to them and her eyes looked paler and her neck longer and her face more absent-minded than ever.

"I'm so glad you've come at last," she said in a flat, distraught voice. "You see—he's gone!"

"Gone!"

"Completely. He's been away since three. He went out alone."

"But, Fay, you promised!"

"I know. I could see he was restless, and I kept telling him you'd be back soon. It wasn't so easy keeping him. He walked up and down and talked. 'I must go out to my people,' he said. 'I feel they need me. I must be about my proper business.' I didn't know what to do. I just hid his hat. I never dreamt he'd go out without his hat—prim as he is. I just went upstairs for a moment to get something—I forget what now—but anyhow it wasn't there, and I may have spent five minutes looking for it—and meanwhile he slipped out. He left the door open, and I never heard him go. As soon as I knew he'd gone, I ran up the Mews right up into Lonsdale Road and stood about there. . . . He'd vanished. I've been hoping he'd come back every moment since. Before you returned. But! He hasn't come back."

Her conviction was all too manifest that he would never come back.

"I'd have done anything—" she said.

Christina Alberta and Paul Lambone looked at one another.

"This rather puts the lid on," said Christina Alberta. "What are we going to do now?"

Lambone followed Christina Alberta into the studio and sat down at once on the simple couch that became Mr. Preemby's bed at night. The couch squeaked and submitted. He stared at the floor and reflected. "I've got no engagements this evening," he said.

"IT WON'T be much good waiting here for him," said Christina Alberta.

"I feel in my bones he won't head back here for hours and hours," he said.

"And meanwhile he may be up to anything!" said Christina Alberta.

"Any old lark," said Lambone.

"Anything," said Christina Alberta.

"Three," said Lambone and consulted his watch; "it's now nearly five. Do you think there is any particular place, Christina Alberta, more than any other place, where we might go and look for him? Where, in fact, we ought to look for him?"

"But will you come and look for him?"

"I'm at your service."

"It wasn't in the bond."

"I want to. If you won't walk too fast. I feel I ought to."

Christina Alberta stood before him with her arms akimbo. "I would bet five to one," she said slowly, "that he heads for Buckingham Palace and demands an audience— No, that isn't how he puts it—offers to give an audience to his Vassal, the King. He was full of that this morning. And then— Then I suppose they will lock him up and have an inquiry into his mental condition."

"H'm," said Lambone, and then, rising to the occasion, "Let's go to Buckingham Palace."

"We'll go there at once," he said, and moved slowly doorward. "We'll get a taxi."

They found a taxi in the King's Road. Christina Alberta did not belong to the taxiing class, and she was impressed by a sudden realization that Lambone had all these thousands of taxicabs upon the streets alert to do his bidding. The taxi dropped them according to instructions at the foot of the Victoria Memorial which gesticulates in front of Buckingham Palace, and they stood side by side surveying that building.

"It looks much as usual," said Lambone.

"You didn't expect him to bend it?" said Christina Alberta.

"If he made a disturbance, they've cleared him up very completely. That flag, I suppose, means G. R. is at home. . . . I wonder—what do we do next?"

He was rather at a loss. The emotional atmosphere of this wide open place was quite different from the emotional atmosphere of his flat or the Lonsdale Mews. In the flat and in the Mews the appeal had been for him to act; the appeal here was not to make himself conspicuous. He was a man of decorous instincts. A car passed, a beautiful big shining Napier, and he thought the occupants looked at him as though they recognized him. Lots of people knew him nowadays and might recognize him. In his flat, in the studio at Lonsdale Mews, he could foregather with Christina Alberta without compunction; but now, in this very conspicuous place, this most conspicuous place, he had a momentary realization that he and she didn't exactly match, he with his finished effect of being a man about town, a large, distinguished, mature man about town, and she with her air of excessive youthfulness, her very short skirts and her hat, like the calyptra of a black mushroom, pulled over her bobbed hair. People might think them an incongruous couple. People might wonder what had brought them together and what he was up to with her.

"I suppose we ought to ask someone," she said.

"Who?"

"Oh—one of those sentinels."

"May one speak to the sentinels at the gate? Frankly, I'm afraid of those tremendous chaps in the busbies. I'd as soon speak to the Horse Guard in Whitehall. He'd probably look right over our heads and say nothing. And we should just dither away from beneath him. I couldn't stand that. . . . "

"But what are we to do?"

"Nothing rash."

"We *must* ask someone."

"Away there on the left toward Victoria there's what looks like the real business way in. There's two policemen. I'm not afraid of policemen. No. And of course that man at the corner is a plain-clothes man."

"Then let's ask *him!*"

Lambone made no move. "Suppose he hasn't come here at all!"

"I know he meant to do so."

"I suppose if he hasn't come," said Lambone, "we ought to wait about here on the chance of his coming." He felt extremely like flight at that instant. "There ought to be seats here."

"Come along," he said, with a sudden return to manly decision, "let's ask one of those bobbies at the far gate."

THE policeman at the gate to whom they addressed themselves listened gravely to their inquiries, making no instant reply. He belonged to that great majority of English speakers who are engaged upon the improvement of the word "yes." His particular idea was to make it long and purry.

"Yurrss," he said, breaking presently into speech; "Yurrss. There was a small gentleman without a 'at on. Yurrss. 'E *'ad* blue eyes. And a mustache? Yurrss, come to think of it there *was* a mustache. A rather considerable mustache. Well, 'e said 'e wanted to speak to King George on a rather urgent matter. It always is a rather urgent matter. Never 'quite.' Always 'rather.' We replied, according to formula, 'e'd 'ave to write for'n 'pointment. 'Perhaps,' 'e says, 'You don't know who I am?' They all say that. 'I guess it's something important,' I says. 'Not the Ormighty by any chance,' I says. 'But 'E was 'ere last week and 'E wouldn' go away and they 'ad to take 'im off in a taxicab.' You know, there *was* a chap 'ere, sir—Thursday last or Friday, I forget which—with a long, white beard and 'air all down 'is back. Very like 'im, I should think. Well, any'ow, this sort of dashed your gentleman. He kind of mumbled a name."

"Not Sargon," asked Christina Alberta.

"It might 'ave been. Any'ow, 'There is no exceptions,' I says. 'Not even if you was a close relation. We got no option here. We're just machines.' He stood sort of looking baffled for a time. 'All this must be altered,' he said in a sort of low, earnest voice. 'It's the duty of every king to give audience to everyone, every day.' I says, 'Very likely it is, sir. But we policemen aren't in any position to 'elp it,' I says, 'much less alter it.' So off 'e goes. I kind of tipped the wink to the detective at the corner and 'e watched 'im go along the front and then cross over to the monument and stand looking up at the windows. And then 'e shrugged 'is shoulders and took 'imself off. And that's the last I see of 'im."

Lambone asked a superfluous question.

"It might be Piccadilly way," said the policeman; "it might be down toward Trafalgar Square. Fact is, sir, I didn't notice."

It was clear that the conversation was drawing to an end.

"So that's that," said Lambone. "So far good. He's still at large."

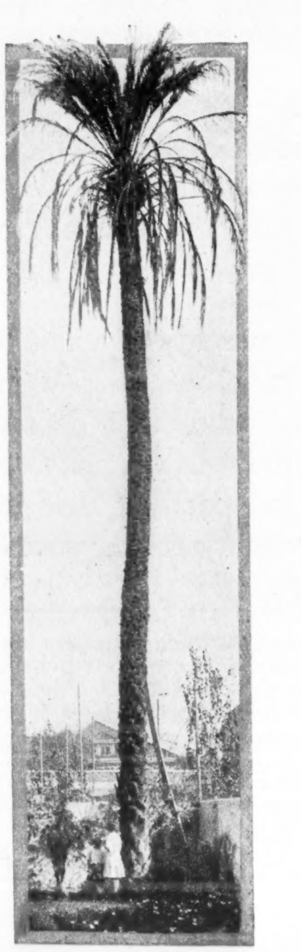
He expressed his thanks to the policeman.

"And now," he said with an air of bringing out the solution of a difficult problem very successfully, "all we have to do is to find him."

(*Continued on page 42*)

This Tree Made a JOURNEY

By
DOUGLAS G. McPHEE



ABOUT the time the United States were adopting their Constitution a little palm tree grew on a hill just west of the Indian-Spanish pueblo of Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles. To the west of it lay a flat stretch of country, with the Pacific in the distance. At its foot was the sleepy settlement where the solid-wheeled *carretas* lumbered through the dusty streets.

Finally fifteen miles of concrete and cottages were spread between the palm and the ocean which it had daily saluted for more than a century.

Men went to the palm tree the other day, armed with a derrick and many tools. Its majestic head was lowered to the ground; but after the men had bound up its great root-system and the encasing earth and trundled it with trucks and wheels over five miles of city pavement, it was raised again.

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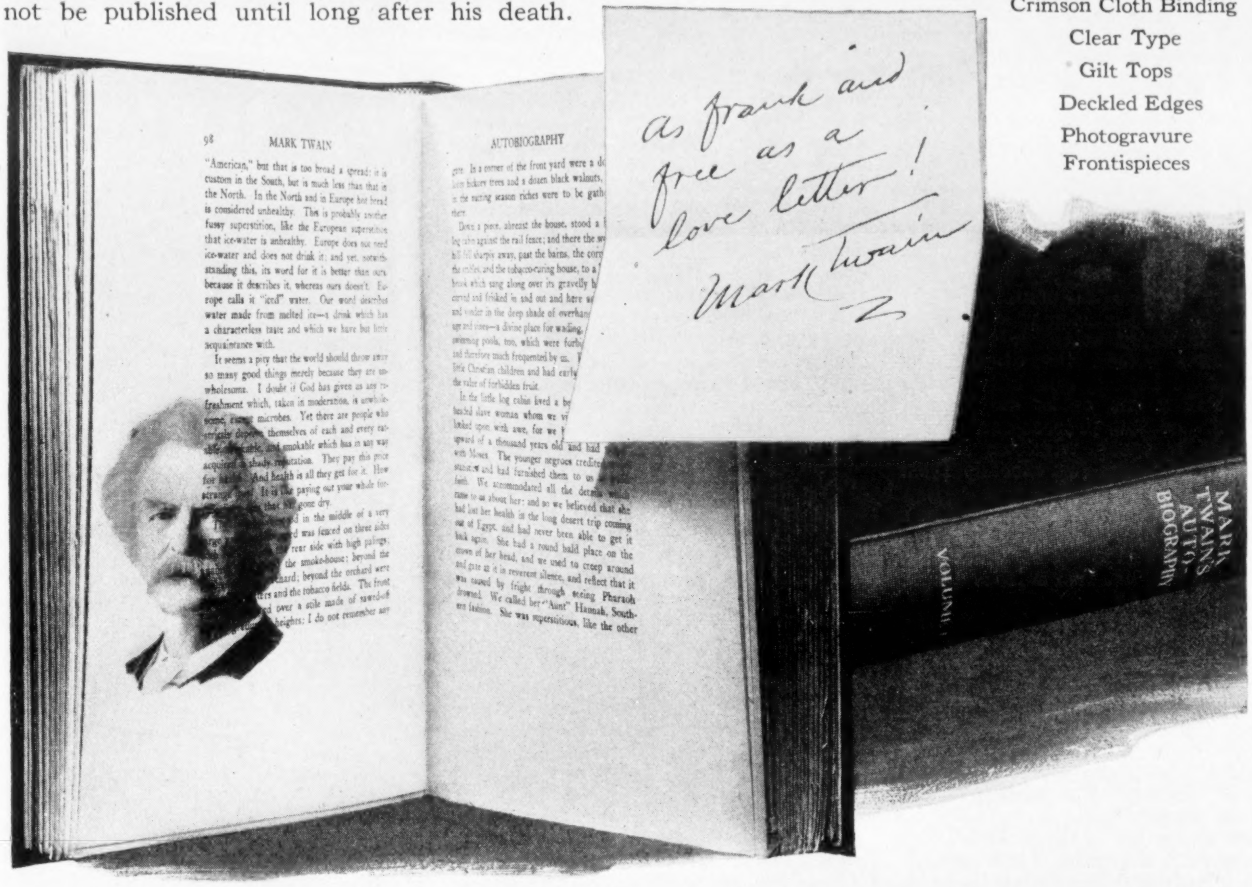
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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 40

"But where?"

"That's the essence of the problem."

He led the way back to the Victoria Memorial and stood side by side with Christina Alberta beneath that perfect symbol of the British Empire, the statue of Queen Victoria. They stared down the Mall to the distant Admiralty Arch, and for a moment neither of them said a word. It was a warm and serene October afternoon: the cupolas of Whitehall and Westminster's two towers and a brown pile of mansions were just visible over the trees on the right, transfigured to beauty by the afternoon glow; the two tall columns of the Duke of York and Nelson rose over the trees and buildings to the left; it was in the pause before the dinner and theatre traffic begins, and only a few taxicabs and a car or so emphasized the breadth of the processional roadway. Half a dozen windows in the Admiralty had taken fire already from the sinking sun.

"I suppose," said Lambone, "he's gone down there."

Christina Alberta stood with her arms akimbo and her feet a little apart. "I suppose he has."

The wide road ran straight to the distant Admiralty Arch. And through that remote little opening was Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross and a radiating tangle of roads and streets spreading out and beyond and further into the twilight blue.

"What will he make for now?"

"Heaven knows. I'm bankrupt. I haven't an idea."

Neither spoke for a little while.

"He's gone," she said, "just gone," and that simple and desolating thought filled her mind.

But the thoughts of Paul Lambone were more complex and intricate.

He perceived that a serious adventure was happening to him and that he was called upon to exert himself. He had suddenly been called away from his tea and hot tea cake to hunt a slightly demented comparative stranger about London. He wanted to do it, and he wanted to do it properly and in a way to impress Christina Alberta. And his intelligence told him that the best thing he could do would be to follow upon the probable track of his quarry and come up with him before he got into mischief. Or while he was getting into mischief—and interfere and carry him off. And meanwhile his more exercised lower nature was exhorting him to leave Christina Alberta to do the pursuing alone, and go back as straightly as possible to his ample armchair and sit down and think things out. And then go to his best club to dinner. And, in fact, quietly and neatly get out of this unexpected and tiresome business altogether.

AND then he looked at Christina Alberta and realized that he could do nothing of the sort. He couldn't leave her. He looked at her profile, the profile of a grave child, and an almost maternal emotion was aroused in him. She looked with anxious and perplexed eyes at the blue and limitless city that had swallowed up her Daddy. The scene was still warm with the evening sun glow, but the blue twilight gathered in the lower eastern sky. Here and there a yellow pinpoint showed that London was beginning to light itself up. She couldn't go down that road alone. Absurdly, preposterously they were linked. The impulse to disentangle himself was the impulse of a selfish discretion that was rapidly taking all the happiness out of his life and leaving security and luxuries in its place. This was a call to that latent Paul Lambone to *act*. Even supposing she was a common, queer little flapper that his imagination had made into a friend and heroine, was that any reason whatever why he shouldn't see her through this trouble that had come upon her?

He made his decision.

"He won't go back for ages," he said, following up the problem. "Nobody would on an evening like this."

"No," she said. "But I don't see that that gives me any hint of what I ought to do next."

"We can keep together and go down toward Trafalgar Square. We might look along the Embankment. When we are tired we can get some dinner somewhere. You can get a sort of dinner almost anywhere, I suppose. We shall want our dinner. . . . Perhaps it's not so hopeless a job as it seems at first. A big job, but not a hopeless one. There are limitations to what he may do. Limitations in himself, I mean. I don't think he'll go into uninteresting streets. His feeling is—spectacular. He's much more likely to keep to open spaces and near conspicuous buildings. That cuts out a lot of streets. And he won't go far east. In another hour the city will be shutting up and going home and putting out its lights. He'll turn back out of that—westward."

"You can spare the time?"

"I've no engagements at all to-night. It was to have been an off night. And this business attracts me. It is interesting to see just how far we can infer and guess his proceedings. It's a curious mental exercise. . . . Do you know, I think we shall find him!"

She stood quite still for some moments.

"It's awfully good of you to come with me," she said.

"I come on one condition. . . . That you don't walk too fast. We've never walked much together, Christina Alberta, but I've seen enough of you to know that you walk abominably fast."

EVERYONE knows the Café Neptune near Piccadilly Circus and the various crowd that assembles there. There you see artists and painters that are scarcely artists, poets and mere writers, artists' models and drug fiends, undergraduates in arts and medicines who are no better than they should be, publishers and gay lawyers, Bolsheviks and White Refugees, American visitors who come to scoff and remain a prey, stray students from the Far East and Jews and Jews and Jews—and Jewesses. And hither at about half past nine that night came a stout, large and wearily-distinguished-looking man accompanied by an attractive young lady in short skirts and bobbed hair who carried a large and shapely nose high and sternly, and they threaded their way among the tables through the smoky atmosphere, seeking a congenial place. Out of the garrulous, confusing mirk arose a young man with a mop of red hair and protruded a rampant face and asked in a large whisper: "*Have you found him?*"

"Not a trace," said Paul Lambone.

Fay Crumb's face looked up from the table through a haze of cigarette smoke.

"Nor we. *We've* been looking too."

"As well here as anywhere," said the stout man. "Where have you looked?"

"Here," said Harold, "and Hereabouts. It seemed a suitable Rendezvous."

"We've ranged far and wide," said Lambone. "We've done miles—oh, endless miles! And Christina Alberta has refused all nourishment—for me as well as for herself. At last, I said, either I sit down and eat or I drop down and die. May we take these chairs? You have that one, Christina Alberta. Waiter! It is a case of extreme fatigue. No—neither Münchner nor Pilsner. I must have champagne. Bollinger 1914 will do and it must be iced—rather over-iced, and with it, sandwiches—a very considerable number of sandwiches of smoked salmon. Yes—a dozen. Ah!"

He dropped his wrists on the table. "When I have had some drink I will talk," he wheezed and became silent.

"When did you leave the Mews?" Christina Alberta asked Fay.

"Half past eight. . . . Not a sign of him."

"Have you been far?" Harold asked Lambone.

"*Far!*" said Lambone and for a time was incapable of more.

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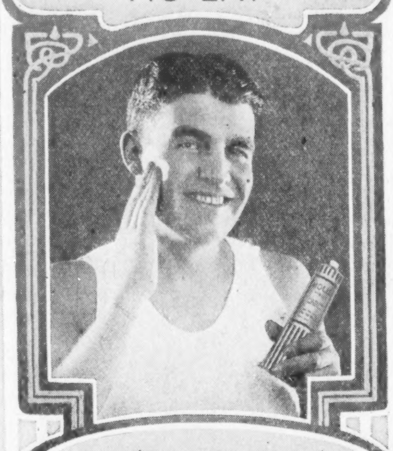

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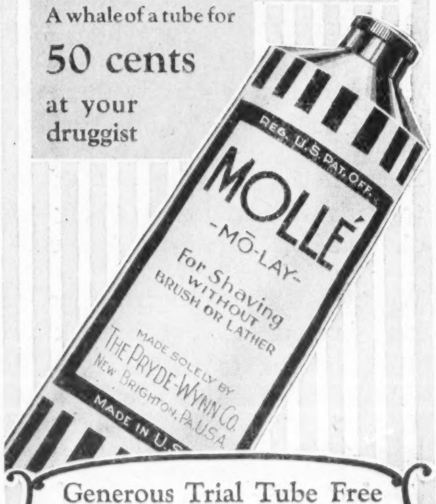
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His voice seemed to recede in perspective. "Asking policemen for a small hatless man. Over great areas of London. On and on—from one policeman to another. . . . She's a most determined young woman. God help the man who wins her love! Not a soul had seen him. But I can't talk yet. . . . "

Harold clawed his chin softly with long, artistic fingers. "It is just possible," he said slowly, "that he went in somewhere and bought a hat."

"Of course he must have got a hat," said Fay.

"It never occurred to either of us that he would do anything so sane."

"We never thought of asking in the hatters' shops," said Christina Alberta.

"Happily," said Lambone, "that would have been the last straw."

"For a long time we were on the trail of another hatless man," said Christina Alberta. "We ran him down in the Essex Road after tracking him all up Pentonville. But he was just a vegetarian in sandals and a beard. And there was a report of a hatless man near the Britannia, but that came to nothing. He seemed just to have come out of his house somewhere to buy fried fish off a barrow in the Camden Town High Street."

"Extraordinary how a crowd collects when you ask the simplest questions," said Lambone with his mouth full of sandwich. "And how urgently helpful it can be. They almost forced us up a staircase after that fried-fish man, who struck me as an extremely pugnacious, suspicious-looking fellow. The crowd would have it we wanted him, and he didn't seem to want in the very least to be wanted. If I hadn't had an inspiration something very disagreeable might have happened. I just said 'No, it's not this gentleman, it's another of the same name.' "

"But what did he say?"

" 'You *better*,' he said. But, anyhow, it satisfied the crowd and afterwards we got away quite easily on an omnibus that took us down to Portland Road Station."

THE champagne arrived in its ice pail. "Hardly cold, sir, yet," said the waiter, feeling the bottle.

"It's not a time for fastidiousness," said Lambone and took a third sandwich. "You're not eating, Christina Alberta. And I insist upon your having at least one glass of this."

Christina Alberta drank a little and ate mechanically.

"I wonder if we shall ever see him again," said Harold. "London is so vast. So *vast!* But I always feel that when I see anyone go out anywhere. There is a tremendous courage in going out. London must be full of lost people. I used to be afraid of London until I discovered the Tubes and the Underground. I felt I might be sucked up side streets to God knows where. And keep on going round corners into longer and longer streets forever. I used to dream of the last street of all—*endless.* But whenever I get nervous I just ask for the nearest tube station and there I am."

"He *may* be back at the studio now," said Fay.

Paul Lambone reached his fourth sandwich and his third glass of champagne with great rapidity.

"I am disappointed," he said, "that I didn't think of the possibility of his buying a hat. It has disorganized all my inductions. You see, I was so concentrated on what was going on inside his head that I never troubled about what might be going on outside it. But a man of his neat and proper habits—acquired through a lifetime of orderly living—would get himself a hat almost mechanically. . . . We may even have passed quite close to him in that."

"I should have known him," said Christina Alberta.

"BUT, until that Pentonville man drew a red herring across the trail, I am convinced we were close on his footsteps. You see, Christina Alberta insisted upon my asking every policeman we saw—even men, overworked, irritable, snappy, *rude* men controlling the traffic—but, at any rate, I chose the route—I inferred the route. You see, my dear Watson—" he smiled faintly in weary self-approval at Crumb—"the essential thing in a case like this is to put yourself in your man's place, to think his thoughts instead of your own. That is what I tried—so far as being out of breath would allow it—to impress on Christina Alberta. It's fairly straightforward. Here you have a man convinced—beautifully and enviably convinced—that he is the supreme lord of the world, unknown, unrecognized as yet, but on the eve of his proclamation. Will such a man go along any street just as easily as any other? Not at all? He will be elated, expansive, ascendant. Very well; he will go up hill and not down. He will choose wide highways and not narrow ones and tend toward the middle of the street—"

"He hasn't been run over!" cried Christina Alberta sharply.

"No. No. He would avoid traffic because that would hustle him and impair his dignity. Open spaces would attract him. High buildings, bright lights, the intimations of any assembly would draw him powerfully. So he certainly crossed Trafalgar Square from the Admiralty Arch in a diagonal direction, toward the conspicuous invitation of the Coliseum. . . . You see my method?"

He did not wait for Crumb to answer. "But the more I think over our missing friend," he went on, "the more I admire and envy him. What crawling things we are—content to be subjects, units, items, pawns, drops of water and grains of sand, in the multitudinous unmeaning muddle of human affairs! He soars above it. He soars above it now. He rejects his commonness and inferiority in one magnificent gesture. *His* world. The grandeur of it! Wherever he is to-night and whatever fate

(*Continued on page 44*)

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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 43

overtakes him, he is a happy man. And we sit here, we sit here and drink. I am ordering another bottle of that wine, Harold, and I expect you and Mrs. Crumb to abandon that warm and sticky beer and join me— Waiter! Yes, another, please—we sit here in this crowded, smoky gathering (*Look* at 'em!) while he plans the salvation of the world that we let slide, and lifts his kingly will to God. Glorious exaltation! Suppose that all of us could be touched—"

Christina Alberta interrupted. "I think we ought to telephone to the hospitals."

Paul Lambone lifted a deprecating hand.

"A little later," he said after a slight pause, "the hospital staffs will be more at leisure. It is their rush hour now—ten to eleven."

TEDDY WINTERTON appeared wading through obstructive-seated people. His eyes were fixed on Christina Alberta.

"Hullo!" said Lambone in not too cordial greeting, and glanced at Christina Alberta and back at the newcomer.

Teddy struggled for an unoccupied chair over which some lady had thrown a sealskin coat, and captured it with profuse apologies to the owner of the cloak and squeezed it in at the end of the table between Harold and Fay, who barred his way to Christina Alberta. "Have pity on a lonely man," he said genially, and tried to catch the eye of Christina Alberta.

"You shall have one glass of champagne," said Lambone with a slightly forced welcome in his tone.

"How do, Christina Alberta!" said Teddy, forcing her attention.

Christina Alberta turned to Fay. "Will you come back with me now," she said to her. "Back to the flat. I must do that telephoning to the hospitals now or it won't be done."

Fay looked at her curiously. "It's serious," said Christina Alberta's eyes, and Fay stood up and struggled with her coat. Teddy leaped to his feet to assist her. Christina Alberta had not removed her cloak and was ready. "I say, Christina Alberta," said Teddy. "I want a word with you."

"Go on, Fay," said Christina Alberta, pretending not to hear him.

Teddy followed them out to the Piccadilly pavement. "Just a word," he said.

"I don't want a word," she said.

"But I might help you."

"You might have done. But it's too late. I never want to see you again."

"Give a fellow a chance."

"You've had your chance. And tried to take it."

"You might at least keep up appearances," said Teddy.

"Damn appearances!" said Christina Alberta. "Oh! *Come* on, Fay."

Teddy was left hovering.

"Anything up?" Fay ventured.

"Everything's up," said Christina Alberta. "I wonder if there's a ghost of a chance of finding Daddy at the studio."

They made their way to Chelsea without much further conversation. Fay had never before seen Christina Alberta looking tired.

When Fay opened the door Christina Alberta pushed in past her. "Daddy!" she cried in the dark passage. "Daddy!"

Fay clicked on the light. "No," said Christina Alberta. "Of course he's not here. He's gone. What am I to *do?*"

Fay's pale blue eyes became rounder. Christina Alberta, the valiant, the modern, was in tears.

"There's the hospitals," said Fay, doing her best to be brisk and cheerful.

(*To be continued next week*)

There is a Way Out for France

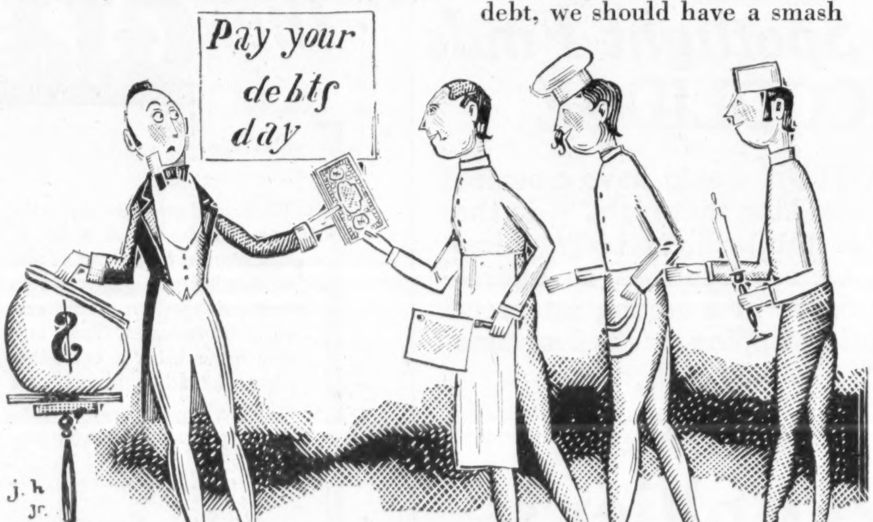
Continued from page 9

hydro-electric development and railway electrification, while France is also undertaking the development of her colonial possessions in Africa, Indo-China and Madagascar. During the last few months three of the principal railroads of France have been in New York borrowing money. If we can use a part of the money owing to us to build up the industrial efficiency of France and of her colonies, then we shall be putting that much more new buying power into the world—which will help everybody.

Confining the issues to periods of twenty-five years and graduating the interest as I have indicated will, at least so far as I have been able to calculate, repay the entirety of this loan within a period of sixty-seven years and then this loan will have been repaid by making France more able to pay. All industrial bonds would be refunded in forty-two years. It is a method of making the French invest their earnings in their own industries instead of in government bonds, for the French in the past, curiously enough, have invested very little in industry—they have not been industrially minded. Their investments have been largely in the bonds of their own or of other countries.

Of course this is not the whole plan in detail. The plan is, at the best, only a suggestion, but it appears to me that only through some such method can the war debts be honorably settled without impoverishing the debtors and adding further to the misery of mankind.

If every individual and every bank were compelled to settle every debt, we should have a smash



"Hello Daddy - don't forget my Wrigley's"

WRIGLEY'S
P.K.
CHEWING SWEET
P.K. 10 PIECES

Slip a packet in your pocket when you go home to-night - - -

Give the youngsters this wholesome sweet for pleasure and benefit.

Use it yourself after smoking or when work drags. - - It's a great little freshener!

Wrigley's is beneficial to teeth, mouth, throat - and digestion - -

"after every meal"

WRIGLEY'S

F44

Sealed Tight Kept Right

DIFFERENT FLAVORS
Same Quality

Mr. Atkins

Continued from page 7

mate, smiting that man on the chest. "*I* want you, see? You've seen my letters of authority. All right. I order you to supersede the captain and take charge of this vessel. I'll guarantee the position will be verified. I—"

"Take It away," said the weary captain, one eye on the blinking coast light, not even thinking about the man behind him. The bos'n appeared and Mr. Atkins' very existence was then forgotten in the rush of matters and commands.

THE next morning, before breakfast, Mr. Atkins fired the captain once again. He made the mate captain. The mate declined the honor. The second mate declined also. The third mate said he didn't happen to have a master's papers. Mr. Atkins was in a fix. There was nothing left to do but back down.

From Mauritius the Grosser Malachi had a cargo for Capetown, and Mr. Atkins, who wanted to see the company's post at Mombasa, was much annoyed. But even he could not deflect a profitable cargo, and so, willy-nilly, he was carried toward Capetown.

The ship's routine was very monotonous. Everyone had reached the stage where whenever Mr. Atkins was seen his path was magically deserted. He was detested by all hands, and he couldn't understand it. Or, rather, he put it down to the fact he was so intensely superior that everyone near him resented the feeling of inferiority. He was not posing to himself in this matter. He really believed it was so.

The captain puzzled him. Never since that rainy night had the master of the Grosser Malachi been other than courteous and agreeable. He still wore his clothes sloppily, he was still a sleepy, fat and rather dull middle-aged man. Mr. Atkins sometimes doubted that there had ever been a change. And because the captain was so agreeable and so easily bullied again the salesman was somewhat mollified. Two days before reaching Capetown the world crashed into ruin.

It was after breakfast. The captain was standing with the mate and Mr. Atkins on the port side of the ship just outside the wireless operator's door.

The watch on deck was painting the poop, and Mr. Atkins had just finished a long argument about the color the poop should be. He wanted a rather light chocolate, but the mate had decided it should be white and therefore white it was being painted. Mr. Atkins was much annoyed.

"Look how trim the Gottenheims' boats look with those chocolate deck houses and black hull," he said. The mate snorted.

"You got 'em wrong. Gottenheims paint them that way so they don't have to paint so often. White gets dirty, but it's better for the tropics. . . . Seems I remember hearing the Gottenheims paint different colors at different times. Don't they buy up job lots and get all colors to mix t'gether?"

"I think we'd cut quite a lot from the expense bills if we followed Gottenheims' example," Mr. Atkins said tartly.

The captain rumbled in his throat, "Don't argue about it. . . . I never interfere with my mate when it comes to care of the deck. That is, s'long as he makes it look like something."

"Well, that's not everything," and

(*Continued on page 46*)

BECAUSE THEY CALLED HIM *"Claude"*

BEHIND a desk at 56 West 45th Street, New York City, sits a man with a jutting jaw. He is E. C. Mills, chairman of the Administrative Committee of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, and chairman of the Board of Governors of the Music Publishers' Protective Association. He is supreme censor of popular songs and harpooner of the song sharks.

Mills comes from Texas. He was raised in the bad-man days of San Antonio. His middle name is Claude.

"When I was a frail kid," he explains, "my pals kidded me about that name. So I formed the habit of fighting. I fought my way through public school and into public school teaching. Then I fought my way up from a clerkship in the Southern Pacific offices to the job of trainmaster. Later, I fought my way from the Rio Grande to Yucatan selling visible typewriters to the Mexicans.

"During three subsequent years in the Canal Zone I fought my way to the post of Chief Justice of the Independent Order of Panamanian Kangaroos—the government employees' organization—and won a distinguished service medal from President Roosevelt. Then I went back home and fought for better trade relations between this country and Mexico as executive of the International Club of San Antonio.

"My next job was a real fighting job as 'trouble shooter' in the Southwest for the Interstate Vaudeville Circuit. Then, when the White Rats' strike threatened to disrupt vaudeville, I was brought to New York to fight on the vaudeville managers' side. The managers won. After which I fought for better conditions in vaudeville theatres and contracts for the actors. That fight was won too.

"Now I am fighting for clean songs and for protection of authors and publishers entitled to royalties. Each member of the Music Publishers' Protective Association is under $5,000 bond to me to publish only clean songs. I decide what songs are clean. My decisions go. Every so often a song shark or a royalty pirate goes to jail.

"I could make more money doing something else, but I like to organize and like to fight. It all started with my middle name, Claude. I shall name my first boy Algernon."

EARL CHAPIN MAY.

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY

What does your banker think of the motor car?

A banker writes: "The automobile is the greatest contribution of the age to human happiness, and as such is a utility of first importance."

And another: "I have often advised customers to buy motor cars, feeling the increased stimulation and opportunity of observation would enable them to earn amounts equal to the cost of their cars.

"A man who works six days a week and spends the seventh on his own doorstep certainly will not pick up any dimes in the great thoroughfares of life."

Over 2000 banks are cooperating with the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, a member of the General Motors family, so that you may buy a General Motors car out of income, just as you buy a home.

GENERAL MOTORS

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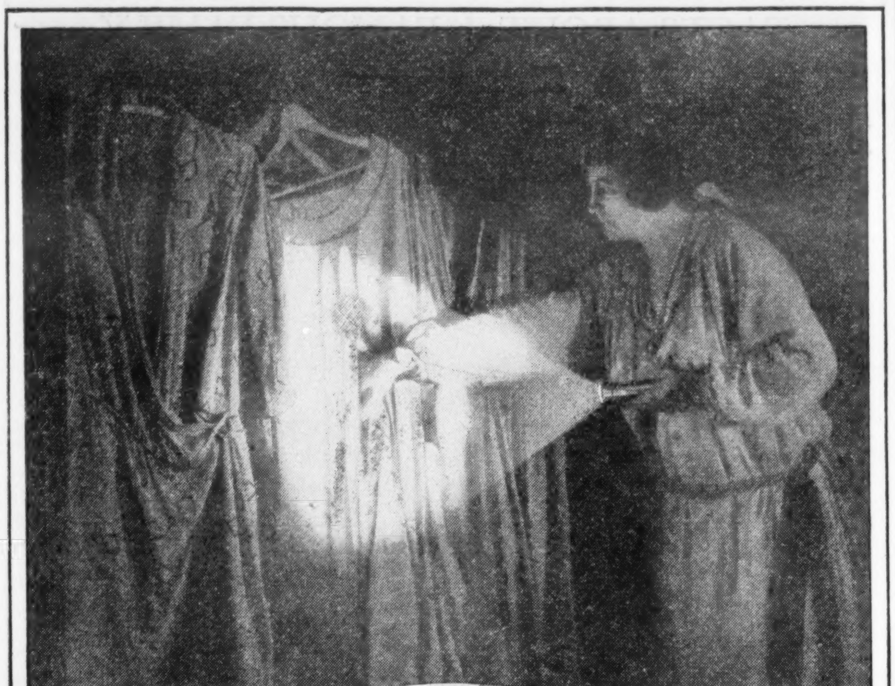
General Motors cars, trucks and Delco-Light products may be purchased on the *GMAC* Payment Plan. Insurance service furnished by General Exchange Corporation.

In that deep, dark closet—*use your flashlight!*



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FLASHLIGHT
Nº 950
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NATIONAL CARBON CO. INC
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DON'T grope in dark closets. Use your flashlight! To rummage in dark or dim-lighted places, use your flashlight! You can plunge a lighted Eveready into the most inflammable materials with perfect safety. Bright light, right where you want it. Safe light, wherever you need it. Keep an Eveready where you can get your hands on it instantly for those countless uses after dark. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There is a type for every purpose and purse. New features. New designs. New reasons for owning this safe, handy light.

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The type illustrated is No. 2634, the Eveready 2-cell Broad-beam Flashlight. Handsome nickel finish. Safety-lock switch, proof against accidental lighting. Octagonal, non-rolling lens-ring.

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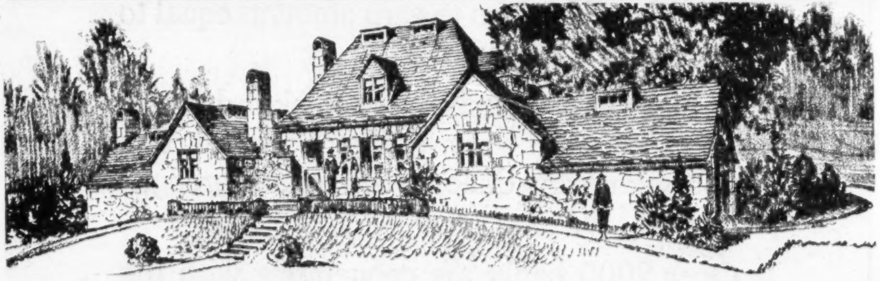

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You can build a home like it and save a third—if you follow Flagg's methods. Harold Cary tells you how he built his, and gives complete plans, costs and illustrations in his book, "BUILD A HOME AND SAVE A THIRD."

This book can save you hundreds, perhaps thousands, of dollars, if you contemplate building. Get your copy to-day.

Price One Dollar—At all bookstores or direct.

REYNOLDS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mr. Atkins

Continued from page 45

Mr. Atkins launched into a further argument. Drawing no responses, he moved away and peered into the wireless operator's room. That young man was sitting before his instrument taking a message. The bulkheads were a maze of magazine covers, pictures of pretty girls, jingles clipped from newspapers and pasted on cardboard sheets. Under the bunk in one corner were a pile of shoes and a pair of discarded pants. The desk was a litter of paper and books. Mr. Atkins sniffed.

"Pity you can't keep the place a little tidy," he observed.

THE operator eyed him sideways, but did not speak. He was intent on the message. Mr. Atkins talked on hastily.

The operator stuffed the message into his pocket and walked to the door.

"You're a pretty mean sort of guy, ain't you?" he said.

Mr. Atkins gasped.

"Mean as hell, eh? There isn't a damned man on this ship who's got any time for you. Some of them would have batted you in the eye before now if it wasn't they've got families. . . . You're a disease, that's what you are."

"You damned puppy. . . !" spluttered the amazed salesman. The captain rolled up and frowned.

"Now, stop that sort o' talk," he said heavily, eying the operator with eyes that were suddenly frosty. Mr. Atkins turned on him, choking.

"You call yourself a captain and you let me be talked to like that! Can't you handle your own crew? By Jove, it's a pretty fine pass—"

The captain blinked at him and then at the operator. "I'll talk to you, my boy. Come along to my cabin." He started away.

The operator called out, "Hold on, sir." The captain stopped dead and swung back astonished.

"Are you talking to me?"

"Just a minute, sir. . . . I'm talking to this big-mouthed object." And the operator faced Mr. Atkins. "I've been aching to slam you ever since you poked your ugly snoot aboard, see. We may all smell and swear and be lazy dogs, but, anyway, we earn our dough—" And the operator raised his fist.

Mr. Atkins bellowed with surprise before he was touched. The captain galvanized to life and his own great hand swept out, catching the boy's shoulder and hurling him to one corner of the room.

"What are you trying t' do?" roared the captain. The operator came out of the corner grinning and, diving into his pocket, pulled out the rumpled paper he had written the message on. The captain took it with a frown and a doubtful glance. Mr. Atkins was quaking inwardly.

The captain read:

African receipts dropped one third since your methods went into effect. Hear reports our whole organization disrupted. Come home.

The message was addressed from New York to one Mr. Atkins on board the Grosser Malachi. The captain handed it without a word to the mate, who read and chuckled again and spat tobacco juice into the scuppers.

"Damned puppy," said Mr. Atkins, still quaking. The mate handed him the message. There was a long pause. Mr. Atkins forgot to quake now. The world dissolved. His face took on a greenish tinge. His hands shook. He could not meet anyone's eye. He knew, none better, that even relatives would not stand for their income being cut by a third.

He tried to say, "This is nonsense, of course," but found the words were only a whisper. He went away.

That night at supper there was a noticeable air of relief round the table. No one paid the slightest attention to Mr. Atkins. At least not until he made himself heard, confidence being somewhat restored in him and the knowledge being his that he had just sent off an indignant message demanding explanations. He was certain now that New York had blundered.

The captain was speaking sagely about the currents to be found off the harbor of Lourenço Marques and saying that he had landed passengers there by means of a basket slung from a derrick. Mr. Atkins broke in to state that the Gottenheims' ship always went alongside the wharf and landed passengers. As soon as his voice rose there was dead silence. Everyone listened politely, except the wireless operator, who murmured, very clearly, "Come home."

MR. ATKINS, brought up short, glared at the boy rather uneasily. And he was suddenly aware that everyone was grinning. Even the captain's fat face was not set in its usual placid lines. Control snapped in the salesman. He rose to his feet and hammered on the table.

"I know you! A fine bunch. Hit a man when he's down, eh? So long as I had the authority you couldn't do enough for me. I know you! A damned fine bunch." His voice rose to a hoarse scream. He waved his fists in the air. "When I tell the company—" But the grins persisted, and Mr. Atkins at last flung himself from the saloon like a petulant child. And he believed, honestly and firmly, to his dying day, that the men of the Grosser Malachi mocked him because he was stripped of power.

He didn't understand. He measured men by his own little soul. He didn't understand at all that the grinning was the contempt of honest workmen. How could he hope to understand? He was not even a good salesman.

THE FEVER

By JAMES KEVIN McGUINNESS

THE wind went mad in the tree tops, singing a glorious song,
With a howl of glee as it rustled its vigorous way along;
And the sun was strong on the greensward, and wonderful fair to smell
The sweet, fresh scent of the April turf, where the gods of the springtime dwell.
The sun was strong on the fairways, a week ago isled with ice,
And I said to myself, "I'll be golfing soon, and I hope I have cured my slice."

The wind swept over the meadows, a week ago drab and brown,
And it heard the news of their waking and it carried it on to town,
Where it scurried about each office and whispered into each ear,
"The dogwood is decking itself with bloom, for the glory of spring is here."
I flung wide open a window, so hard that its sashes shook,
And I said to myself, "I'll be golfing soon and I hope I have lost my hook."

The wind sang soft in the evening, a languorous song and old,
While the moon hung low to the eastward, a-dripping its molten gold,
In a crooning voice to the lovers, who wandered about the night.
I turned my gaze to the wife I wed and I joyed myself in her sight.
The wind sang soft in the evening, as I filled with a strange elate,
And I said to myself, "I'll be golfing soon, and I hope that my drives are straight."

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Nip It in the Bud

THE Radio Bureau of the Commerce Department is to start a vigorous campaign against all types of preventable interference. This also applies to radiating receivers. We wish the personnel of the bureau all the luck in the world, but they are undertaking a task of herculean proportions. So far as radiating or oscillating receivers are concerned, it seems to me that stopping them at the source is the only remedy. Manufacturers should be assisted in overcoming the evil and then be compelled to cease making the offending types.

"I love my wife but Oh, Euclid!"
GEOMETRY

Painless Reading

S. E. HAWKINS of Brooklyn confirms our suggestion that listening to good music facilitates study and reading. All students are seriously urged to try radio music as an aid to thought, speed and comprehension as well as concentration.

It's Hard to Believe

CLYDE E. VOLKER of Terre Haute, Ind., declares his one-tube set is as much a home institution as his family cat. Recently he was confronted with a dead dry cell when all the stores were closed. He overcame the difficulty by making some holes in the sealing wax, and pouring two tablespoons of strong ammonia into the cell. It did the trick, but he asks me not to tell the battery manufacturers.

Is This Kind or Cruel?

UP NEAR the Arctic Circle at Pilot Station on the Yukon River in Alaska a radio set has been installed by the Interior Department in the Eskimo school. Now the little Eskimos, isolated in the land of ice and snow, can listen in on civilization whenever Miss Inez Moore, the school teacher, tunes in one of the stations in southern climes. It will be interesting to learn whether the touch of broadcasting will cement the patriotism—or whatever it is—the Eskimo has, or whether it will lure him on to warmer climes.

Flashy Talk

MARCONI, father of wireless, is quoted as declaring that if our eyes were sensitive to electric waves we could see the voice transformed into flashes of vivid light in varying degrees. In other words, it would be lurid conversation.

Common Sense Needed

THE attempt to rearrange the wave lengths of broadcast stations in accordance with the recommendations of the Third Radio Conference has failed completely. This is due entirely to the fact there are more stations in operation than there are wave lengths available. The situation is further complicated by the increasing number of applications for licenses which come in to the Department of Commerce each week. Secretary Hoover is powerless, as the law does not permit him to refuse a license if all the requirements are met. It has now come to the point where stations will be compelled to divide time with each other. The wise plan would be to commence work to provide the secretary with the necessary power to refuse licenses. There should be no more stations than can efficiently operate, and these should be spread geographically so they cover the entire country.

It Lacks the Thrill

TECHNICAL improvements in the system of "wired wireless," whereby programs will be transmitted over electric light wires and received upon rented apparatus for a monthly fee, have been announced. While there is a certain scope for such service, it seems to me that it will never seriously compete with radio broadcasting, because it lacks the very lure of the latter—distance. The most staid fan, normally content with local programs, thrills every time he gets some new distant station, even though reception may be poor.

Sounds Fishy

J. M. BECKWITH of Kent, Ohio, shoves over a couple of stories that test my credulity. Here is one: "A local fan advertised in the local paper for a bunch of copper tubing for radio work. The next morning three policemen nabbed him and took him to court and attempted to sustain a charge of bootlegging." Honest, now, J. M.? Well, you get ten iron men, but I can't afford the other yarn at the same price.

Be Natural

THERE are many peculiar things floating through the ether these days, but the one which is enthroned upon the pinnacle of absurdity is the attempted humor of the staid announcer.

From This Deliver Us

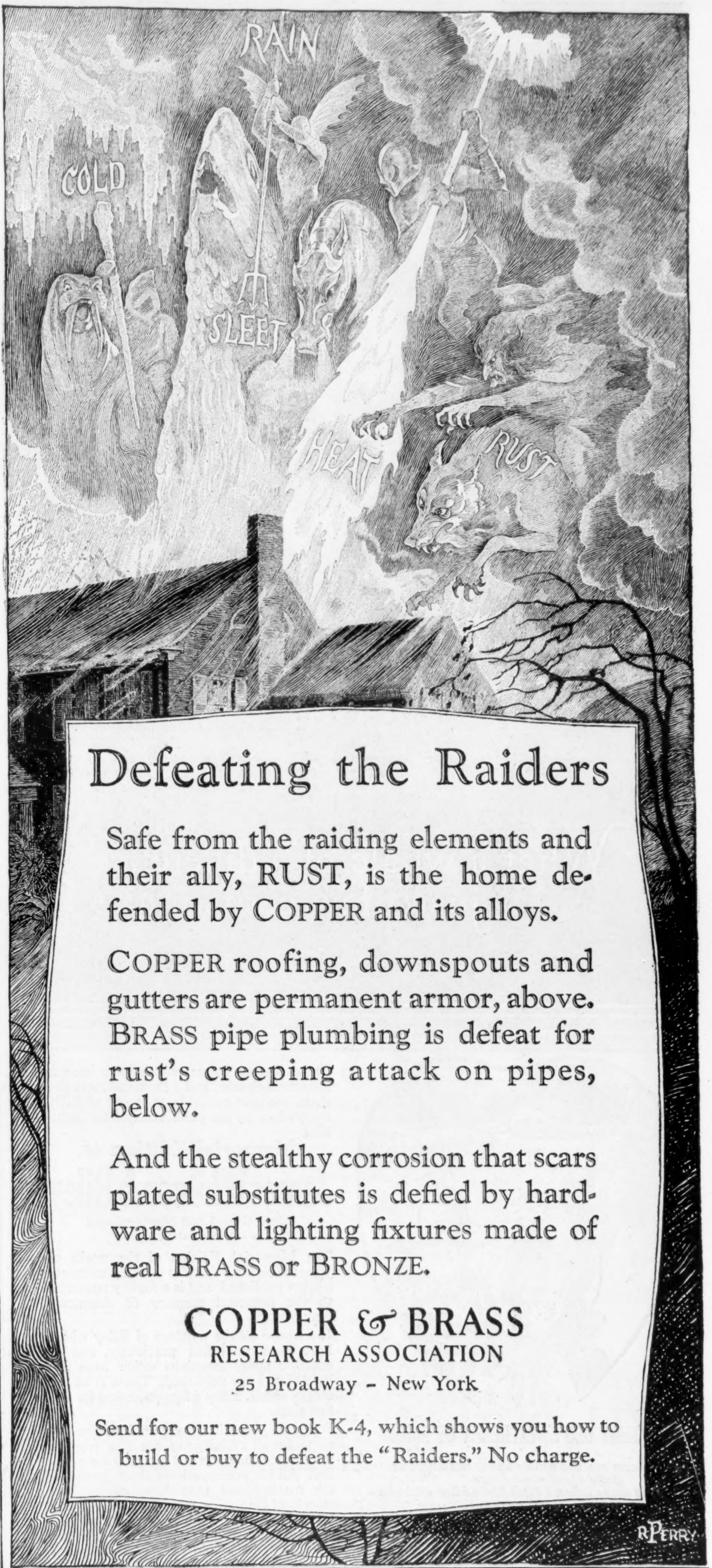
HERE is a gentle hint for all broadcast studio managers. Practically every one of the letters I have received in the past two weeks wholeheartedly praise those stations which go through their programs without delays or interminable speeches by the announcers. A habit which received unanimous and most violent disapproval was telegram reading.

I'm going to digress long enough to express my own opinion upon the practice. I think it is the acme of utter uselessness—but outside of that it is a good way of limiting the size of the audience listening in to the station indulging in it.

"awfter which you will perfume and talcum it!"

Did They Blue It?

THE path of a broadcast studio manager is by no means a rosy one. He must bear with the whims of performers who are receiving nothing for their efforts other than the intangible return of public approval. Recently at one of our leading stations a shining star of the concert firmament refused positively to play piano selections until the keys of the piano had been washed with soap. Thousands of listeners were kept waiting while the perspiring manager, aided by numerous announcers, scurried around for a pail of water, some soap and a towel with which to bathe the unoffending instrument.



Defeating the Raiders

Safe from the raiding elements and their ally, RUST, is the home defended by COPPER and its alloys.

COPPER roofing, downspouts and gutters are permanent armor, above. BRASS pipe plumbing is defeat for rust's creeping attack on pipes, below.

And the stealthy corrosion that scars plated substitutes is defied by hardware and lighting fixtures made of real BRASS or BRONZE.

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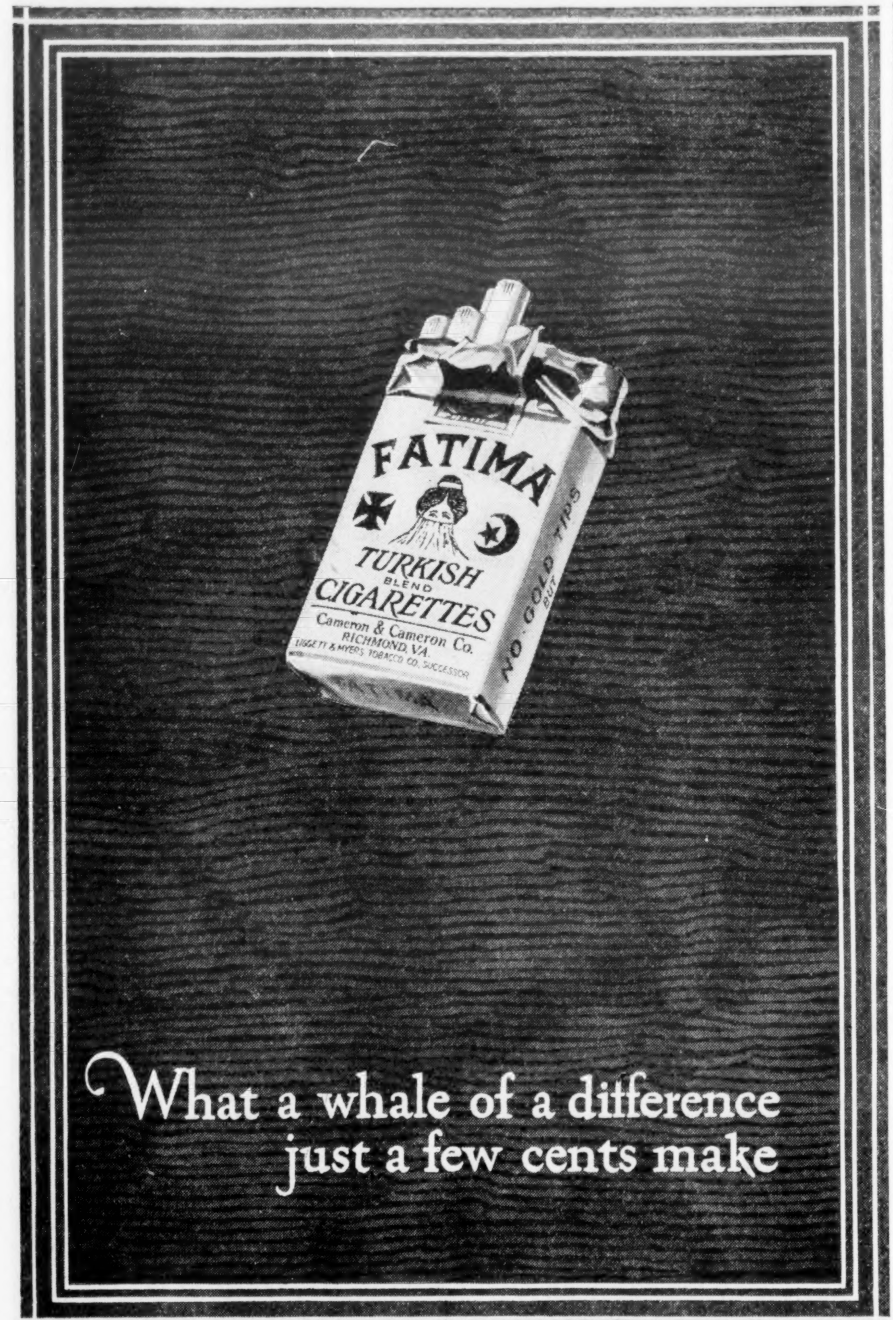
JIM THAYER Dept. A9, The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio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"THAT OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE"

"I can see the pink sunbonnet and the
little checkered dress
She wore when I first kissed her and she
answered the caress
With the written declaration that, 'as
surely as the vine
Grew round the stump,' she loved me—
that old sweetheart of mine."

IT'S James Whitcomb Riley, of course. No other American poet ever touched simple human experience with the same wonderful sympathy and charm. He wrote a verse for every mood; he stirs every kindly emotion with his deeply sincere humor and pathos.

The dearly beloved of all America's children and all America's grown folks has passed on. But they turn with even more eagerness to the stories and poems he left behind.

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Please send me the free booklet about Riley together with full particulars as to how I may procure a complete set of his works by small monthly payments.

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Address ....
....

3183-RA L

The publishers cannot undertake to send this book free to children.

Bringing Dead Ships to Life

Continued from page 10

succeeded in raising the V 70 seven feet from the bottom when a link in the chain on Number 1 winch snapped. Then chain after chain went with great booming reports that were heard miles away.

The man who was attempting the biggest salvage feat in all history had learned his second lesson. Without ado he scrapped the chains and hurried south. Several thousand pounds were spent on great steel ropes nine inches in circumference that would each support about 200 tons. These were got into place beneath the keel of the wreck, and in three lifts the first of the German ships was brought into Mill Bay. A fortnight later another ship was raised.

"If you hurry you may be in time to see them get the third," Mr. Atkinson, the London manager of Cox and Danks, had told me.

So I started at once. I found the Admiralty camp in that lonely spot, which has been deserted for the past few years, again peopled with men.

I watched the wreck-raisers streaming up to the quay to embark on the fussy tenders that were to take them to the dock. In twenty minutes they were clambering aboard the dock, which was a maze of steel ropes, passing through giant pulley-blocks a yard long by two feet deep and a foot wide. The men lined up at the winches, two to a handle and four to a winch.

"Take in your slack," sang out Captain Byrne through the megaphone, and the men slowly wound in the mighty steel ropes until they were biting hard on the plates of the wreck. They rested a while, and I noticed that the dock floated at the five-foot mark.

"By the time we've finished, we shall have wound her down to the ten-foot mark," said Cox.

The dock, with its length of 200 feet and width of 80 feet, is so big that the only way of getting orders to all the men is through the megaphone. The winches are numbered one to ten to make it easy to give the men at each winch separate orders if necessary.

Raised Inch by Inch

"NUMBERS one to ten, take in twenty turns!" rang out the order, and the eighty men on the winches began slowly to wind up the wreck from the sea-bed. The ropes seemed scarcely to move as the men heaved on the handles, yet at the end of the twenty turns the wreck had been lifted the trifling distance of one and a half inches. The men rested and joked among themselves.

"Another twenty!" rang out the order. So it went on through the afternoon. Inch by inch the wreck was wound up until the water was lapping over the ten-foot mark.

The voice of Mr. Calvert, the second in command ashore, took up the song. "Give her another twenty!" And the men hauled her up another inch and a half, while the rising tide assisted in lifting dock and destroyer still farther from the bottom. The measuring rods at each end bore their own records in chalk, 3.30, 4.0, 4.30, and the first chalk mark crept by my shoulder and finished above my head.

When we began, the floor of the dock was horizontal. As it took up the weight of the wreck the two sides tilted inward more and more. To prevent the sides of the dock from turning turtle, the tanks supporting the floor are loaded with 2,000 tons of water, which act as ballast while the workshops on the outer edge of the dock help to counterbalance the weight of the wreck.

By six o'clock Johnson, the second in command afloat, hove in sight with the tugs, the wire towing hawser was made fast and the mammoth dock began to move slowly in the direction of Mill Bay, the two tugs towing in tandem and belching smoke. They looked like pygmies beside the floating dock.

Next day I explored the salved vessels. I noted the torn porthole of the V 70, and an indentation where the cable had pinched her hull aft. Every bit of iron was rusty, covered with barnacles and overgrown with weed. Ribbons of seaweed decked the searchlight aft, the guns were encrusted with barnacles. All the top hamper was a mass of twisted wreckage. I went outboard and somehow climbed up aloft to the bridge. Despite its five years at the bottom of the sea, the wheel still turned; and electric switches, although covered with barnacles, worked perfectly.

World's Greatest Salvage Feat

GAZING into one of the cabins, I saw a mass of horsehair which had once been a hair mattress. The covering had long since rotted away. Plates and saucers were scattered about just where they had fallen. There were water jugs encrusted with barnacles, a polished desk with pigeonholes, probably the desk of the captain, looking little the worse for its long immersion. It is significant that a cat-o'-nine-tails was found in the captain's cabin, and another in the quarters of the engineers. It seems that at the last the German sailors were flogged into doing their duty!

On the Hindenburg every scrap of brass and gun metal has been stripped, even rivets have been taken out of some of the plates! The plunderers went to the Seydlitz, boarded her, sank their boat so as not to attract attention, and lived in the Seydlitz while they stripped her clean down to the waterline.

No man can say that Cox lacks courage. He has undertaken the biggest salvage feat in all history and has already spent £46,000 on operations. He has taken risks that other men were afraid to take and he deserves any reward that he may reap from his enterprise. The three ships salved will have a scrap value of £2,000 or £3,000 each. The only value in the sunken German fleet is the value of the scrap metal, and it is estimated that all the ships contain half a million tons of metal of various kinds.

The Hindenburg alone has a displacement of 27,000 tons, which means about 27,000 tons of metal. As scrap she might be worth £35,000, she might even realize double this figure.

Operations will last for at least seven or eight years. But if Cox raises the Hindenburg according to plan, he will take first rank among the salvors of ships and there will then be excellent grounds for anticipating that the biggest salvage job in history will continue to a successful end.

And they told Cox it couldn't be done!

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

has written a golf story with the scenes laid somewhere east of Suez and a plot that is par and humor that holes out in one. Reading it is going to be the week's greatest indoor sport. Look for "In the Rough."

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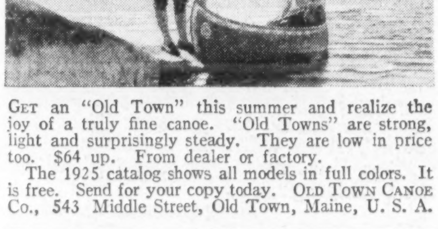

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The Theatre

Continued from page 21

producers and actors, to the end that the actors might be willing to tour the road.

(7.) It could evolve a method through its school connections of standardizing stage diction throughout the nation so that our players might be better speakers.

(8.) It could foster the organization and training of permanent stock companies for localities in which the touring drama to-day is unprofitable, thus taking a trick from the movies and shipping a manuscript to various points throughout the country just as the pictures are sent in cans.

(9.) It could have a little theatre department devoted to amateur dramatics—it could supply these little theatres with plays at a nominal fee or even without charge and it could permit little theatre directors to watch rehearsals of the New York companies and could help them, that they might be trained to bring into the theatre a new set of plays and player-folk.

Now, all of this is not just talking into the air from a vast fund of inexperience. We tried some of these ideas at the Lake Placid Club—that remarkable institution founded by Dr. Melvil Dewey and which happily houses some thousands of people.

Dr. Dewey was erecting a great temple as a meeting place—he calls it "Agora," using the Greek—and I suggested to him that he fit it with a regular stage, for there was no reason why people should not laugh in it on Saturday night as well as pray in it on Sunday morning. He agreed, and I gave him the famous old Augustin Daly curtain which I bought when Daly's was being torn down.

Then we organized the Placid Players. We had a few professional actors and actresses, a number of amateurs, and several clergymen. We gave three plays, among them "Thank-U"—which has to do with underpaid ministers, and pictures how in the country they practically have to live on tips.

Dr. Henry E. Cobb, pastor of the West End Collegiate Church in New York, took the leading rôle in "Thank-U" and played it as well as it could be played, while Dr. Clifford Gregg, pastor of the Church of the Holy Faith, New York, took the comedy part and gave a splendid performance of a low-comedy character.

I think we started something.

The theatre has to be a commercial institution, but that is not the same as saying that its interests are not those of the people. It can easily be made something of the people—something in which all of us may have a part.

Easy to Keep Fit

Continued from page 17

silly exposure on boiling-hot days, but a real enjoyment of it at every suitable opportunity. One of the most effective remedies pursued in the Engadine Valley, in Switzerland, for the cure of a variety of diseases is the exposure of the naked body to air and sunshine.

Getting overtired affects the nerves quite as much as the muscles.

Orgies of exercise grow increasingly disastrous as age comes on.

Civilization confines us and it must be compensated for by outdoor exercise.

Anger, fear and worry are not only temporary disabilities but they directly injure the health.

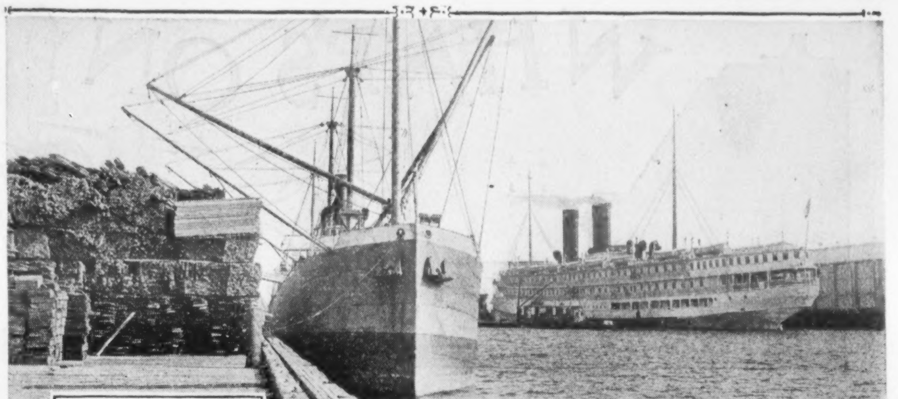
Tight clothing interferes with the circulation, and is in certain cases distinctly dangerous.

Good health produces that resistive force which enables us to throw off disease.

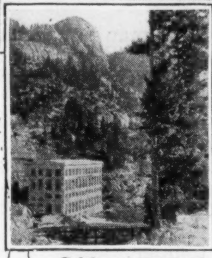
High vitality comes through good health and increases the resistive force.

Pleasurable exercise is far more beneficial than exercises performed as a duty.

Regularity in all health habits is one of the essentials for well-being.



Los Angeles Harbor not only ranks second largest in amount of ocean tonnage in the U.S., but is the fastest growing harbor in the world.



California enjoys a lower rate for hydro-electric power than any other state in the Union.

A California Vacation

has been the beginning of hundreds of profitable business enterprises in this wonder land. The cost—for you and your family—might thus easily prove to be

Your Best Business Investment

Southern California's allurements are sunshine and flowers and the great out-of-doors, where it's always June.

Men seek her for the glorious playground that she offers—frequently to find greater fortune, as well as added health and happiness.

And never has this been more true than it is today when the latest published U. S. Government statistics show that *Southern California's greatest harbor has become America's Second Sea Port.*

Los Angeles Harbor now ranks second among ocean harbors of the United States in amount of tonnage. New York is first with 27,615,448 tons; Los Angeles, second with 11,495,456 tons; Baltimore, third with 8,341,435 tons; New Orleans, fourth with 8,290,530; Philadelphia, fifth with 7,870,339 tons. (These figures are exclusive of coastwise traffic.)

It is the nearest U. S. Port of call to the Panama Canal. Due to its accessibility, it puts Southern California on a parity with Buffalo in entering the New York market, and on a parity with Pittsburg in entering the markets of Philadelphia. This is due to the low transportation charges by water.

The story is a big one, but you must really come to Southern California to realize its opportunities.

You'll have the best vacation you've ever known—and you can find out for yourself what Los Angeles and Southern California hold *for you.*

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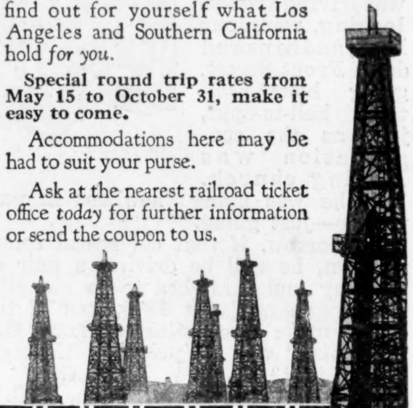

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

What Makes 'Em Speed?

To the Editor of Collier's:

WHY is it that nearly every person who drives a car gets in a hurry just as soon as that person puts his or her hand on the wheel? I have watched people walking in and out of stores, churches, theatres, schools and even passenger stations in a leisurely sort of way, but the very moment one of these slow-and-easy walking persons puts his or her hand on the steering wheel of a car—then it's good-by! Where they are going or how long they have to stay is not the question—it's "go!"

Young or old, rich or poor, white or black, married or single—it's all the same, Packard or Star, Buick or Ford—they are all in a hurry.

Not half an hour ago, a farmer old enough to have grandchildren came near running over me. He was driving a rusty-looking, worn-out Ford, and he passed down Front Street, going helter-skelter, hell-to-split, just as the congregation was leaving church. Said he was going "nowhere in particular—just going."

To-morrow, if that old rascal comes to town, he will be driving a pair of scrawny mules hitched to an old Nissen wagon made in 1870, and if the mules make five miles an hour this "speedster" will be perfectly satisfied.

Why is it? W. G. Cox,
Burlington, N. C.

The Low Cost of Shoe Leather

To the Editor of Collier's:

What ails the farmer?

To begin with, I'm a bona-fide dirt farmer (one of the dirtiest in N. W. Missouri, the garden spot of the nation, an honor claimed by 47 other states, but here a reality), part owner of a decrepit Ford and a robust mortgage. I believe our chief trouble is that we must sell in an open market and buy in a protected one. Words cannot express my emotions when I receive 80c for a ninety-five-lb. steer hide, but it's nothing to the thrill I get when I have to pay from five to eight dollars for a pair of work shoes.

There must be "something pretty rancid in Denmark" or I'd buy my shoes for about $2.50—and get a dollar for my bull hide. FARMER, Rockport, Mo.

To Exchange a Parent for a Dad

To the Editor of Collier's:

It would interest me to read an article on "what to do with a husband who has no interest whatsoever in his own two boys (good-looking, healthy, intelligent), 2 and 4 years of age, other than severe criticisms and discipline. There never has been any affection, even when they were lovely big fat babies. I thoroughly maintain that they need disciplining, but if the rearing of them can't be balanced with some signs of love what kind of men are they going to make? Even Napoleon loved children.

And what about the man (or woman) who states repeatedly, "My love and affection should be taken for granted. That is something I can't display, it's sentimental and foolish." Yet—the same person thinks it quite all right to show all kinds of displeasure when things go wrong, swears, gets right out-and-out mad and has no compunction in stating that people are not to be blamed for exhibiting their temper.

I have been married five years and it looks now as though the next twenty would not improve in regard to the boys. The home life, which poets write about, can never exist unless there is a remarkable change.

The man in the case is highly intelligent, a teacher and has no excuse except some inheritance. He simply is keenly disturbed by little ones.

DISCOURAGED, New England.

The Voice of Revolt

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am 19 years of age. I am unlawful, unmoral, unconstitutional and illiterate. Outside of a few "ins" and "uns" I am a fairly decent sort.

According to the "daily sheet" fully 95% of us have advance reservations at Sing Sing and various other self-supporting institutions. The other 5% have entered apprenticeship with prominent bootleggers about town. The whole 100% are a festering mass of potential criminals. We spend our days studying the technique of safe-cracking. During the smaller hours of the next day we do actual experimental work. Most people and all reformers believe that if a young man is caught violating a traffic ordinance he is a "wild youth." If he makes eyes at a girl it is "wild passion." Any of his other accomplishments are divided and subdivided into "Complexes." Most of us hadn't suffered from the overdevelopment or the underdevelopment of the Ego until it was thrust upon us.

"Lay off!" We'll get along all right. We are all going to turn into pretty good men if you just let us alone. Stop reforming and start forming. Help us instead of deriding us. Not by laws but by personal advice and care! Once more! Lay off! We'll get along all right.

BROM BONES, The States.

Look Alive There

To the Editor of Collier's:

[In answer to A. B. of Chicago, who admitted he often played hookey from work and day-dreamed away hours on a park bench.]

Well, son, you have a right to ask someone to suggest a cure for your ailments when you live in a land so full of opportunity for the young men of this generation as you do and then prefer to sit and day-dream and loaf.

I would say offhand that you are simple-minded, but the fact that you ask about yourself makes me think you may have a few ounces of gray matter in your upper story. If such is the case you had better get busy. My! but you have a right to be bashful and sensitive too if you haven't any more ambition than you say you have. It seems to me, though, that you have a good opinion of yourself when you think you can waste the best years of your life sitting around on park benches day-dreaming and thinking about wanting to be an author. You are lazy.

If you want a practical suggestion about how to cure yourself buy an alarm clock, set it for five A. M., and get up when it goes off, and when you get up *STAY UP*. Take a cold plunge, walk to work, don't ride and read a book all the way to town, *WALK*, and give your car fare to your mother. She must need it if you couldn't finish school. Get any kind of job and *do it right*. MRS. J. W. TILLINGHAST,
Atlanta, Ga.

Elm Street's a Nice Place

To the Editor of Collier's:

There is much to agree with in J. W. D.'s diatribe versus the small town in Collier's of Feb. 7th. But some of us *must* live there and just at present economic conditions seem to point to a "back to the small town" era, so I am afraid it will be quite a while before its streets are grown up to weeds and bushes. Those of us who *must* live there should buck up and change conditions. Radio and motor transportation are doing much to put away narrowness and provincialism.

As to "raising kids," if Father and Mother want to wish the job off themselves, the city is the place to do that, for there the community provides all sorts of devices for leisure hours; but if Father and Mother are willing to keep acquainted with the youngsters they can be raised just as well in one place as the other and the very narrowness of the small town helps keep track of how a youngster spends his spare time.

Who knows what is going on in the city? Everybody knows what's going on in Podunk. J. L. B.,
Pavilion, N. Y.

To the Editor of Collier's:

Perhaps J. W. D.'s bitterness toward small-town folks, as expressed in Collier's, Feb. 7th, is due to the treatment usually accorded transients any place —or maybe he's like the traveler who stopped his wagon full of children before the small-town grocery. "What kind of a town is this for a man with a family of kids?" he inquired. "What kind of folks in it?"

"Wall," said a farmer who was sitting on the porch, "what kind of folks was there in the last place you lived?"

"The meanest, low-downest, orneriest bunch of back-bitin', lyin' folks you ever met," replied the traveler.

"Wall," said the farmer, "I expect, stranger, that's jest the kind of folks *you'll* find here." MYRIAN TOLES,
Rodeo, New Mexico.

To the Editor of Collier's:

Twenty years or more ago, J. W. D., Geo. Ade—in one of his "Fables in Slang"—dealt with the rearing of children. The moral he drew was "Raise 'em in a barrel." You are welcome to the hint. ABE BEN ADLER,
Washington, D. C.

Work for Married Women

To the Editor of Collier's:

Are women and men equal in the business world? "What's On Your Mind" readers would say "yes." They are thinking of the women who are holding political offices. But the young girl who marries and wants to help her husband make a start in the world is asked at once to leave her employment.

I was employed by a firm for five years. Just before my marriage the company made a ruling that a girl could stay with the organization only three months after her marriage. I worked three months and since then have looked for work and have found the same answer by all, "We do not employ married women."

Is this putting women and men on an equal basis? If a married woman can hold a public office why can't she hold one with a private concern?

E. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

Edisonian Education

To the Editor of Collier's:

Articles like the interview with Thomas A. Edison, in your issue of February 21st, outshine in brilliance even his incandescents. How true is what he says concerning the power of the motion picture to educate and entertain simultaneously.

It seems to me that some of the motion picture producers are already beginning to look through Mr. Edison's glasses and they are making a success of it. For instance, "The Iron Horse" gave me a close-up knowledge of the Northwest. The geographical was flavored by the romantic. This, to my mind, is the ideal that Mr. Edison would have the motion picture reach, and I, for one, think it is about at hand.

H. E. H., N. Y. City.

Peace Plans Again

To the Editor of Collier's:

Why not get together the big nations—Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Japan, China—and the smaller signatories of the League of Nations and police the world just as the local government of my little city polices its boundaries?

Give us a world police, which would owe allegiance only to a central governing authority, regardless of the country from which it was recruited and recruit it, pro rata, on the population of the country from which it is drawn.

Does this sound good to you all or am I winging? E. F. J.,
Morgantown, W. Va.

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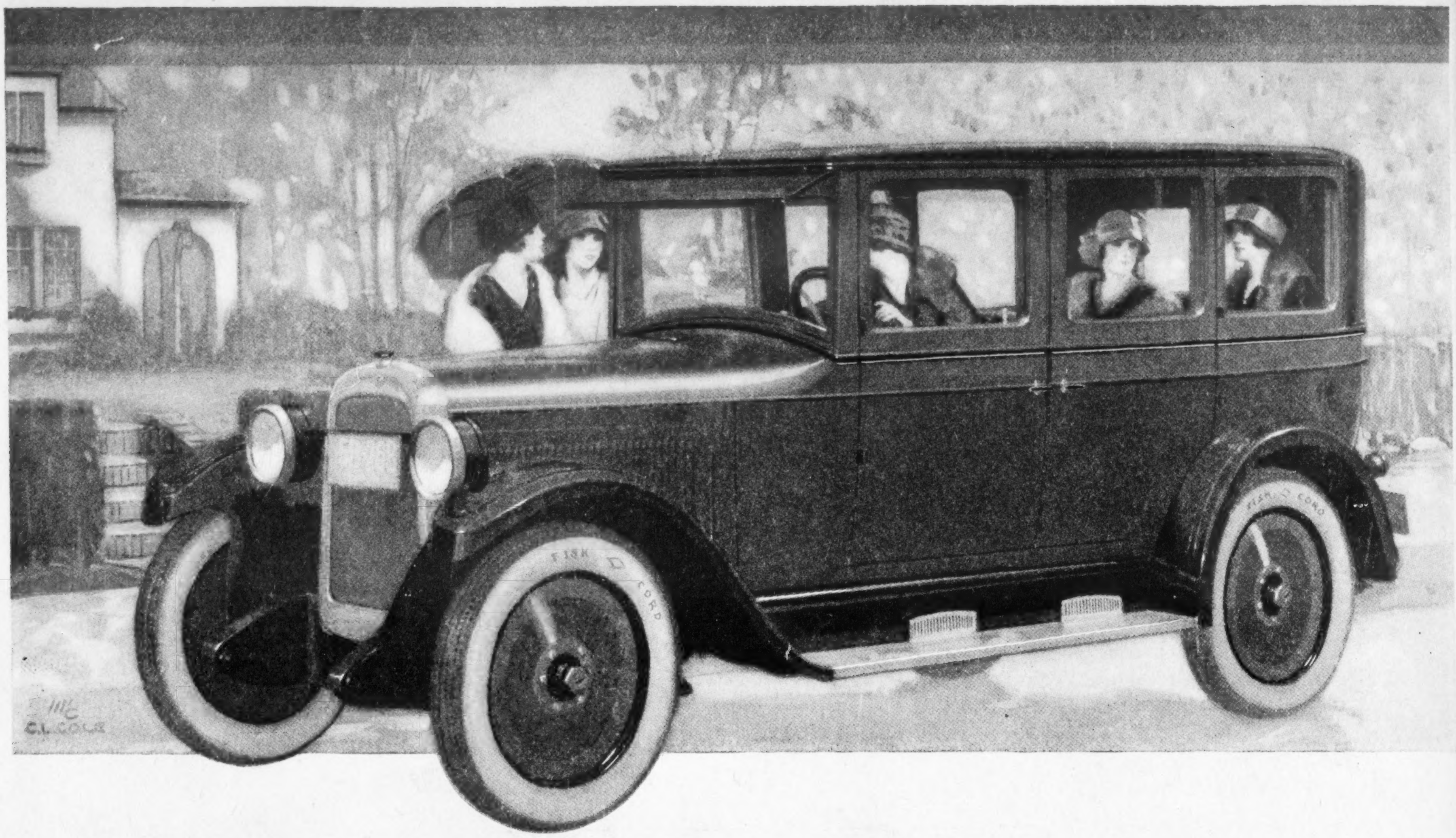

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